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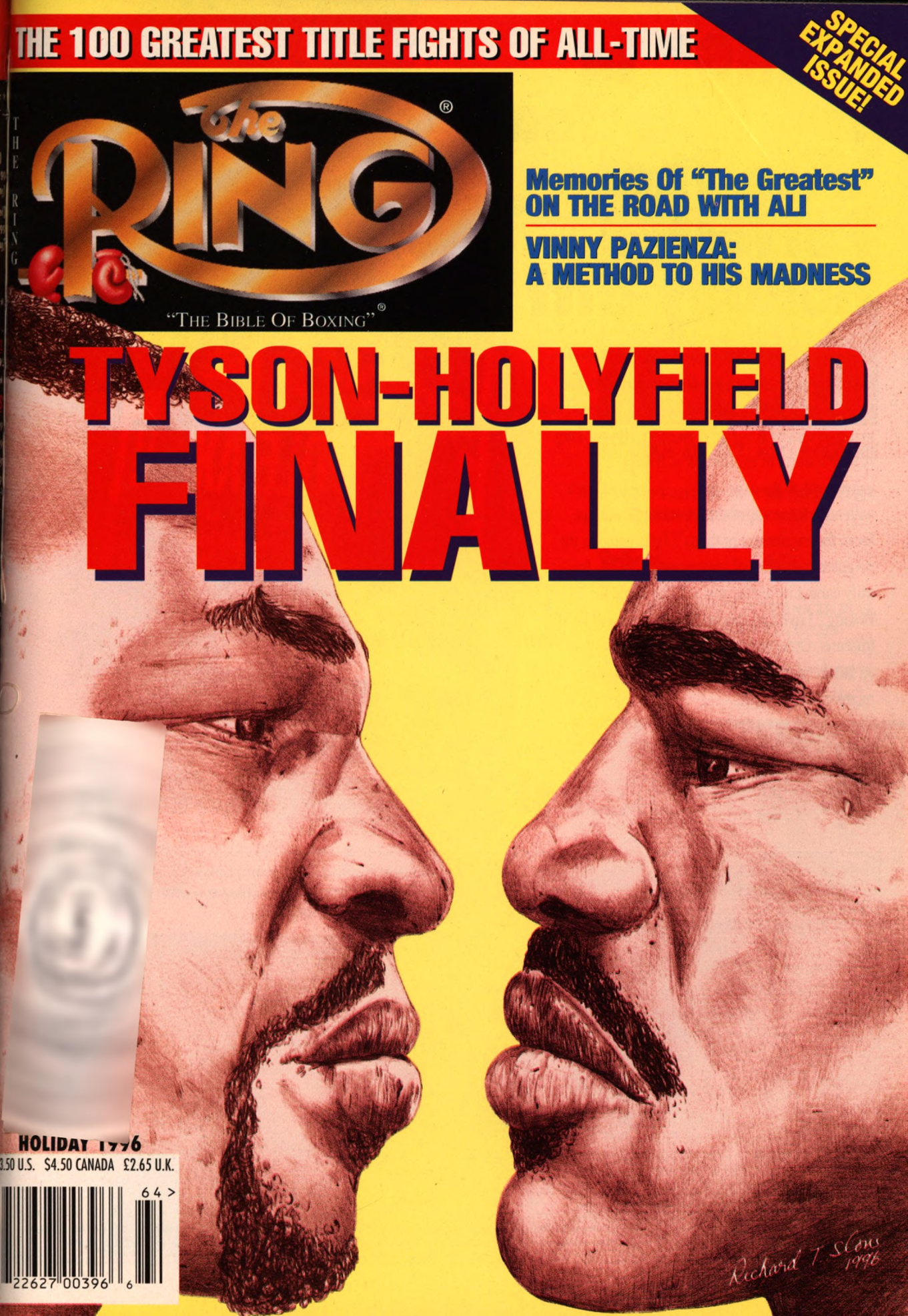

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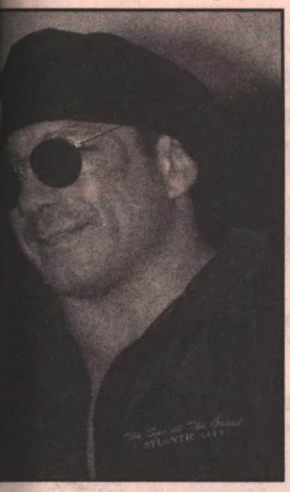

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Illustration by Richard T. Slone

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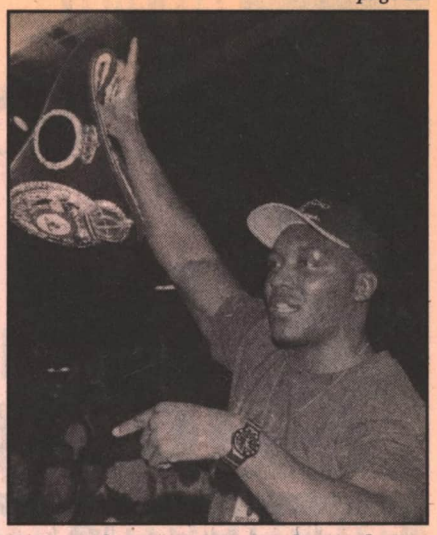

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RINGSIDE

I may wear glasses, but four eyes are better than two, and from where I was sitting at the MGM Grand Garden on September 7, Bruce Seldon went down for the first time from a right hand that missed. Was he scared of Mike Tyson? Wait, let me rephrase the question: How scared was he of Mike Tyson? Before the fight, he all but apologized for his (false) confidence, and afterward, he seemed glad it was all over. There was no remorse, and why should there have been? Much like Peter McNeeley, Seldon was a winner as soon as he signed his name on the dotted line. His ring walk was a stroll to the bank, and his 109 seconds of "combat" was the formality of making a deposit.

If you want, I suppose, the embarrassing farce ("Another Black Eye For Boxing!") can be blamed on Don King, or Showtime, or the fans who paid for it. I blame the system for elevating Seldon into such a position. He didn't deserve to fight for the vacant WBA title, and after beating a faded Tony Tucker and a painfully limited Joe Hipp, he still didn't deserve championship status. In fact, Seldon has yet to beat a fighter ranked in the top 10 by THE RING. Thanks to the politics of boxing, he made $5-million. Without the title, the Tyson fight never happens and Seldon, a fringe contender, is boxing for $50,000.

As for Tyson-Holyfield, I'm of the opinion that "Iron Mike" seals "The Real Deal" in less than three rounds. Five years ago, or when Tyson and Holyfield were first scheduled to meet, I picked Tyson by early kayo. So why should I change my pick now? If anything, Holyfield, a poster boy for burnout, doesn't take as good a shot as he once did. And for this opponent, his style is all wrong.

With that said, Holyfield deserves the shot. To prove that he's not a health risk, he can't be expected to do anything more than pass the battery of tests administered at the Mayo Clinic. Since losing the heavyweight title to Michael Moorer and temporarily retiring, Holyfield has floored and beaten Ray Mercer, floored and lost to Riddick Bowe, who was then considered the best fighter in the division, and stopped Bobby Czyz. None of the other contenders have done more.

One thing's for sure: Whether he drops at Tyson's feet in one round or pulls off the 20-1 upset, Holyfield would undergo plastic surgery and enter the witness protection program before he'd quit like Bruce Seldon. If he falls, he'll do so on his shield. And those who begrudge him the opportunity are the same people who have always marveled at his remarkable fighting heart. Hey, guys, this is boxing, and unless you're Don King, you can't have it both ways.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

Volume 75, No. 13 **Holiday 1996**

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COME OUT WRITING

We welcome your letters, which may be edited for reasons of space and clarity. Send your comments to Come Out Writing, The Ring, P.O. Box 1148, Ft. Washington, PA 19034

ON OSCAR

I buy your magazine every month and generally agree with much that is printed in your articles. But I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw Oscar De La Hoya ranked second in your pound-for-pound ratings. How can you rate a fighter who has been twice knocked down by opponents who were smaller, slower, and hand-picked to lose? You rate De La Hoya ahead of fighters like Pernell Whitaker and Ricardo Lopez, who have wiped out entire divisions.

I give De La Hoya credit for beating Rafael Ruelas, but I ask you to name me one fighter he has fought who 1) was in his prime, 2) was within 10 pounds of De La Hoya at fight time, or 3) had a puncher's chance.

If the pound-for-pound ratings are based on potential, so be it. But if they're based on victories against quality opposition, De La Hoya certainly doesn't belong number two.

MARTY MULCAHEY
Colorado Springs, CO

Does Oscar De La Hoya, shown with THE RING correspondent Ivan G. Goldman (center) and trainer Robert Alcazar, deserve to be rated second on the pound-for-pound list?

I'm a boxing coach, and I've watched De La Hoya since he was 14. I've had my boxers spar with him, and they can verify his punching power. The youngster can hit, and people underestimate his dedication and seriousness.

From 135 to 140 pounds, there's only one threat to De La Hoya, and that's "Sugar" Shane Mosley. Mosley is ready to explode. He and De La Hoya will be the next great L.A. rivalry.

DONALD R. DINKINS
Inglewood, CA

ALI & FRAZIER

In response to Donald Haugerud's letter on Muhammad Ali in the October 1996 issue, all Joe Frazier has been saying is that he's the one who issued the punishment to Ali, and he's the one who can still function. I find him correct on both counts.

Frazier beat a 29-year-old Ali with relative ease. In their second fight, all Ali did was run, throw meaningless punches, and tie up Frazier 144 times in 12 rounds. In the third fight, both were terribly battered, and Ali has said he was about to quit when Frazier's trainer, Eddie Futch, stopped the fight.

More on Ali: A young Ali won a disputed decision over Doug Jones, whom Frazier knocked out. Ali barely escaped against Henry Cooper. True, Ali did fight Ken Norton and Earnie Shavers, but he never really beat Norton, and the decision in their third fight was disgraceful. As for the Shavers fight, it could have gone either way. And what about the gift decision Ali received against

Jimmy Young?

Frazier doesn't have to be thankful for anything. He was a great fighter in his own right and would have made a lot of money in any era.

DAVID SILBERG
Boston, MA

SAME OLD SAME OLD

I began reading THE RING when I was a teenager, or almost 40 years ago, and I most certainly agree with reader and "Come Out Writing" contributor Donald Lindholm, who described the decline and fall of the magazine (September 1996).

But there is hope. You can improve matters considerably by not focusing obsessively on one personality, as you used to do with Muhammad Ali, and are now doing with Mike Tyson. In the '60s and '70s, it was cover after cover and article upon article on the overrated Ali, while many wonderful fighters from around the planet were ignored.

Don't continue to make the same mistake with Tyson.

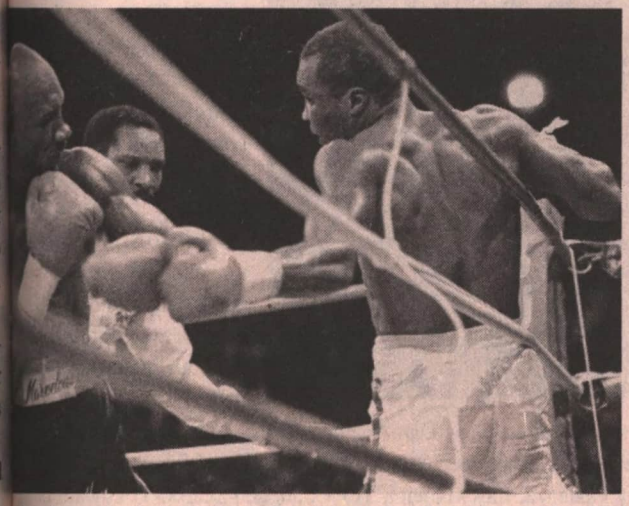
BART SCALZI
Poughkeepsie, NY

MEXICAN BIAS

I am really tired of Mexican fans claiming they've had more champions than Puerto Rico, and better ones, too. I would like to tell these geographical geniuses to look at a map and compare the tiny island of Puerto Rico to their big country.

Every time I watch a pay-per-view fight involving a Mexican fighter, it's always Mexico against the world. In the good ol' USA and Puerto Rico, we acknowledge and respect good fighters regardless of their nationality. The Mexicans only acknowledge their own and rarely give respect to others. But when their champions go to Puerto Rico, they're nonetheless treated with the respect they deserve.

DAISY RIVERA
Bronx, NY



Even those who believe Sugar Ray Leonard to be overrated have to acknowledge that he fought a slew of great fighters, including middleweight champion Marvin Hagler, whom Leonard outpointed in 1987.

Cassius Clay was his usual boastful self before his 1963 shootout with Doug Jones, but he barely edged the veteran contender, winning a controversial 10-round decision. Four years later, Joe Frazier would kayo Jones in six rounds.

IN DEFENSE OF SUGAR RAY

I'd like to respond to all the readers who thought Sugar Ray Leonard was overrated in Steve Farhood's article on the 50 best fighters of the last 50 years (June 1996). The ranking of Leonard was indeed wrong. *It was too low!* I'd have placed Leonard third, behind only Sugar Ray Robinson and Roberto Duran. Yes, ahead of Muhammad Ali.

No fighter in history has defeated as many all-time great fighters as Leonard. Duran. Marvin Hagler. Thomas Hearns. Wilfred Benitez. All all-time greats, and all beaten by Leonard. Even Robinson doesn't have fighters like this on his resume. *Overall*, his competition was better than Leonard's, but I believe the greats Robinson beat weren't as good as the greats Leonard beat.

Robinson's list includes Jake LaMotta, Gene Fullmer, Kid Gavilan, Carmen Basilio, and a shot Henry Armstrong. All great fighters, but with the exception of Armstrong, somewhat one-dimensional. For instance, I'll admit that LaMotta's skills were underappreciated. But let's be real, his punching power wasn't that much better than Vito Antuofermo's.

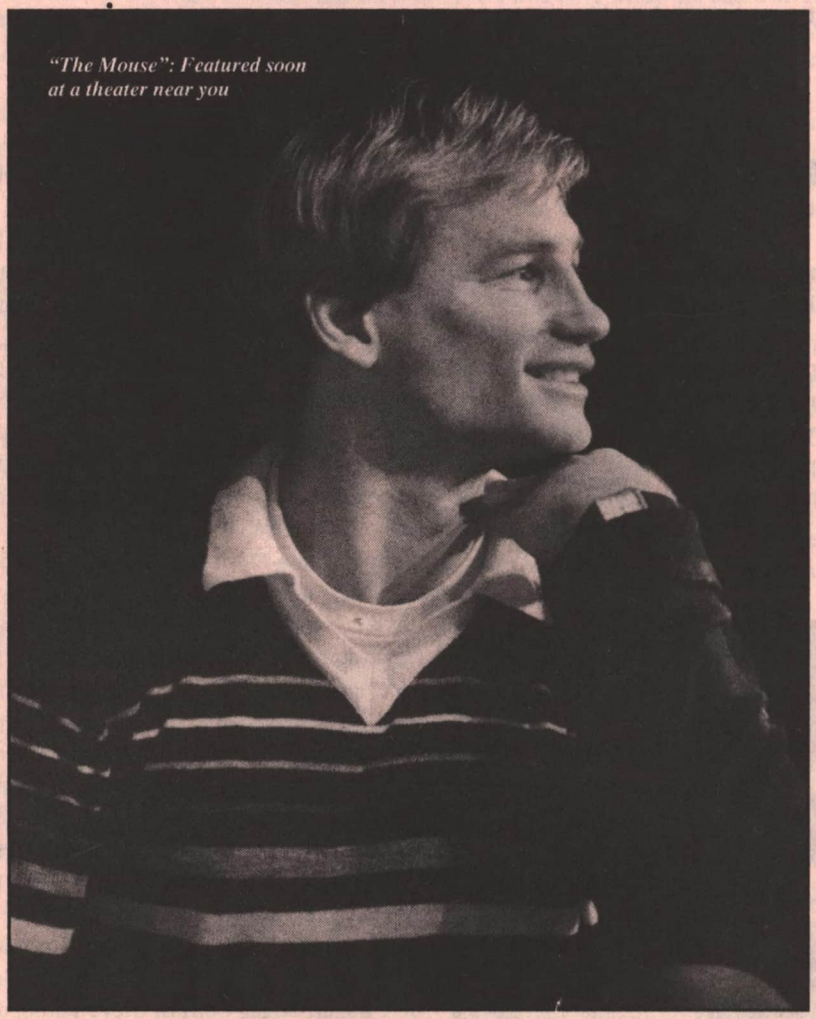
Similarly, Ali beat Sonny Liston, George Foreman, and Joe Frazier. All three were great fighters, but none was considered a great *all-around* fighter. In fact, Ali never defeated or even faced a great *boxer*, as Leonard did when he faced Hearns.

As for the idiots who continue to whine that Hagler got robbed against Leonard, here's a partial list of the respected writers and broadcasters who thought the decision was fair: Michael Katz, Wally Matthews, George Kimball, Ron Borges, Steve Marantz, Bert Sugar, Nigel Collins, Steve Farhood, Jeff Ryan, William Nack, Pat Putnam, Gil Clancy, Larry Merchant, Ferdie Pacheco, Howard Cosell, Stan Hochman, Jim Murray, Jon Saraceno, and Dick Young.

JEFF B. HAWKINS
Charlestown, MA ■

ROUND ONE

THE MOUSE ROARS AGAIN



"The Mouse": Featured soon at a theater near you

The legend of Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss is about to be gilded on celluloid, as a feature motion picture about the life and career of one of boxing's true characters is set to be released in the fall.

Actor John Savage will portray Strauss, the Omaha boxer and cornerman who had more than 200 fights in the '70s and '80s. Many of them were unrecorded, and some were fought under such *nom de plumes* as Ruben Bardot, which Strauss once claimed to have taken off a porno film poster. Known as the ultimate opponent, Strauss bragged that he had been knocked out "on every continent."

"I'm like Jesse James," he said. "I go into some local hero's town, shoot it up, and get blasted in the end by the good guy. Then I go somewhere else and do it all over again. I love it."

The Mouse, as the film written and directed by Dan Adams is titled, is described as a romantic comedy that focuses on the relationship between Strauss and his wife of 26 years, Mary Lou, played by Angelica Torn. Vinny Pazienza, Ray Mancini, Tex Cobb, and Sean O'Grady are among the boxers making cameo appearances.

–Pete Ehrmann

LIFE IN THE KENNY LANE

Fourteen years ago, when he weighed more than 300 pounds and thought no more about fighting again than he would of passing up a Fatburger, boxing's George Foreman was Kenny Lane. At age 50, the lightweight from Muskegon, Michigan, a top-rated contender from 1955 to 1965, garnered worldwide attention by returning to the ring for four more bouts.

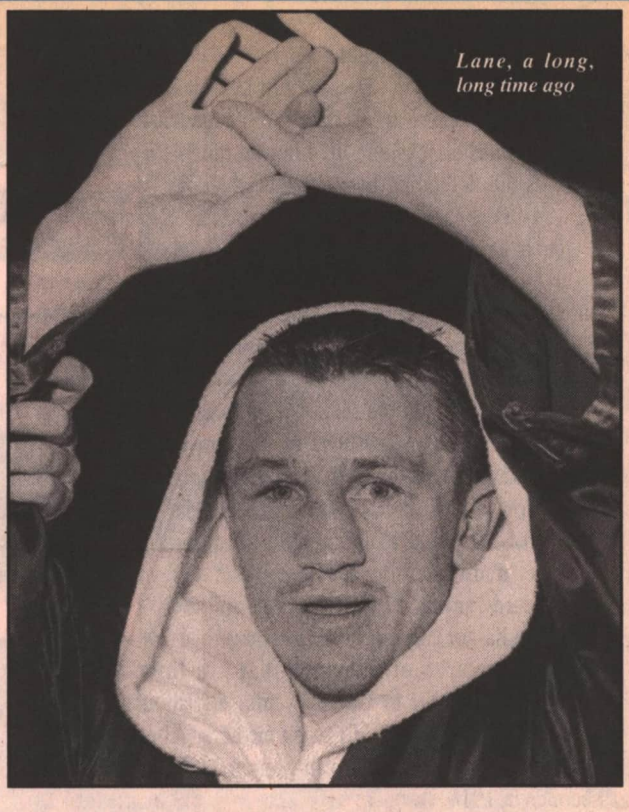
Lane, who had lost in world title tries against Joe Brown and Carlos Ortiz, won three and lost a split decision before again hanging up the gloves.

Now he's coming back again at age *64*.

"I don't figure on fighting a [Oscar] De La Hoya and making $1-million, but I have the right to participate," said Lane in mid-August as he was preparing for his 101st professional match. He said he was already consulting attorneys in anticipation that his plan to "do some fighting again before I get too old" might be frowned upon by state boxing commissions. "It's hard to get anybody enthusiastic about an up-and-coming 60-year-old," he admitted.

Apparently, that includes Mrs. Lane. "It's something we don't talk about," said the grandfather of 13. "You know how wives are—behind every successful man there's a surprised wife."

Lane said the idea of fighting again grew out of difficulty he was having with a young boxer he was training. "He didn't do nothing I told him," he said. "He has lots of talent, but he won't work. So I thought I'd get in shape, and the first thing I'd do is beat the hell out of him."



Lane, a long, long time ago

Lane is now down to within 10 pounds of his prime fighting weight. The young boxer, he reported, has disappeared from the gym.

–Pete Ehrmann

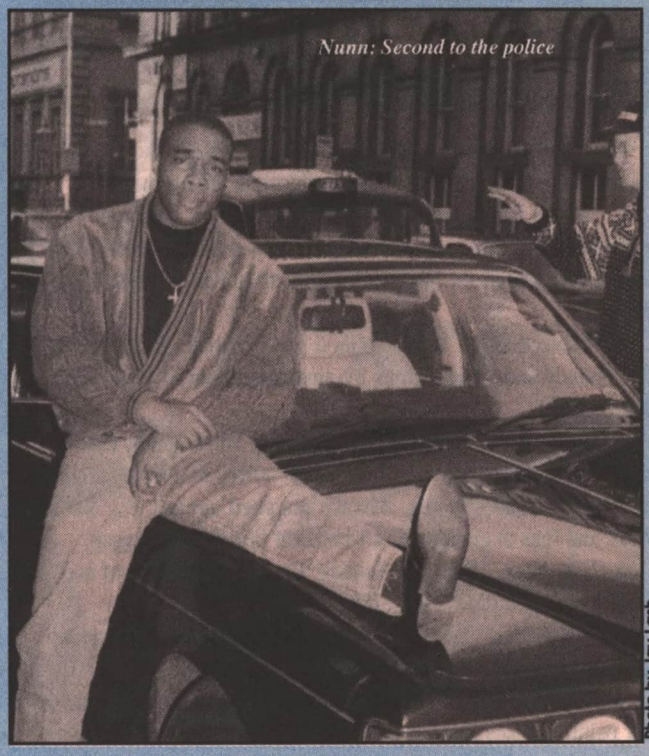
THE FLYING NUNN

And you think Michael Nunn moves fast in the ring? In August, the former middleweight champion was charged with reckless driving, attempting to elude police, interference with official acts, and failure to have a driver's license after a high-speed chase in his hometown of Davenport, Iowa.

According to police, Nunn was pulled over at about 2 a.m. after his 1994 Mercedes crossed a highway center line three times. Upon learning that Nunn's California driver's license had expired, police told the fighter his car would have to be towed. That's when Nunn sped away.

After the conclusion of the chase, Nunn "became belligerent and officers had to use physical force to restrain him," said Lt. David Struckman.

As we went to press, no official court date had been set.

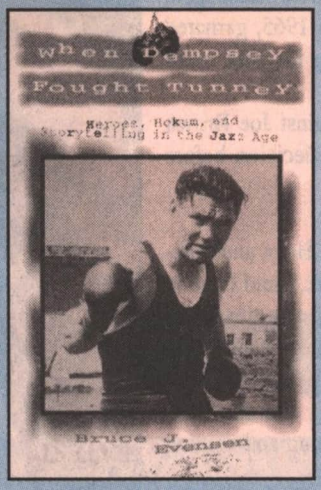


Nunn: Second to the police

Photo by Jay Lash

THE BOXING BOOKSHELF

The famous long count received by Gene Tunney in his historic fight with Jack Dempsey in 1926 was even longer for 10 persons listening to the live radio broadcast who actually suffered heart attacks and died during the 14 seconds the defending heavyweight champion was on the canvas in Chicago Stadium.



Their lives weren't the only thing to end with Dempsey-Tunney II, according to author Bruce J. Evensen in *When Dempsey Fought Tunney* (The University of Tennessee Press). So, argues the professor of communications, did the Jazz Age in boxing. The excitement-cum-hysteria of that era is nicely conveyed in this rather too scholarly exposition, almost half of whose 214 pages consist of notes and a bibliography. But one wonders if, in crediting Dempsey manager Jack Kearns, promoter Tex Rickard, and the mass media for hyping boxing to unprecedented popularity after World War I, a little more credit oughtn't be handed to Dempsey himself, about whom there seems a faintly Wizard of Oz-ish air here. After all, it wasn't Otto Flotto who flattened top contender Fred Fulton in 18 seconds in 1918.

Too, Evensen totally ignores that there were lighter-weight champions such as Benny Leonard who helped make that long-ago time boxing's Golden Age. There are some factual errors in the book—calling both 19th century middleweight champion Jack "The Nonpareil" Dempsey and 1920s lightweight king Rocky Kansas light heavyweights, for instance—that jar. And his thesis that Dempsey was the beneficiary of a brand new "celebrity culture" invented for him by sportswriters seems to ignore the reams of he-man copy churned out about such earlier ring idols as Big Jim Jeffries and John L. Sullivan.

But Prof. Evensen's account of "Heroes, Hokum, And Storytelling In The Jazz Age" is still a very readable account of a time when a sport that now gets less play in the media than arena football owned American sports pages. He seems not to approve of how that came about, but today's news-starved boxing fans will weep that it was once thus—not to mention that there used to be heavyweight title fights actually worth dying for.

–Pete Ehrmann

THE 10 WWF CHARACTERS BEST SUITED FOR VINNY PAZIENZA

10. "The Pazmanian Devil." Good guy. Schtick: Leaves opponents flat on mat, then sticks pitchfork in their tushies.

9. "Vinny From Cranston." Bad guy. Schtick: Managed by trash-talking father, and accompanied by monsters from the 'hood who stomp on hapless victims after Paz is done with them.

8. "Never-Skinny Vinny." Good guy. Schtick: Bulks up to 250 pounds and finishes foes by smashing them in head with flexed biceps.

7. "Little Rhodie." Good guy. Schtick: Ultra-wimp. Enters ring wearing Little Red Riding Hood outfit, a leftover from Hector Camacho's closet. Always matched against Big Bad Wolf, and runs to grandmother's house at first sign of danger.

6. "The Nose." Bad guy. Schtick: Capitalizes on lack of cartilage to nose-butt foes into submission.

5. "Vinny Pez." Bad Guy. Schtick: Master of foreign object. Gouges opponents' eyes with Pez candy dispensers.

4. "Vinny Sioux." Good guy. Schtick: Wears Indian outfit and war paint. Smokes peace pipe after victories, but invariably fails postmatch urinalysis.

Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

"And lemme tell you one thing, McMahon ... "

3. "Vincent Angel." Good guy. Schtick: Wrestles wearing halo that was screwed into head during rehab from broken neck, adding unique dimension to cocoa butt.

2. "The Pazmaniac." Bad guy. Schtick: Drives fans into such a frenzy that they invariably rush the ring. Then sneaks out back door and goes partying with his centerfold babe du jour.

1. "Super Pazzzzzzzz." Bad guy. Schtick: Puts opponents—and fans—to sleep by using dance moves he perfected in third bout with Greg Haugen.

SAILOR DON SAUER, 1925-1996

THE RING lost one of its own with the passing of Sailor Don Sauer, a booking agent, trainer, cornerman, and manager, who succumbed to cancer on July 27. He was 71.

For the past 40 years, Sauer, who hailed from Kingston, Massachusetts, penned his column, "Ringside With Sailor Don Sauer" in this magazine, as well as many other boxing publications around the world. When Sauer was inducted into the World Boxing Hall of Fame in 1992, he was described as "not a great boxer, not a great journalist, but a great Runyonesque ring character." We echo those sentiments.

ALL THAT GLITTERS ...

Question: How much is an Olympic gold medal worth? If you're an American, you might land a gig on Leno or Letterman. But if you're featherweight Somluck Khamsing, the first-ever gold medalist from Thailand, it's worth $1.6-million from various companies, a lifelong government pension of $400 a month, and, as a gift from the prime minister, a brand-new $96,000 two-story, three-bedroom house.

And to think, when Philadelphia's David Reid visited THE RING a few days after winning his boxing gold medal, we had to pick him up. That's because he had no other means of getting to our offices.

OUTSIDE THE ROPES

Photo by Bill Apter

Morrison: Faced Rick Nelson in 1989

Trainer **Willie Rush** has filed a breach of contract suit against **Mike Tyson** and promoter **Don King**. Rush is claiming Tyson, King, and two of King's agents reneged on a March 1995 deal for the Philadelphian to train Tyson following the heavyweight's release from prison ... In a heavyweight bout in 1989, **Tommy Morrison**, who tested HIV positive in February, bloodied and kayoed **Rick Nelson**, a Minnesota journeyman who died of AIDS-related illnesses in 1991. According to **Tony Holden**, Morrison's promoter, it is "obvious" that Morrison did not contract the disease through contact with Nelson because he tested negative as late as 1994. Morrison knew of Nelson's fate, but had never spoken up. "What's the point?" said Holden. "Tommy believes in privacy, especially for [Nelson's] family" ... As a partial sentence for disorderly conduct stemming from a fight at a bar in his hometown of Monessen, Pennsylvania, IBF heavyweight champion **Michael Moorer** agreed to 100 hours of community service ... According to manager **Jimmy Adams**, former WBC heavyweight champion **Oliver McCall** entered a drug rehabilitation center in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where he was to be treated for marijuana and cocaine abuse.

THE PUNCHLINES

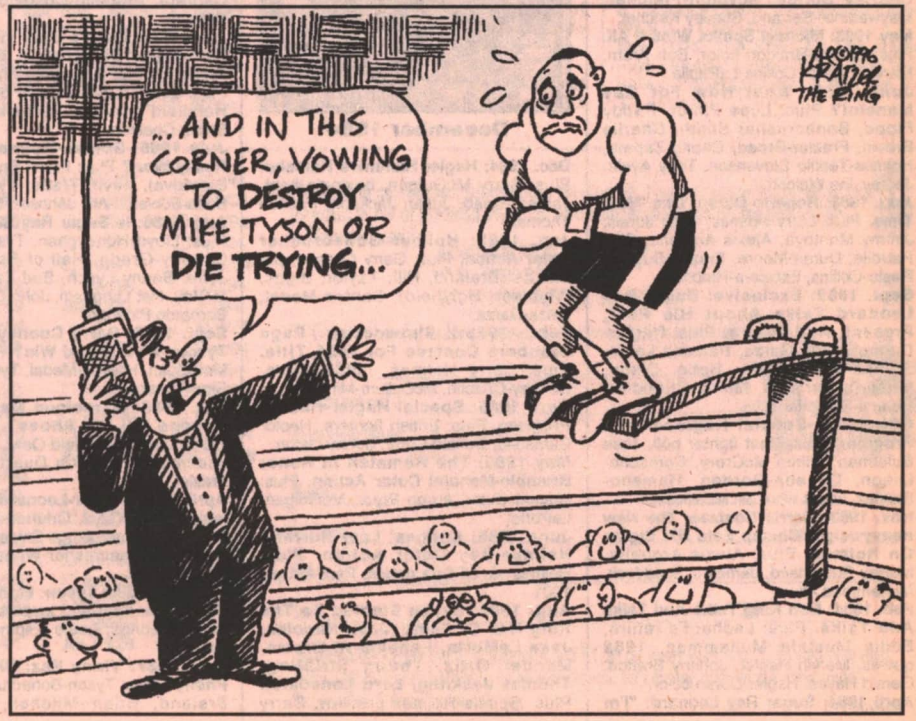
"There's a lot of true dislike between us. She comes in the ring and snorts, then walks around like an animal. We don't see men act that way. It hurts women's boxing."

–Female boxer Christy Martin on rival Andrea DeShong, who has beaten her in two of their three bouts

"I think I'm good for boxing because there aren't too many fighters out there who can put a sentence together."

–Heavyweight Tim Puller, to *The New York Times*, before his second-round kayo loss to Lou Savarese

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



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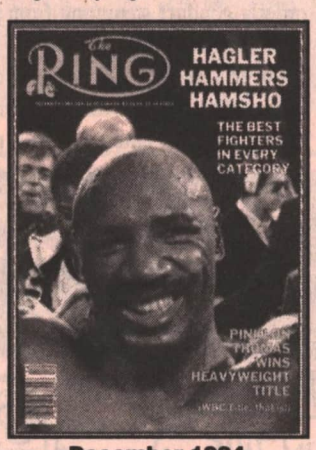

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THE RING RATINGS

For Period Ended September 12, 1996

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

Records By Fight Fax Inc.

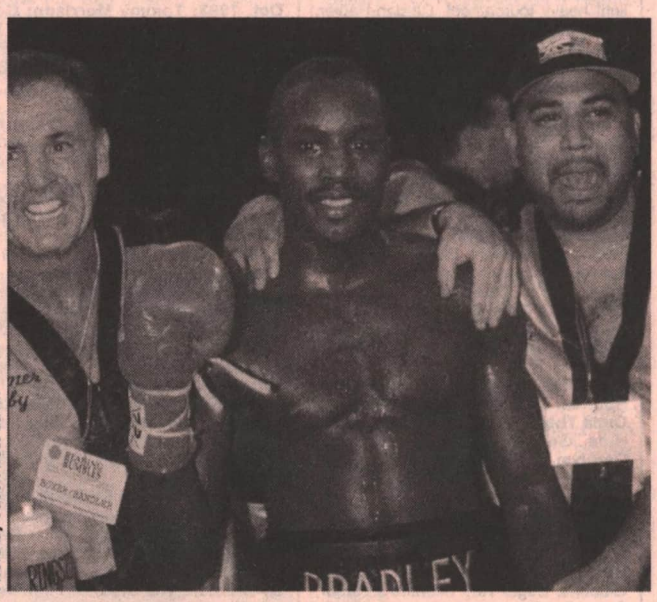

Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Lonnie Bradley jumps four spots by beating Simon Brown

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **MIKE TYSON** Southington, OH *45-1 (WBC/WBA Champ)*
2. **LENNOX LEWIS** England *29-1*
3. **RIDDICK BOWE** Fort Washington, MD *39-1*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER** Detroit, MI *37-1 (IBF Champ)*
5. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD** Atlanta, GA *33-3*
6. **ANDREW GOLOTA** Chicago, IL *28-1*
7. **TIM WITHERSPOON** Philadelphia, PA *45-4*
8. **HENRY AKINWANDE** England *30-0-1*
9. **ALEXANDR ZOLKIN** Westerville, OH *24-2*
10. **OLIVER McCALL** Chicago, IL *28-6*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 190 pounds

1. **NATE MILLER** Philadelphia, PA *28-4 (WBA Champ)*
2. **ADOLPHO WASHINGTON** Lexington, KY *26-3-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **MARCELO DOMINGUEZ** Argentina *20-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **FABRICE TIOZZO** France *34-1*
5. **ALEXANDER GUROV** Ukraine *18-1-1*
6. **KENNY KEENE** Emmett, ID *34-1*
7. **CARL THOMPSON** England *19-4*
8. **DAVID IZEQWIRE** Washington, D.C. *19-1*
9. **TORSTEN MAY** Germany *15-1*
10. **YOSUKEZAN NISHIJIMA** Japan *15-1*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **HENRY MASKE** Germany *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **VIRGIL HILL** Bismarck, ND *42-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **MONTELL GRIFFIN** Chicago, IL *23-0*
4. **JAMES TONEY** Ann Arbor, MI *53-2-2*
5. **DARIUSZ MICHALCZEWSKI** Germany *31-0-1*
6. **MERQUI SOSA** New York, NY *27-5-2*
7. **MIKE McCALLUM** Brooklyn, NY *49-3-1*
8. **GRACIANO ROCCHIGIANI** Germany *38-3-2*
9. **WILLIAM GUTHRIE** Philadelphia, PA *22-0*
10. **FRANK TATE** Houston, TX *36-4*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **ROY JONES** Pensacola, FL *32-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **FRANK LILES** N. Hollywood, CA *29-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **STEVE COLLINS** Ireland *33-3*
4. **VINNY PAZIENZA** Cranston, RI *41-6*
5. **NIGEL BENN** England *42-4-1*
6. **VINCENZO NARDIELLO** Italy *30-5 (WBC Champ)*
7. **BRYANT BRANNON** Trenton, NJ *16-0*
8. **HENRY WHARTON** England *24-2-1*
9. **MICHAEL NUNN** Davenport, IA *49-3*
10. **SUGARBOY MALINGA** South Africa *41-10*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **BERNARD HOPKINS** Philadelphia, PA *30-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **KEITH HOLMES** Washington, D.C. *28-1 (WBC Champ)*
3. **WILLIAM JOPPY** Washington, D.C. *22-0-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON** Seattle, WA *35-1*
5. **LONNIE BRADLEY** New York, NY *25-0*
6. **SHINJI TAKEHARA** Japan *24-1*
7. **JORGE CASTRO** Argentina *99-5-2*
8. **QUINCY TAYLOR** Dallas, TX *26-4*
9. **DANA ROSENBLATT** Malden, MA *28-1*
10. **OTIS GRANT** Canada *28-1*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA *44-6 (WBC/IBF Champ)*
2. **LAURENT BOUDOUANI**
   France *33-2 (WBA Champ)*
3. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina *56-3*
4. **WINKY WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL *35-1*
5. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO *36-2*
6. **BRONCO McKART**
   Monroe, MI *29-2*
7. **HECTOR CAMACHO**
   Orlando, FL *62-3*
8. **RAUL MARQUEZ**
   Houston, TX *23-0*
9. **EMMETT LINTON**
   Tacoma, WA *22-2*
10. **ANTHONY STEPHENS**
    Shreveport, LA *27-7-2*

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA *38-1-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico *30-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana *32-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI *37-1*
5. **JOSE LUIS LOPEZ**
   Mexico *36-3-1*
6. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico *22-1-1*
7. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico *64-1*
8. **PATRICK CHARPENTIER**
   France *22-4*
9. **PATRICK COLEMAN**
   Chicago, IL *25-5*
10. **JOSE LUIS NAVARRO**
    Spain *22-1*

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Whittier, CA *22-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia *17-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **FRANKIE RANDALL**
   Warren, OH *53-4-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico *96-2-1*
5. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico *41-0*
6. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY *37-3*
7. **KHALID RAHILOU**
   France *28-2*
8. **FRED PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL *40-21-4*
9. **JAN BERGMAN**
   South Africa *32-0*
10. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
    Studio City, CA *46-3*

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **ORZUBEK NAZAROV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBA Champ)*
2. **STEVE JOHNSTON**
   Denver, CO *19-0*
3. **PHILLIP HOLIDAY**
   South Africa *28-0 (IBF Champ)*
4. **GEORGE SCOTT**
   Pembroke Pines, FL *29-1*
5. **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
   France *49-5-2 (WBC Champ)*
6. **SHANE MOSLEY**
   Pomona, CA *19-0*
7. **LEAVANDER JOHNSON**
   Atlantic City, NJ *26-1-1*
8. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico *39-4*
9. **ARTUR GRIGORJAN**
   Uzbekistan *19-0*
10. **IVAN ROBINSON**
    Delran, NJ *23-0*

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana *39-3-2 (WBC Champ)*
2. **ARTURO GATTI**
   Jersey City, NJ *24-1 (IBF Champ)*
3. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA *33-1-1*
4. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY *56-4-1*
5. **REGGIE TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY *42-3-1*
6. **YONG SOO CHOI**
   South Korea *20-2 (WBA Champ)*
7. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA *42-3*
8. **ROBERT GARCIA**
   Oxnard, CA *25-0*
9. **ANATOLY ALEXANDROV**
   Kazakhstan *27-3*
10. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
    San Antonio, TX *30-3-2*

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI *44-2-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **LUISITO ESPINOSA**
   Philippines *39-7 (WBC Champ)*
3. **NASEEM HAMED**
   England *23-0*
4. **WILFREDO VAZQUEZ**
   Puerto Rico *48-7-3 (WBA Champ)*
5. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY *45-1-2*
6. **EVER BELENO**
   Colombia *33-2*
7. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa *39-2*
8. **JUAN MANUEL MARQUEZ**
   Mexico *16-1*
9. **MANUEL MEDINA**
   Mexico *52-8*
10. **DERRICK GAINER**
    Pensacola, FL *16-4*

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico *42-0*
2. **DANIEL ZARAGOZA**
   Mexico *53-7-3 (WBC Champ)*
3. **VUYANI BUNGU**
   South Africa *31-2 (IBF Champ)*
4. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Memphis, TN *29-2-1*
5. **ANTONIO CERMENO**
   Venezuela *24-1 (WBA Champ)*
6. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY *41-2*
7. **ERIK MORALES**
   Mexico *23-0*
8. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Laredo, TX *42-3-1*
9. **ENRIQUE SANCHEZ**
   Mexico *18-0*
10. **ANGEL CHACON**
    Puerto Rico *19-0*

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **WAYNE McCULLOUGH**
   Las Vegas, NV *20-0 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MBULELO BOTILE**
   South Africa *20-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **NANA KONADU**
   Ghana *36-2 (WBA Champ)*
4. **JORGE ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia *33-1*
5. **SIRIMONGKOL SINGMANASUK**
   Thailand *12-0 (Interim WBC Champ)*
6. **ANCEE GEDEON**
   Westminster, CA *14-8-1*
7. **VEERAPHOL SAHAPROM**
   Thailand *4-1*
8. **ROBBIE REGAN**
   Wales *17-2-3*
9. **PAULIE AYALA**
   Ft. Worth, TX *17-0*
10. **DAORUNG CHUWATANA**
    Thailand *57-5-1*

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **HIROSHI KAWASHIMA**
   Japan *19-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **JOHNNY TAPIA**
   Albuquerque, NM *36-0-2*
3. **DANNY ROMERO**
   Albuquerque, NM *28-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **YOKTHAI SITHOAR**
   Thailand *11-0 (WBA Champ)*
5. **GERRY PENALOSA**
   Philippines *33-1-1*
6. **HYUNG CHUL LEE**
   South Korea *19-6*
7. **ALIMI GOITIA**
   Venezuela *15-1*
8. **HAROLD GREY**
   Colombia *21-2*
9. **LUIS BOLANO**
   Colombia *23-0*
10. **POLO SAUCEDO**
    Houston, TX *12-2-1*

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. *30-1 (IBF Champ)*
2. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan *23-0 (WBC Champ)*
3. **SAEN SOW PLOENCHIT**
   Thailand *26-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **ALBERTO JIMENEZ**
   Mexico *32-3-2*
5. **CHATCHAI ELITE-GYM**
   Thailand *24-1*
6. **CHOKCHAI 3-K BATTERY**
   Thailand *31-2*
7. **ALEJANDRO MONTIEL**
   Mexico *32-2*
8. **ARTHUR JOHNSON**
   East St. Louis, IL *13-3*
9. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA *42-5-1*
10. **JESPER JENSEN**
    Denmark *17-0*

JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **SAMAN SORJATURONG**
   Thailand *31-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
2. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ *40-2 (IBF Champ)*
3. **KEIJI YAMAGUCHI**
   Japan *20-1 (WBA Champ)*
4. **CARLOS MURILLO**
   Panama *31-3*
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico *46-5-4*
6. **JESUS CHONG**
   Mexico *29-7*
7. **BABY JAKE MATLALA**
   South Africa *44-10-2*
8. **HI YONG CHOI**
   South Korea *19-2*
9. **MANUEL JESUS HERRERA**
   Dominican Republic *16-4-1*
10. **PHITCHITNOI C. SIRIWAT**
    Thailand *16-1*

POUND-FOR-POUND

1. **ROY JONES**
   Super Middleweight
2. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Junior Welterweight
3. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
4. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Welterweight
5. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Junior Featherweight
6. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
   Strawweight
7. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
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8. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
9. **MIKE TYSON**
   Heavyweight
10. **MARK JOHNSON**
    Flyweight

RYAN OUT LOUD

By Jeff Ryan

THE ETERNAL OPTIMIST

It's not that people are unwilling to give "The Pazmanian Devil" his due, it's just that he usually beats everybody to it before they get a chance. In recent years, Vinny Pazienza's triumphs have been celebrated with a verbal antipasto of boasts, taunts, rants, threats, and I-told-you-sos served up by the Italian stallion, his father, Angelo, trainer Kevin Rooney, and that ever-present collection of goons and bigmouths that is forever following around the pugilistic pied piper of Providence.

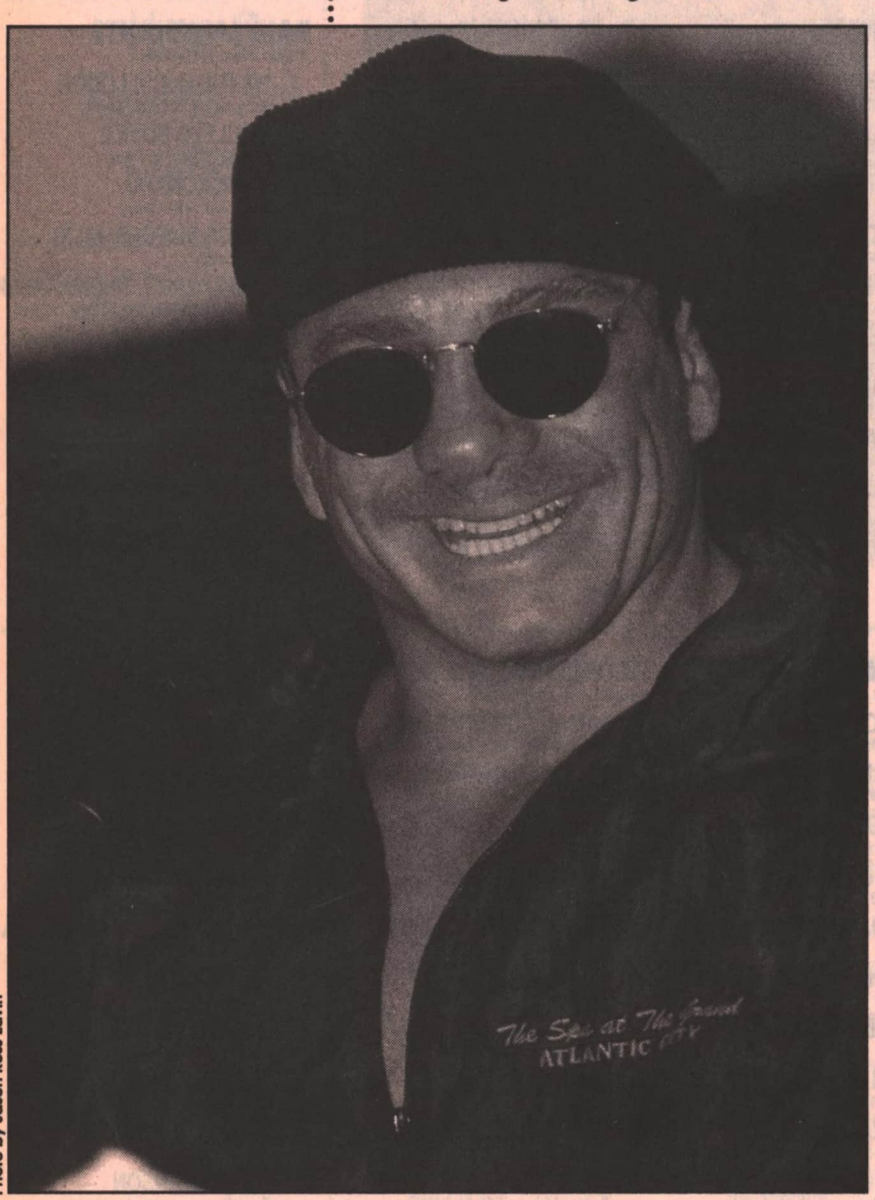

Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Pazienza was beaming after his come-from-behind kayo win over Dana Rosenblatt. "The Pazmanian Devil" remains an eternal optimist. Personal loss, hardships, and bad breaks don't get him down.

In Paz' mind, the sore winning is justified because, at various points in his career, he has been dismissed as being no more than a clubfighter with a clever schtick, advised to retire by just about everyone with a byline or a blazer, and written off more times than a business lunch. The angry Devil speaks with a pitchforked tongue because, though he has always had delusions of Canastota, those of us outside of Rhode Island don't think wins over Greg Haugen, Gilbert Dele, and a creaky Roberto Duran have earned him the right to be immortalized on any wall except one in his parents' living room.

As a fighter, Paz takes himself way too seriously. He has an excuse for every loss, the nuttiest being that he was drinking cappuccino before his dismantling by Roy Jones, and when he wasn't summoned to the ring until much later than he had anticipated, he came crashing down from his caffeine high. At least Paz gets high marks for creativity. I've heard fighters blame their defeats on Cappuccino before, but they're usually talking about Frank, the referee.

In light of this sudden, come-from-behind flattening of Dana Rosen-splat!, though, it is more evident than ever that there is something very impressive about Vinny Pazienza. Something that makes him a special fighter and a special man. And it's something, ironically, that he takes for granted. It's his refusal to ever get discouraged by anything negative that happens to him, whether a career-damaging defeat, a life-altering personal event, or even a badly executed minute-and-a-half of a round.

Nothing gets him down, except for Jones' punches, and even those couldn't keep him there, either physically or mentally. Nor could so many previous hardships. Not Haugen's bloody dethroning of him in the second of their three clashes, or a ready-to-be-taken Roger Mayweather's spanking of him, or the disappointing and inexplicable loss to a frail Loreto Garza in a try for the junior welterweight title. Paz never got into a funk over his inability to shut Hęctor Camacho's trap or the refusal of Livingstone Bramble and Edwin Rosario to agree to fight him in The Devil's Den in Providence.

When the Rhode Island credit union in which he had invested much of his money failed, and Pazienza temporarily lost $300,000, he didn't get rattled. Instead, he picked up the phone and asked his promoter at the time, Dan Duva, to get him more fights. Then came the near-fatal car accident, the one that left him with cracked vertebrae and a cumbersome metal halo literally screwed into his head. Trapped in a bird cage that made even sleeping an ordeal, Paz never lost his sense of humor, joking that people would now be right when they say he had a screw loose. Scoffing at doctors' claims that he wouldn't fight again, he actually hit the bag and lifted weights with the halo affixed to his noggin.

Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Paz seemed overmatched against the smooth-boxing Rosenblatt until saving his career with an overhand right in round four. Now he can look forward to at least one more big fight.

Indomitable spirit is hardly a rare trait in the fight game. Courage is in great supply, and everyone, from the most gifted superstars to the most limited prelim guys, displays it constantly. But so many of those fighters who refuse to give up are forced to battle intense depression or overcome a crises of confidence in order to stay the course. Many keep on keepin' on in spite of what they feel inside, not because of it. Pazienza, on the other hand, is unwavering in his optimism. He isn't trying to fool us *or* himself.

"This kid has never, ever been discouraged by anything," says Louise Pazienza, Vinny's mom. "I think he was born like that, because he didn't get it from his family. He's not capable of brooding or dwelling on anything bad. Even when he was little, nothing fazed him. When he lost his money [in the credit union], my husband and I were worried, but Vinny just figured he'd get it back. When he had the accident, he didn't sit in a chair and sob. He already had it in his mind that he was going to fight again.

"I have a son who fears nothing. I'm not just saying that because it sounds good. The truth is, it puts me on edge all the time. He scares me. There was a time when Vinny fell into the pond down the street when he was young. The kids were trying to see how far they could throw a rabbit's tail on the frozen pond, and Vinny tried to go after it and fell through the ice. He almost drowned, but by the time the cops came, he had worked himself out of the water and was thinking that it was no big deal."

Against Rosenblatt in Atlantic City, Paz was once again on thin ice, but this time, the rabbit's foot, unlike the rabbit's tail, was within his reach. Undaunted by his inability to get inside or avoid his rival's jab for the first quarter of the bout, Paz launched a right hand from five miles out at sea in round four and his latest crisis was over.

What may be just as remarkable as Paz' perpetually positive thinking is his ability to feed off adversity and criticism. He mocks one of boxing's most sacred canons by fighting mad.

We have long been told that emotion can do nothing for a warrior during combat except cloud his thinking, rob him of his focus, and cause him to get careless. Even Mr. Bad Intentions himself, Mike Tyson, has said so. But Paz thrives on emotion. Smacking his own head like a pro wrestler to psych himself up is more than an act for the crowd. It's part of his war dance. And in a grudge match against Rosenblatt, it worked. That Paz continued swinging at Rosenblatt after the stoppage, and floored ref Tony Orlando in the process, showed that it worked a little too well.

Pazienza didn't move any closer to greatness, and he won't be crashing anyone's pound-for-pound ratings. But he has bought himself a little more boxing life and guaranteed there will be another handsome payday or two. And he has left those of us who had forecast a Rosenblatt win with Deviled egg on our faces. To Vinny Paz, that's a pretty sight, and more than enough reason to keep hope alive. ■

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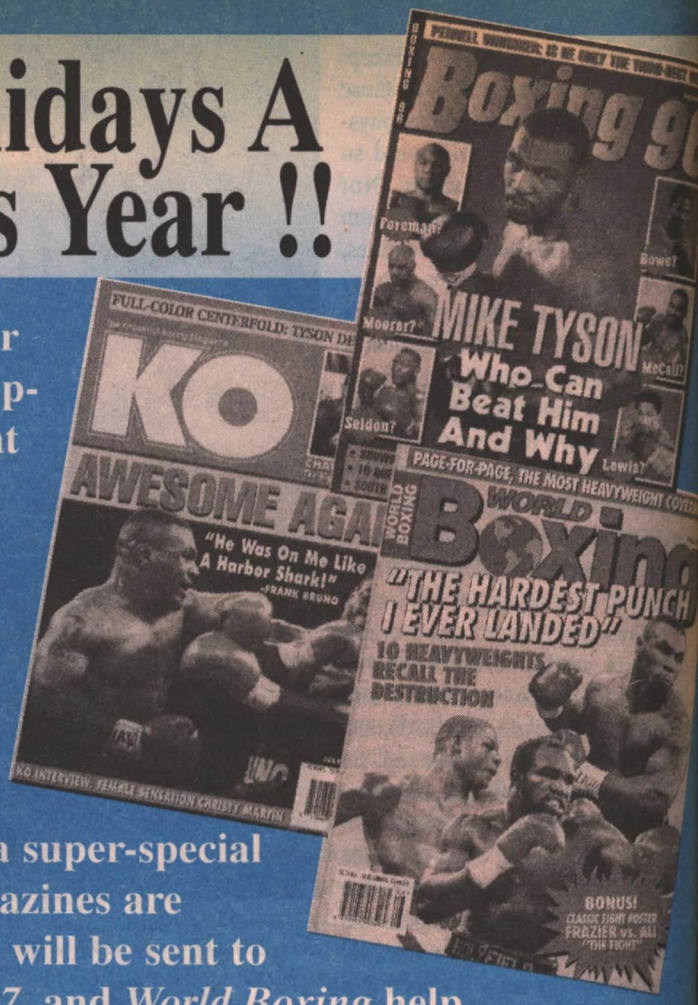

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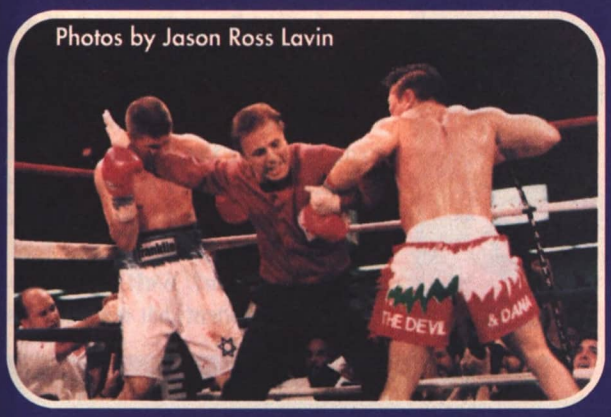
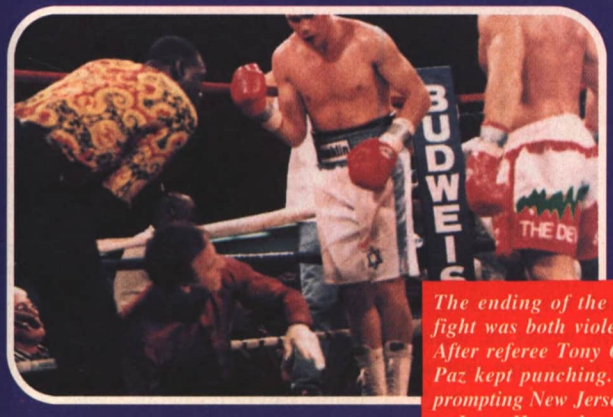
A Method To His Madness

VINNY PAZIENZA GOES CRAZY ON DANA ROSENBLATT

Photos by Jason Ross Lavin



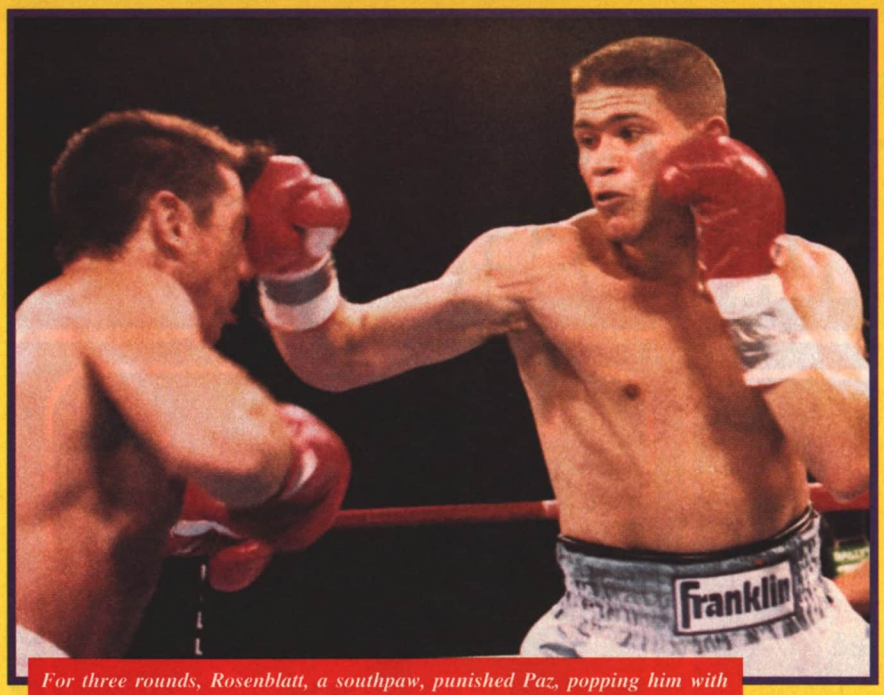


The ending of the Pazienza-Rosenblatt fight was both violent and controversial. After referee Tony Orlando called a halt, Paz kept punching. Orlando got decked, prompting New Jersey boxing commissioner Larry Hazzard to rush the ring.

By Nigel Collins

Everybody knows Vinny Pazienza is a nut. The only question is what sort of a nut. Ask Paz to explain his rabid behavior at the end of his fight with Dana Rosenblatt, and he'll swear he was a victim of temporary insanity ... and then he'll laugh. The funny thing is that he'll be right.

Paz eschews the traditional notion that a boxer must have full control of his emotions in order to perform properly. With "The Pazmanian Devil," it's the complete opposite. He has to work himself into a state of barely suppressed rage in order to



For three rounds, Rosenblatt, a southpaw, punished Paz, popping him with his jab (above), and following with big left hands (below). He seemed on the verge of a TKO victory when, in the fourth, disaster struck.

fight at his best. If he's not teetering on the brink of an all-out freakout, things aren't going according to plan.

"I don't fight like the average guy," said Paz. "I don't fight with the emotions of an average fighter. When the bright lights hit me, I lose it. I go into a different zone. I try to get myself as psyched up as possible. Then I drink a couple of cups of coffee, and the caffeine just picks up my heart rate. I go into a different level of intensity."

Working himself into that kind of frenzy is not always easy. Roy Jones was too much of a gentleman to raise The Devil's hackles. And on top of that, the coffee fix backfired.

"I was ready to go at 9:30," recalled Pazienza of the night Jones stopped him in six rounds. "I was in the back drinking cappuccino at eight o'clock, By 9:30, I was jacked up. I was sweating. I was flying. I felt great. Then 10:30 came, then 11:30 came, then, at 12:30, we finally fought, and I was crashing hard. And I couldn't come back from it. When you crash from caffeine, that's it. You're done."

There were no such problems when Pazienza returned to action for the first time since the June 1995 loss to Jones. He was so hissed off at Rosenblatt, he could have won on decaf. Despite his wacky ways, Paz takes himself very seriously, especially for a guy who writes the word "war" on his face and favors ring outfits rejected by The Village People. And Rosenblatt provided more than enough fuel to get Paz' inner fire blazing.

What really ticked off the Pazman was the lack of respect he sensed in his 23-year-old New England rival. One thing a cocky guy like Paz can't stand is another cocky guy. And although Rosenblatt presents a vastly more conservative image, there was something about his smug confidence that got under Paz' war paint.

"He didn't respect what I'd done in the ring, even though he says he did. I know he didn't by the way he was talking to me," maintained Pazienza.

What really got Paz steamed was Rosenblatt's reply when someone asked him if fighting Pazienza was a big step up. When the kid answered that he considered it merely a small step, Paz went ballistic.

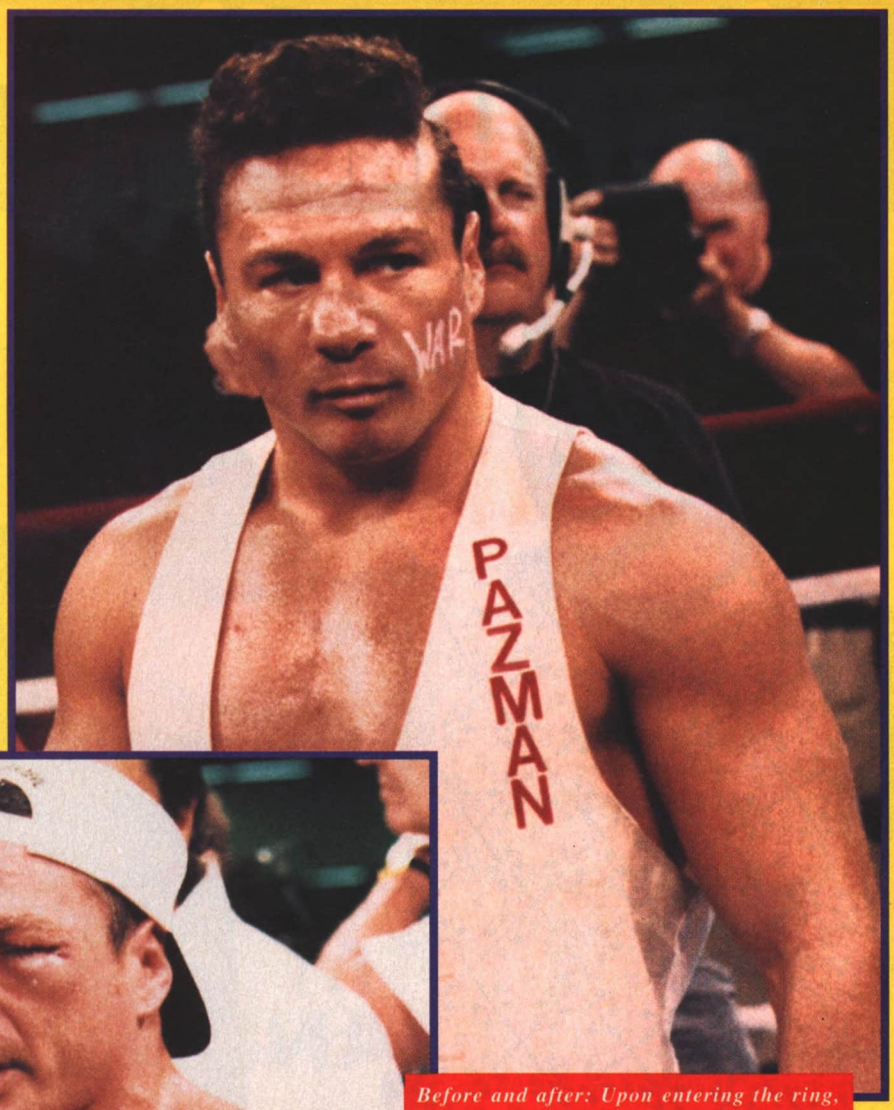
"Kid," Paz countered, "this will be like climbing Mount Everest for you."

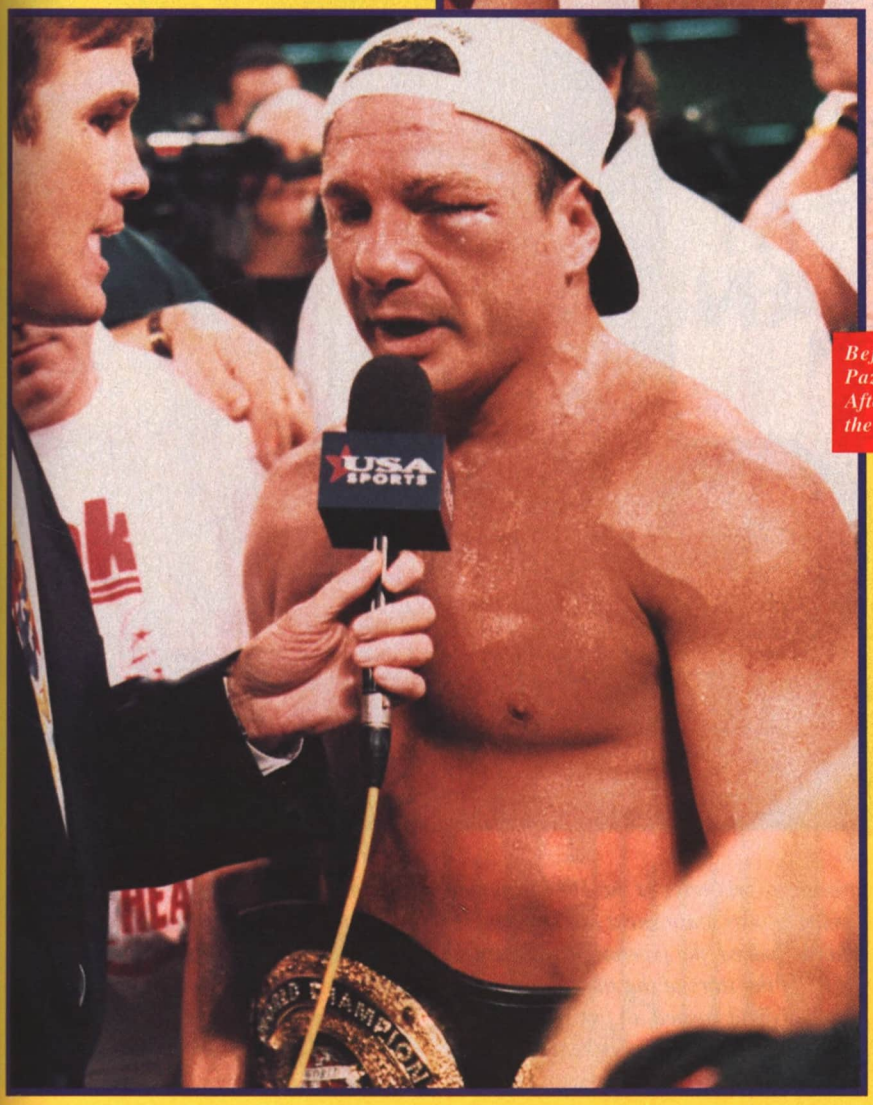
As it turned out, Rosenblatt barely made it out of the foothill before an avalanche rolled over him, sending him tumbling back down the ratings and erasing his unbeaten record. Just how fired up was the Pazman? Well, consider an impromptu incident that occurred just a few hours before the first bell.

"It was just something that happened," said Pazienza. "They took me into the [Atlantic City] Convention Center through the back way, and we passed the first dressing room. I looked in and saw Rosenblatt's name on the door. Everybody kept walking, but I turned to go into his dressing room. The security guards were saying, 'No, no, it's not that way. It's this way, this way.' I didn't answer them. I just

kept walking into his room. His name was on a curtain, so I opened the curtain up. It was real funny. There should have been a cloud of smoke behind me. The atmosphere was light. He was moving around, smiling, shadowboxing. You could tell that they really thought they were gonna beat me. But when I opened the curtain, they all looked at me, and their faces dropped. I said, 'Hey, kid. You're in for a long night. I'm gonna hurt you bad.' Then I shut the curtain, turned around, and walked away. They didn't say nothin'."

Pazienza is a case unto himself, a true original who operates in a world he's created for himself. Because of this, as much as his fighting ability, he's carved out a special niche in the market and become one of boxing's few enduring—and bankable—attractions. That zany band of zealots known as the Pazmaniacs has never wavered in support of its hero. And judging from Paz' continuing popularity with the purveyors of pay-per-view boxing, his one-sided thrashing at the hand of Jones hasn't appreciably diminished his appeal.





Before and after: Upon entering the ring, Pazienza was frighteningly focused (above). After only four rounds of action, his face belied the outcome of the bout (left).

"I've got the best fans," said Pazienza. "I get 50 to 100 letters a week at times, but I got more mail after the Roy Jones fight. [They were saying] you're still the best ... we love you ... please don't stop ... we can't wait to see you again ... don't worry about it ... Jones is a great fighter ... you just had a bad night. It's amazing. It surprised me."

Paz believes it's his "heart and soul" that attracts—and holds—his large following. His fans also sense that underneath all the macho posturing and showbiz razzmatazz there lurks a fundamentally

(Continued on page 78)

HOLYFIELD'S STRATEGY FOR TYSON

After Tyson easily disposed of Bruce Seldon, promoter Don King introduced the Tyson-Holyfield match. At the far right is Tyson's co-manager, John Horne.

Photo by Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport

*In **Holyfield: The Humble Warrior,** a newly released biography by the brothers Evander and Bernard Holyfield (look for a review in next month's issue), "The Real Deal" recalls his first memories of Mike Tyson. Holyfield, a light heavyweight, and Tyson, a heavyweight, were among the favorites to win titles at the 1984 National Golden Gloves tournament at The Omni in Atlanta. Indeed, the potential rivals turned out to be the stars of the show. Hometown hero Holyfield kayoed all five of his opponents, but it was Tyson, a kayo victor in four of his five bouts, who was named the tournament's outstanding boxer. Fittingly, the chapter is titled "Birth Of A Rivalry."*

Twelve years later, that rivalry will culminate at the MGM Grand Garden in Las Vegas. On November 9, Tyson will defend the WBA heavyweight title against two-time former champion Holyfield in what is anticipated to be boxing's first $100-million fight. Twice before, Tyson and Holyfield have been scheduled to rumble. The superfight was canceled when Tyson lost the unified title to Buster Douglas in 1990, and again in '91, when Tyson suffered a rib injury in training, and then was convicted of rape. During "Iron Mike's" incarceration, Holyfield lost the title to Riddick Bowe, regained it, and lost it to Michael Moorer.

On September 7, Holyfield was ringside when Tyson dethroned Bruce Seldon by first-round knockout (see sidebar on page 24). Later that night, promoter Don King formally announced the Tyson-Holyfield showdown. Said Holyfield, "I'm a winner, and I'll be heavyweight champion again." Responded an agitated Tyson, "You got nothin' comin'. Nothin'! I'm gonna enjoy this."

A few days later, Holyfield shared his thoughts on Tyson-Seldon, as well as his upcoming battle with the champion, with Editor-in-Chief Steve Farhood.

"I Have To Fight His Fight"

By Evander Holyfield

You tend to wonder how a person thinks. When you get a chance to have it all and you don't give it your all …

Bruce Seldon had been disappointing in the past, but you'd think with the emotional high of being heavyweight champion, he'd have wanted to accomplish more. I thought Tyson would outclass him. Still, I was disappointed Seldon would get into such a big fight and not give it his all. In my opinion, he got beat by Tyson's reputation. That can create fear.

In the amateurs, I felt real fear—fear that I was going to get hurt. I was 14, and I was fighting a guy with a mustache. I felt he was supposed to win, just because he

TYSON-SELDON: WHEN DOES THE FIGHT START?

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Las Vegas, Nevada: Few would argue that the world's a better place when there's only one heavyweight champion. Tyson would like to unify the title 10 years after first accomplishing that increasingly difficult feat. But given his 109-second kayo of defending WBA champion Seldon at a strangely quiet—and only half-filled—MGM Grand Garden, one has to acknowledge that the value of a title ain't what it used to be.

Seldon's second defense was one of the most embarrassing moments in heavyweight title fight history. The 30-year-old Tyson, 219, Southington, Ohio, climbed through the ropes a 22-1 favorite, with all but a few of the experts predicting an early kayo. Seldon, 229, Atlantic City, New Jersey, was in exceptional condition. Bulging biceps, however, will never compensate for a second-rate chin.

Still, even the most cynical of observers could never have envisioned the bizarre scenario. After a National Anthem that lasted 2 minutes 30 seconds, Tyson answered the opening bell determined to rid the ring of Seldon in far less time. He opened with a left-right that missed the mark, but spoke volumes about his intentions. Less than 10 seconds in, a hook reached Seldon's jaw. The 29-year-old champion slid to his left, pumped a couple of jabs and then, with Tyson having cut off the ring, unashamedly clinched.

Seventy seconds into the round, Tyson jabbed and followed with an overhand right that clearly sailed over Seldon's head. It was nonetheless enough to derail "The Atlantic City Express," who crashed face-first to the canvas. Sure that his eyes had not failed him, referee Richard Steele initially waved his arms to indicate no knockdown. "But he seemed so hurt," explained the third man, "so I picked up the count."

Where had the punch landed, if it had landed at all? According to Seldon, it was " … more of an elbow that touched a nerve or something." Oh. Added the fallen fighter, "I didn't train 12 weeks to come in here and take a dive."

Seldon rose at the count of four, saving his $5-million paycheck. (Tyson earned $15-million.) But only seconds later, Tyson connected with a hook to the jaw, and again Seldon went down face-first, this time justifiably. Clear-eyed, he picked himself up at the count of five. Just as Steele was finishing his mandatory count, Seldon's knees quivered and he stumbled backward. Steele was given no choice but to wave it over at the 1:49 mark.

The judges were Bill Graham, Chuck Giampa, and Dave Moretti, all from the USA.

Four-for-four in his comeback, Tyson, 45-1 (39), approached Seldon, 33-4 (29), and the two engaged in an extended hug that lasted almost as long as the fight. Not at all embarrassed by his effort, Seldon seemed relieved that his ordeal was over. "I wasn't intimidated by Mike Tyson at all," he said later. "I didn't realize how hard the guy could hit and how fast he was."

Before the fighters exited the ring, the fans began a chant of "Fix! Fix! Fix!" The stench was palpable, but only minutes later, promoter Don King was announcing a November 9 matchup of Tyson and Evander Holyfield. For Tyson, the beats go on.

The bout was televised on pay-per-view by SET.

Promoter: Don King

(9-7-96)

–Steve Farhood

had a mustache, so I was afraid. I remember slipping; he didn't really hit me. But the ref counted anyway. What I learned was the fear of getting hit or getting knocked down was so much worse than the reality. That may have been the way Seldon felt, but only he could tell you for sure.

Seldon appeared to look confident, but you can never really tell. Who is to condemn a person by saying he has no chance to win? If you believe in yourself, you give yourself every chance to win. He jabbed a couple of times, tied Tyson up a couple of times. That looked like his game plan. In the first round, you usually have a lot of nervous energy, so you move a lot. But in that time you also have to establish respect. Seldon backed down. I don't think money had anything to do with it. He was in shape. But pressure brings out the true character of a person. A lot of fighters who *think* they want to be champion don't really want to be. Flaws in your character can affect your performance.

What I bring to the table prevents me from losing that way. I'm a Christian. I don't have the spirit of fear, I have the spirit of love. I'm a conqueror, and such people don't lose from fear. You can't be a

Photo by Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport

Seldon seemed relaxed before the opening bell, but as soon as Tyson's fists started flying (above), "The Atlantic City Express" was quickly derailed. Seldon fell twice, and after only 109 seconds of action, Tyson seemingly wanted to punch some more (below). Says Holyfield of Seldon, "I was disappointed one would get into such a big fight and not give his all."

I've sparred with Tyson. It was in 1984, in Colorado Springs. We were both preparing for the Olympic Box-Offs. We were both in the loser's bracket; he had to fight Henry Tillman, and I had to fight Ricky Womack. He weighed 201 and I weighed 178. It wasn't much of anything. He boxed the way he boxes, and I was straight-up and had the fast hands. I was able to hit him with jabs and he was able to throw big shots. After one round, Coach Pat Nappi told us to get out of the ring. I guess we were going at it too hard.

In one sense, people were afraid of him back then just as they are today. I just looked at him as a guy who hit hard. But everyone hits hard if you just stand there and let him hit you without swinging back.

I understand Tyson's use of fear. You have to use everything you can, and if someone's scared of me, I'm not gonna tell him, "Don't be; I'm not so bad." Fear can be a tool. When people fight Tyson, they say, "If I get him into the later rounds ... " They feel like they can't compete in the early rounds. Part of that thinking is fear. I don't think that way. The fight starts in the winner if you don't take a chance to win. Winners *make* things happen, while others *let* things happen. I fear no man, and if you don't have fear, you can fight at your best.

Anyone who has eyes can see that I bring all of me to the ring; I don't leave anything at home. If I do my best, I don't worry about the outcome. I can walk out of the ring upright and come back the next day.

When you're competitors, people read into things. Early on, in the amateurs, and then in the pros, Tyson was a heavyweight and I was a light heavyweight. But I always kept my eyes on the fighters one division above and below me, as well as those at the same weight. Tyson has always been a good performer. It wasn't so much that I wanted to fight him, I just knew that to be the best you have to fight the best. Still, I always watched him.

When I got to the point that I became a heavyweight, I knew he was Mike Tyson, and nobody else was gonna beat him. So I started preparing for the best. I've always claimed to be the best, but I give credit where it's due, and Tyson's the best right now. This isn't personal. It's about proving I'm the best and winning the title again.

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

TYSON-HOLYFIELD: THE SKINNY

We asked four trainers, including Don Turner and Jay Bright, who will lead their respective charges into the ring on November 9, for their opinions on Tyson-Holyfield.

Lou Duva: "Holyfield is the first Tyson opponent who is going out there to really win. And I think he has the heart to do it. Five years ago (when Duva trained Holyfield), he was really ready. Now he's fighting on heart. But he'll fight Tyson; he won't back down. Evander will probably get knocked down, but he'll get back up. If he knocks Tyson down, it'll be all over. I'm looking for Evander to knock out Tyson in about the third round."

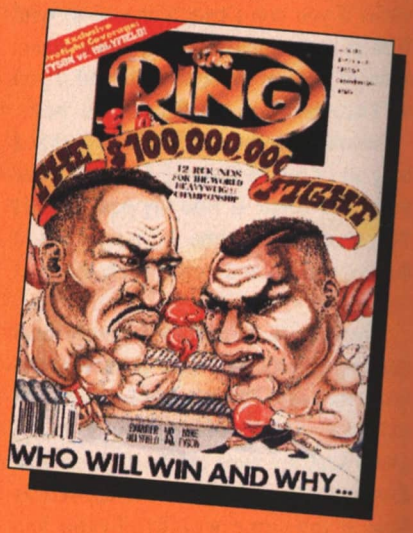
Eddie Futch: "I don't like this matchup for this reason: Holyfield might get hurt. I saw him in the [third] Riddick Bowe match and in the Bobby Czyz fight, and his reflexes aren't what they used to be. He gets hit too easily, and he won't be effective because he's missing a lot now. It happens. I've seen it before. In the case of Joe Frazier, it was more his legs. With Holyfield, it's his reflexes. And the fighter is always the last to realize it. Given the types of fighters these guys are, this one can't go long. I pick Tyson early."

Don Turner (Holyfield's trainer): "I'm confident. Tyson is very beatable. All you have to do is follow your game plan. Tyson doesn't do well when people fight him back, and he doesn't do well against people who aren't intimidated by him. Evander isn't intimidated, and he will fight him back. You have to keep Tyson off-balance, keep him busy, punching at him with combinations instead of him punching at you. If you move around, it's better than standing there. You can't stand in the same spot and fight Tyson; I don't think anybody in the history of boxing could do that. My job is to make sure Evander fights his fight, and not Tyson's. The biggest frontrunners are not the bravest people. What's gonna happen when Tyson gets hit on the chin? What's gonna happen if he gets knocked down? Will he fight back? We'll see."

Jay Bright (Tyson's trainer): "I believe Holyfield has quite a bit of ability. He's one of the better fighters around. Mike has to be 100 percent focused, as well as calm enough to be in a position to take advantage of Evander's mistakes, which, like most fighters, he makes consistently. Mike also has to be elusive. Holyfield fights predominantly the same way in all his fights. He has tremendous heart, and I respect that heart. I'm not saying Mike will ground him into the canvas like a used cigar, but when Mike's 100 percent, nobody can stand up to him."

The Ring's view: Holyfield will come out fighting. As a result, Tyson in one.

In Holyfield's last start, he hammered blown-up cruiserweight Bobby Czyz, stopping the former world champion after five one-sided rounds. Like Tyson, Czyz is short and stocky. But when it comes to punching power, there is no similarity whatsoever.



The December 1991 issue of THE RING previewed Holyfield-Tyson, originally scheduled for November 8, 1991, at Caesars Palace. The bout was postponed when Tyson suffered an injury, then canceled altogether. Our pick five years ago: Tyson by kayo in eight rounds.

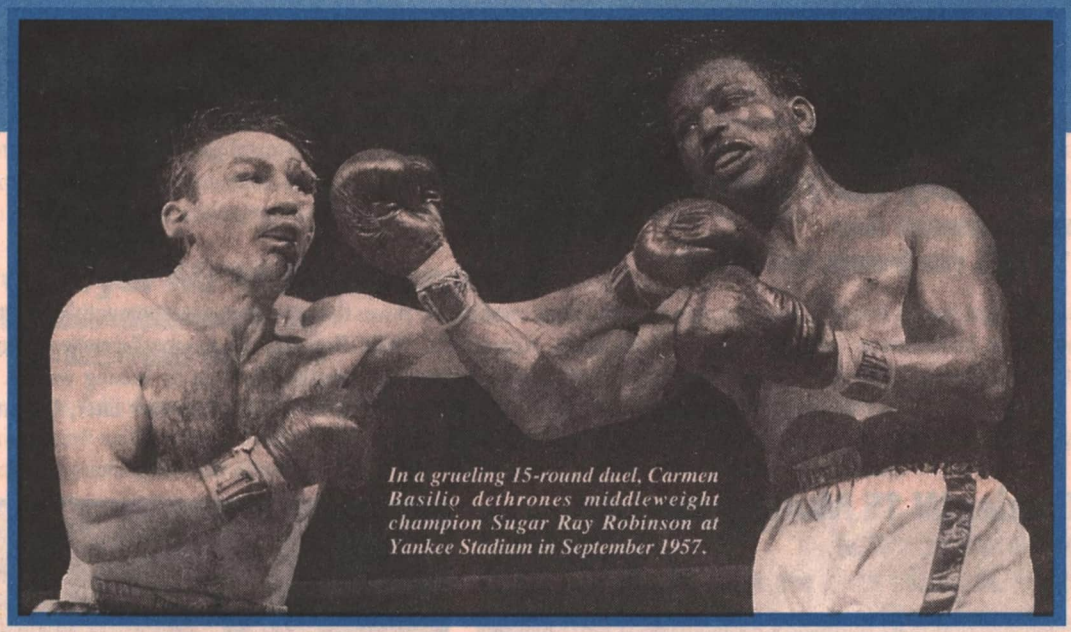
first round. You can't plan for tomorrow, because it's not promised.

Why does Tyson seem angry? There's no doubt that some of the people who surround him have told him things to fuel him. They feel they have to fuel him with things I supposedly said about him so he'll be focused and perform well. It's like a car; you have to put gas in it. Tyson's people are telling him I was talking about him when he was in jail. Of course, it's not true. They want him angry to the point that he can just walk right through me. They figure if Tyson gives me respect, it could be a tough fight. I understand what they're doing.

My reputation precedes me, so when Tyson's co-manager, John Horne, says in the papers, "Holyfield is arrogant," people know there's something wrong with that guy. People are gonna laugh at him. But

(Continued on page 80)

THE 100 GREATEST TITLE FIGHTS OF ALL-TIME



In a grueling 15-round duel, Carmen Basilio dethrones middleweight champion Sugar Ray Robinson at Yankee Stadium in September 1957.

Compiled by Steve Farhood

After IBF junior lightweight champion Arturo Gatti came from behind to kayo Wilson Rodriguez, one veteran ringside scribe described the brawl as the best fight he'd ever covered. That, of course, says a whole lot. And it made us wonder a whole lot, too. What have been the greatest fights of all-time?

We decided to limit our list to world title fights. If we considered *all* bouts, how many great clubfights might we have overlooked? As much as we would have liked to include classics like George Foreman-Ron Lyle, Jackie Berg-Kid Chocolate, and Carlos Zarate-Alfonso Zamora, such a task would undoubtedly have proven overwhelming.

As always, our selections came with a set of criteria. Our first consideration was the fight itself. Was it filled with action? Were there changes in momentum? Was it contested at a fast pace? Did it include a dramatic ending? Secondly, how significant was the fight? For instance, everything else being equal, a battle for the IBF junior featherweight title would be rated below a battle for the *world* junior featherweight title. Lastly, who were the fighters involved? A bout involving Muhammad Ali or Joe Louis instantly drew more consideration than one involving Tommy Burns or Primo Carnera.

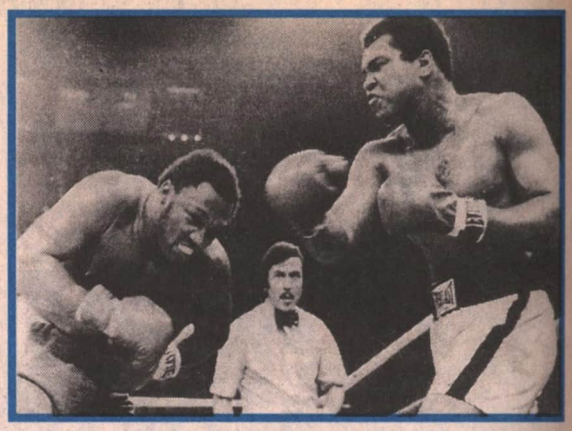
One other thing: The sheer numbers would seem to indicate that we favored title fights of more recent vintage. Not the case. It's just that the proliferation of weight classes and sanctioning bodies has resulted in a drastic increase in the number of title fights per year.

Almost everyone ranks Sugar Ray Robinson as the best fighter of all-time. But there's no such consensus when it comes to the greatest *fight* ever. We're sure there will be arguments with the placement of our selections, from number one to 100. And many readers will point to fights we chose to omit. With that said, it's time to turn the page and dig in. Given our readers' responses to similar listings in the recent past, some of the best fights are yet to come.

1. Muhammad Ali KO 15 Joe Frazier

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

September 30, 1975, Araneta Coliseum, Quezon City, Philippines



In "The Thrilla," Ali wore Frazier down

The anticipation isn't as great as Ali-Frazier I, but chapter three of this historical trilogy is a more memorable bout. Both past their primes, Ali and Frazier battle with desperation and pride. The pace seems to drain Ali, but he calls upon his inner strength and rebounds to close Frazier's right eye. Ali is ahead on points when Eddie Futch, "Smokin' Joe's" trainer, surrenders before the start of the 15th. "What you saw tonight," says Ali, "was next to death."

2. Rocky Graziano KO 6 Tony Zale

(Wins World Middleweight Title)

July 16, 1947, Chicago Stadium, Chicago

Same fight, different winner. In the second chapter of their trilogy, it is Graziano who is hammered before rallying to win. Punching with both eyes swollen shut, he catches Zale late in the fifth, then finishes him in the sixth. Writes the winner in his biography, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, "It was a war, and if there wasn't a referee, one of the two of us would have wound up dead."

3. Jack Dempsey KO 2 Luis Firpo

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

September 14, 1923, Polo Grounds, New York City

You might think a fight lasting less than four minutes, with the loser crashing no fewer than 10 times, isn't competitive. But after suffering seven first-round knockdowns (and scoring one of his own), Argentina's "Wild Bull Of The Pampas" catches Dempsey with a straight right. The champion flies through the ropes and out of the ring before being pushed back in by boxing writers. Barely conscious, he's saved by the bell. Dempsey quickly dispatches of Firpo in the second. Twenty-seven years later, the knockdown of Dempsey is voted the most dramatic sports moment of the first half of the century.

4. Joe Frazier W 15 Muhammad Ali

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

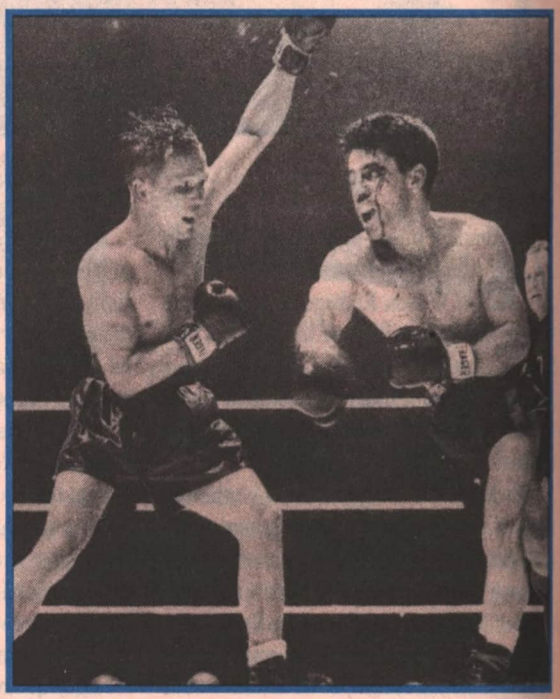
March 8, 1971, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Fantasize all you like, but there will never be another one quite like this. The world stops on this Monday night, when these two unbeaten greats finally clash. Both in and out of the ring, there have never been ring rivals matched as perfectly as Ali and Frazier. "The Greatest" lands hundreds of punches, but Frazier sets a crazy pace and refuses to burn out. Firing his left hook over and over again, he almost finishes Ali in the 11th, and drops him in the 15th en route to a unanimous decision victory.

5. Tony Zale KO 6 Rocky Graziano

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

September 27, 1948, Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York



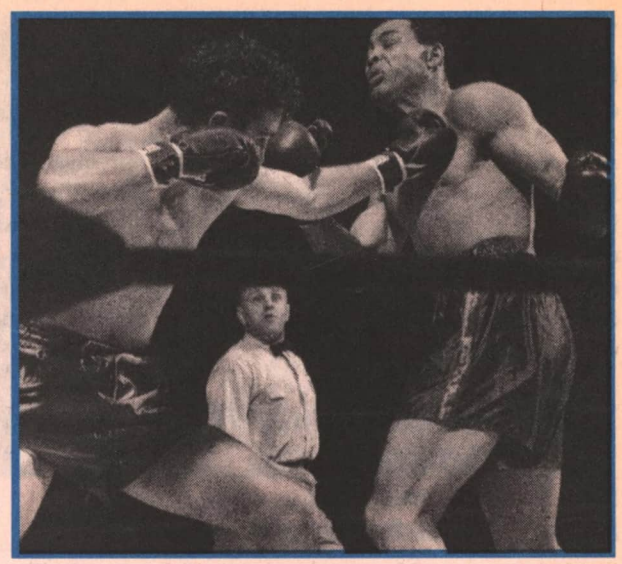
Graziano wasn't easily discouraged

It doesn't get any more brutal than this. The aging Zale, a 2-1 underdog, scores a first-round knockdown, then, over the course of the next four rounds, sustains a terrific beating. He suffers a knockdown of his own, but boxes on despite a bloody face and a broken thumb. Seemingly one punch away from losing the title, he summons the strength to deflate Graziano with a right to the solar plexus. A left hook follows, and Graziano, having lost his wind, is counted out.

6. Joe Louis KO 13 Billy Conn

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

June 18, 1941, Polo Grounds, New York City



Conn outboxed Louis until ...

Light heavyweights aren't supposed to be able to rumble with boxing's big boys, much less the most dominant heavyweight champion of all-time. But on a joyful and innocent summer night that belied a world falling into war, former 175-pound king Conn befuddles "The Brown Bomber" with his speed and combinations. Finding Louis increasingly easier to hit, Conn goes for the kayo. But it is Louis who lands a bomb, and Conn, ahead on points, is counted out with two seconds left in the 13th.

7. Marvin Hagler KO 3 Thomas Hearns

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

April 15, 1985, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas

It can be argued that the first round of this widely anticipated war is the greatest three minutes in ring history. Trading potential kayo blows at a frightening pace, Hagler and Hearns tear into each other. Hagler's boxing-best chin proves more valuable than "The Hit Man's" boxing-best kayo punch, and by the second, the southpaw champion assumes command. The end comes in the third, with Hearns broken and utterly exhausted.

8. Aaron Pryor KO 14 Alexis Arguello

(Retains WBA Junior Welterweight Title)

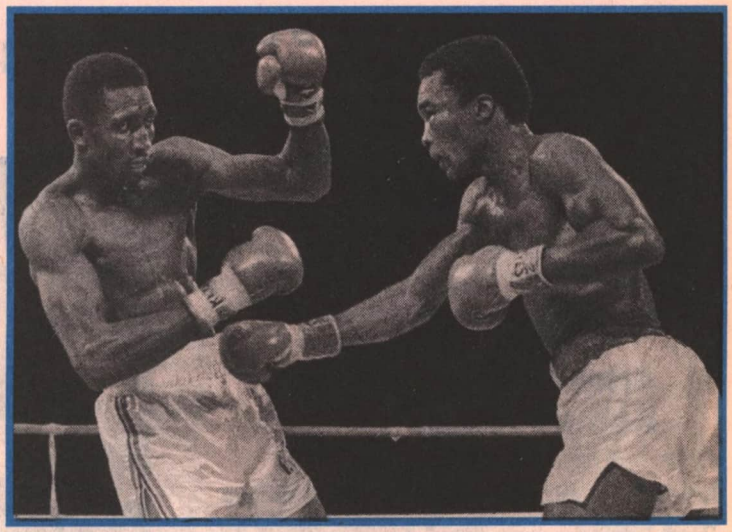
November 12, 1982, Orange Bowl, Miami

In a decade chock-full of great fights, the best of them all. Seeking an unprecedented title at his fourth weight, Arguello, a 2-1 favorite, explodes his biggest and best right hands on the undefeated Pryor's chin. But "The Hawk" endures, mixing clever boxing with passionate combination-punching to wear down the challenger. In a breathless battle, score one for fire over ice.

9. Sugar Ray Leonard KO 14 Thomas Hearns

(Unifies World Welterweight Title)

September 16, 1981, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas



With one eye closed, Sugar Ray showed heart

How often do two all-time greats clash in their respective primes? In a fast-paced and intriguing duel, co-champions Leonard and Hearns are forced to trade roles, with the former turning puncher and the latter moving to boxing mode. Behind on points and squinting through a badly swollen left eye, Leonard drops Hearns in the 13th and again in the 14th, bringing referee Davey Pearl's intervention.

10. Joe Gans W Disq. 42 Battling Nelson

(Regains World Lightweight Title)

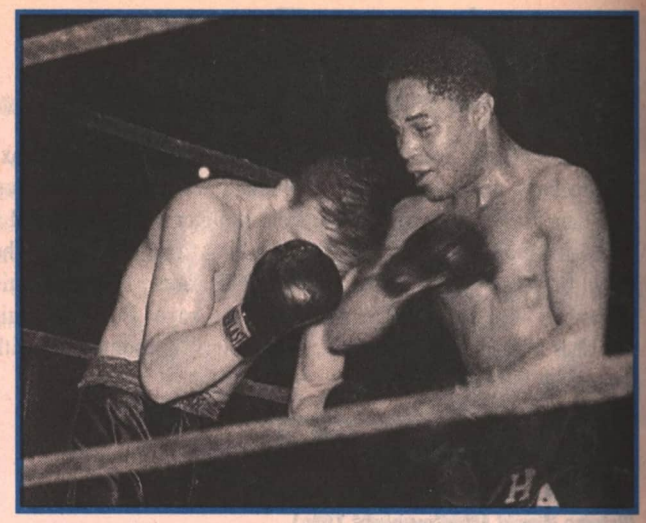
September 3, 1906, The Arena, Goldfield, Nevada

The fight that made Tex Rickard boxing's first superstar promoter. Former champion Gans easily outboxes the Dane until breaking his hand in the 33rd round. The old pro subsequently absorbs a brutal body battering, at one point vomiting over the top rope. But in the 42nd round, the increasingly frustrated Nelson punches low for the umpteenth time, prompting a DQ.

11. Ad Wolgast KO 13 Joe Rivers

(Retains World Lightweight Title)

July 4, 1912, The Arena, Vernon, California



Armstrong made history by topping Ambers

After a dozen hard-fought, competitive rounds, Wolgast and Rivers score simultaneous knockdowns with 10 seconds remaining in the 13th. Wolgast's blow seems low, but referee Jack Welsh oddly lifts the groggy champion to his feet, then issues Rivers a count, even though the challenger has already risen! At the sound of the bell, Welsh walks to Wolgast's corner and declares him the winner. Go figure.

12. Henry Armstrong W 15 Lou Ambers

(Wins World Lightweight Title)

August 17, 1938, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Match a pair of punching machines in one of the most significant fights in history and what do you get? Armstrong loses three rounds to fouls, but scores two knockdowns and wins by split decision to become the first boxer to simultaneously hold three world titles. (He had previously won the featherweight and welterweight crowns.) "Hammerin' Hank" finishes with both eyes cut and swollen and a 37-stitch cut inside his mouth that forces him to swallow his own blood.

13. Julio Cesar Chavez KO 12 Meldrick Taylor

(Wins IBF Junior Welterweight Title; Retains WBC Title)

March 17, 1990, Hilton Center, Las Vegas

The first brutal war of the '90s is decided by a matter of seconds. Taylor fights on Chavez' terms, trading at close range, but pays a terrible price; battered and cut, he swallows nearly two pints of his own blood. Still, he's ahead on points when felled by a straight right with 16 seconds remaining. He rises, but referee Richard Steele elects to call a halt at the 2:58 mark—two seconds before the final bell.

14. Terry McGovern KO 9 George Dixon

(Wins World Featherweight Title)

January 9, 1900, Broadway Athletic Club, New York City

At 19, former bantamweight champion and legend-to-be McGovern dethrones legend Dixon, who had reigned for 10 years. One of the modern era's first pure punchers, McGovern is outboxed for five rounds. He breaks through in the sixth and scores a total of eight knockdowns before Dixon's corner surrenders.

15. Arnold Taylor KO 14 Romeo Anaya

(Wins WBA Bantamweight Title)

November 3, 1973, Rand Stadium, Johannesburg

Regarded as the most dramatic fight in South African boxing history. In all, there are six knockdowns, with local favorite Taylor, who scales only 114, seemingly finished after crashing three times in the eighth and again in the 10th. But he caps an unimaginable rally with a one-punch kayo of his Mexican rival in the 14th. Wow!

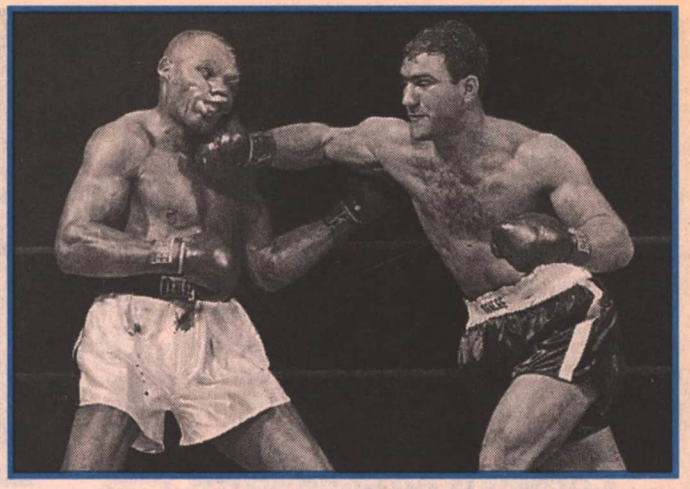
Chavez-Taylor: The first great fight of the '90s

16. Rocky Marciano KO 13 Jersey Joe Walcott

(Wins World Heavyweight Title)

September 23, 1952, Municipal Stadium, Philadelphia

What epitomizes the excitement of boxing more than a heavyweight coming from behind to win the world title with a one-punch kayo? No one knows just how good the undefeated Marciano is, and after he's dropped in the first round, ringsiders snicker that he's been overmatched. But The Rock proceeds to rally in a fast-paced thriller. Walcott is ahead when Marciano connects with the most famous punch in history, a short right to the chin. Jersey Joe crumbles and is counted out.



The Rock's right almost tore Walcott's head off

17. Michael Carbajal KO 7 Chiquita Gonzalez

(Wins WBC Light Flyweight Title; Retains IBF Title)

March 13, 1993, Hilton Center, Las Vegas

Simply put, the most important light flyweight (or flyweight, for that matter) fight ever. As if intending to prove that 108-pounders can punch, too, co-champions Carbajal and Gonzalez flaunt their big bombs. Carbajal falls twice before rebounding to finish his Mexican foe with a single left hook in the seventh.

18. Tommy Ryan KO 17 Tommy West

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

March 4, 1901, Southern Atlantic Club, Louisville

How wild is this grudge match (Ryan had stopped West in 1898)? In the ninth round, a police captain rushes the ring to break a clinch. Ryan is twice dropped in the second, but he manages to elude most of West's subsequent assaults, and after 12 rounds, the challenger's eyes are swollen shut. The end comes when featherweight champion Terry McGovern, acting as West's chief second, tosses a sponge into the ring as a sign of surrender.

19. Ad Wolgast KO 40 Battling Nelson

(Wins World Lightweight Title)

February 21, 1910, The Arena, Richmond, California

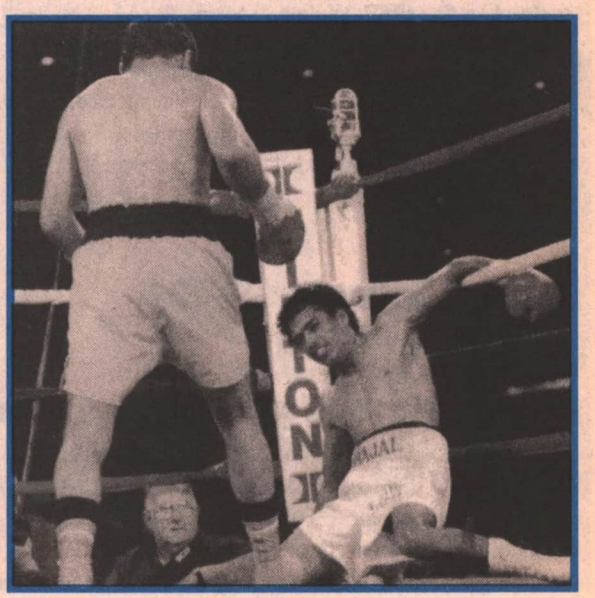
Suffice to say they don't make 'em like Nelson anymore. In a mean-spirited, epic struggle, Nelson and challenger Wolgast butt and bite and punch a bit, too. By the end, Nelson's eyes are closed and his face is bloodied. Still, he refuses to surrender, leaving referee Ed Smith to call a halt, but only after "The Durable Dane" absorbs a frightening amount of punishment.

20. Chartchai Chionoi KO 13 Efren Torres

(Retains WBC Flyweight Title)

January 28, 1968, El Toreo bullring, Mexico City

Arguably the most grueling 112-pound title fight in history. Fighting in the challenger's backyard, Thailand's Chionoi opens a two-inch cut over "Alacran" Torres' left eye in the second. The Mexican returns the favor, closing both of the champion's eyes by the middle rounds. Torres' wound is worse, however, and with the bout even on points, referee Arthur Mercante calls it off in the 13th.



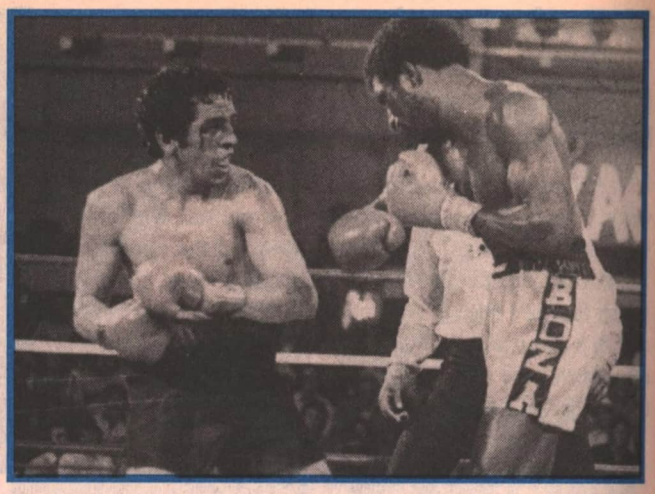
Incredibly, Carbajal came back from this

21. Roberto Duran W 15 Sugar Ray Leonard

(Wins WBC Welterweight Title)

June 20, 1980, Olympic Stadium, Montreal

Sometimes the fight matches the hype. Such is the case on this rainy summer night, when Duran, arguably the greatest fighter of the '70s, matches strength and skills with Leonard, presumed to be a superstar for the '80s. Opting to prove his manhood, Sugar Ray makes for a thrilling bout by standing and trading all the way. Duran proves just a little bit better, winning by close but unanimous decision.



Against Boza, Chacon punched through the blood

22. Bobby Chacon W 12 Cornelius Boza-Edwards

(Retains WBC Super Featherweight Title)

May 15, 1983, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas

Sometimes, a fighter simply refuses to lose. Battling his former conqueror, Chacon counters off the ropes in one toe-to-toe exchange after another. He scores knockdowns in the first, second, and 12th rounds, and falls himself in the third. At several junctures, Chacon's numerous eye cuts threaten to bring a stoppage, but he's allowed to finish, and he scores a unanimous decision victory.

23. Larry Holmes W 15 Ken Norton

(Wins WBC Heavyweight Title)

June 9, 1978, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas

That Holmes challenges Norton with a torn muscle in his left arm speaks volumes of his courage. Norton proves amply endowed in this category as well, rallying in the middle rounds with overhand rights and constant pressure. With three minutes to go, the bout is even, and the heavyweights produce one of the greatest last rounds in history, trading momentum before going toe-to-toe until the bell. As it turns out, two judges score the 15th for Holmes, and one for Norton.

24. Carmen Basilio W 15 Sugar Ray Robinson

(Wins World Middleweight Title)

September 23, 1957, Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York

In a huge surprise, the welterweight champion beats the middleweight champion by split decision. Robinson unexpectedly fights flatfooted, guaranteeing plenty of action. Basilio, spotting Sugar Ray 6½ pounds, relies on his unparalleled conditioning and steel chin. The punches fly for all 15 rounds, with both fighters absolutely certain they deserve the verdict.

Robinson hit Basilio, but never discouraged him

25. Jack Johnson KO 12 Stanley Ketchel

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

October 16, 1909, Mission Street Arena, Colma, California

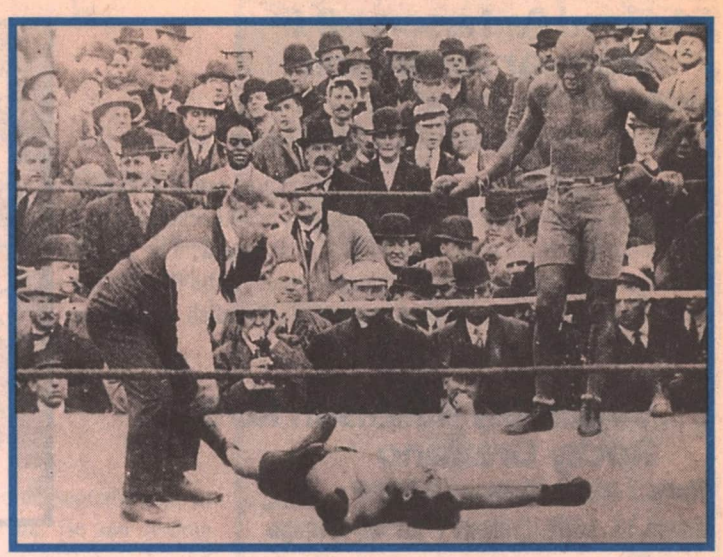
The unofficial condition for this unusual matchup: Heavyweight champion Johnson, 205½, and middleweight king Ketchel, 170¼, will minimize their aggressiveness. For 11 rounds, they follow the script. But in the 12th, Ketchel, a bonebreaking puncher, downs Johnson with a thunderous right. Seconds later, an enraged Johnson lands an uppercut that not only kayoes Ketchel, but rips five of his teeth off at the roots.

26. Archie Moore KO 11 Yvon Durelle

(Retains World Light Heavyweight Title)

December 10, 1958, The Forum, Montreal

At age 44, "The Ol' Mongoose" has no right coming back from four visits to the canvas in the first five rounds. But Moore proves magical, rebounding to score three of his own knockdowns against the crude French-Canadian. One more thing: Moore breaks the all-time record for kayos, registering the 127th stoppage of his career. He had entered the ring sharing the mark with Young Stribling.



When Johnson got angry, Ketchel got kayoed

27. Carmen Basilio KO 12 Tony DeMarco

(Retains World Welterweight Title)

November 30, 1955, Boston Garden, Boston

This hook-for-hook brawl lasts two seconds longer than Basilio-DeMarco I, fought five months before. What makes the rematch different is the seventh round, when one of DeMarco's hooks leaves the champion out on his feet. Basilio is battered throughout the eighth, but his heart enables him to survive, and he drops hometown hero DeMarco twice in the 12th before referee Mel Manning intervenes.

28. Willie Pep W 15 Sandy Saddler

(Regains World Featherweight Title)

February 11, 1949, Madison Square Garden, New York City

By far the most entertaining of the four Pep-Saddler bouts. Boxing at his best, Pep dazzles Saddler for eight rounds. Over the second half, however, the champion mounts an inspired rally. Seemingly on the verge of a come-from-behind stoppage win, Saddler battles both Pep and the clock. Clinching whenever he can, Pep is a bloody mess at the final bell. But the unanimous decision is nonetheless in his favor.

29. Gene Fullmer KO 14 Carmen Basilio

(Wins Vacant NBA Middleweight Title)

August 28, 1959, Cow Palace, San Francisco

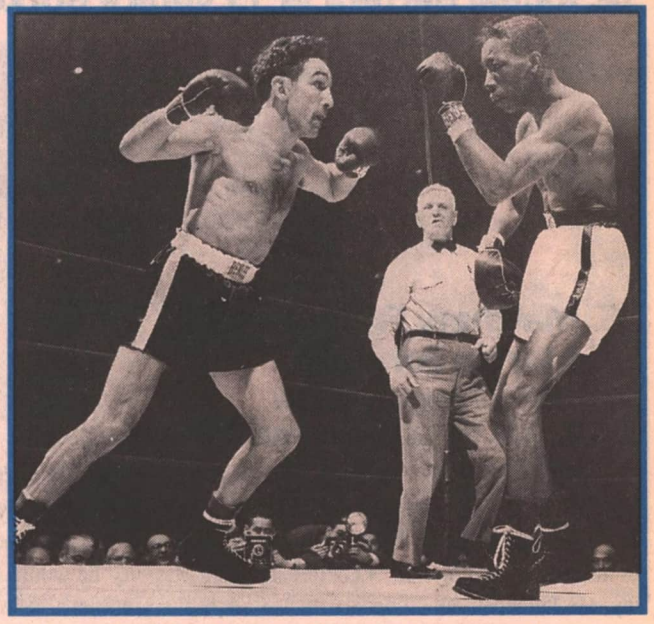
When two bulls collide, one has to give, and that's Fullmer, who surprisingly elects to back up and counter. The first round is particularly memorable, and the pace is hot throughout. Basilio suffers the first knockdown of his career in the 14th, a split second before trainer Angelo Dundee surrenders.

30. Harry Greb W 15 Mickey Walker

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

July 2, 1925, Polo Grounds, New York City

As tough as Walker is, he remains a middleweight who has risen from welterweight. Greb, on the other hand, is a middleweight who regularly fights light heavyweights. Indeed, the difference in this in-your-face battle of legendary hall of famers proves to be strength, with Greb winning by unanimous decision. Postscript: A couple of hours later, Greb and Walker engage in a brawl outside a Broadway speakeasy.



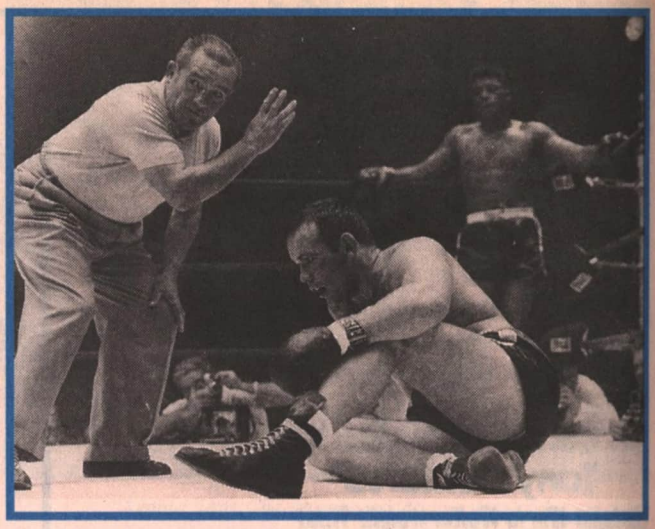
Pep dazzled Saddler with flurries from every angle

31. Floyd Patterson KO 6 Ingemar Johansson

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

March 13, 1961, Convention Hall, Miami Beach

Who says familiar foes grant each other too much respect? There's no caution here, as Johansson scores two knockdowns and Patterson one *before the end of the first round.* The rivals exchange powerpunches from the second through the fifth. In the sixth, Patterson strikes once more, and the Swedish challenger rises just after the count.



Both Johansson and Patterson went down early and often

32. Sugar Ray Robinson KO 3 Rocky Graziano

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

March 13, 1952, Chicago Stadium, Chicago

The Rock is past his prime but nonetheless dangerous, and Robinson lights the fireworks by opting to go punch for punch. For two rounds, Graziano lands his famed right hand, and in the third, he scores a flash knockdown. Big mistake. Robinson responds with two hooks and a right, and Graziano is counted out. "No one ever stung me more than Rocky did," Robinson says afterward.

33. Muhammad Ali KO 8 George Foreman

(Regains World Heavyweight Title)

October 30, 1974, Twentieth of May Stadium, Kinshasa, Zaire

The undefeated Foreman is considered virtually unbeatable. Ali is a 7-1 underdog, and some of the challenger's faithful actually fear for his life. When "The Greatest" opts for a seemingly suicidal rope-a-dope strategy, a quick kayo is all but assured. But unable to break Ali psychologically, Big George punches himself into exhaustion. He falls for the count in the eighth, much to the delight of the 60,000 in attendance. Ali *bomaye*!

34. Rafael Herrera W 15 Venice Borkorsor

(Retains World Bantamweight Title)

October 13, 1973, The Forum, Inglewood, California

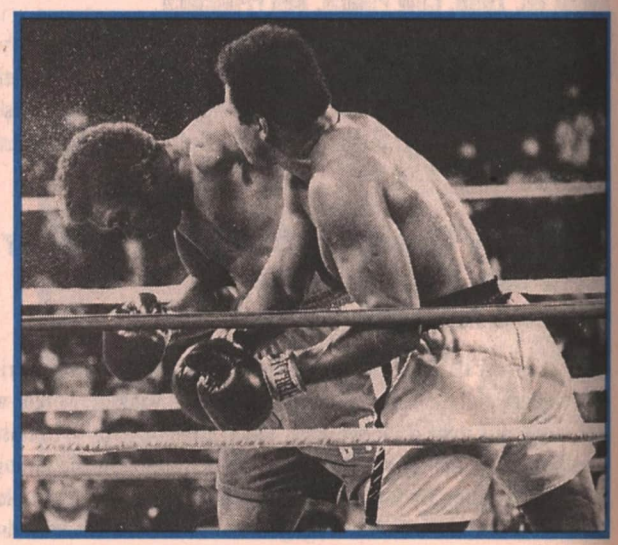
The fast-starting Herrera scores a knockdown in the seventh, but the Thai challenger rallies in the championship rounds. Utterly exhausted and boxing with both eyes swollen almost shut, Herrera barely manages to hang on until the final bell and keep the crown by split decision.

35. Matthew Franklin KO 8 Marvin Johnson

(Wins WBC Light Heavyweight Title)

April 22, 1979, Market Square Arena, Indianapolis, Indiana

Perhaps no victory epitomizes the comeback spirit of Franklin (later Matthew Saad Muhammad) better than this title-winning effort. By the end of the fifth round, Franklin is cut over both eyes and bleeding from the nose and mouth. "I could barely see Marvin," he would later say. He launches his comeback in the sixth and completes it in the eighth, with blood pouring down the faces of both fighters.



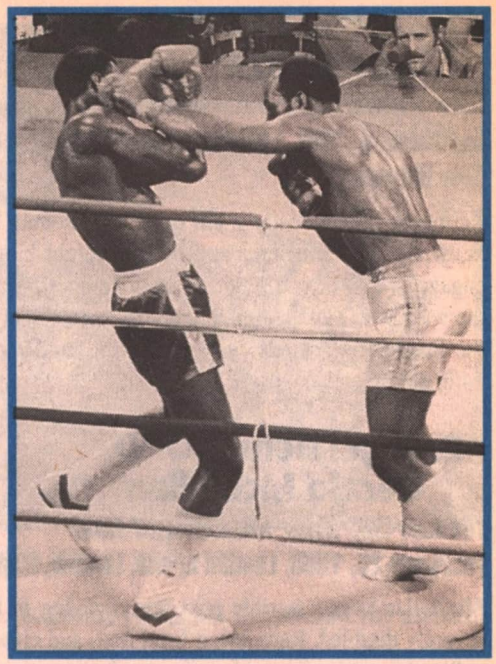
Ali soaked it up before Big George tipped over

36. Rocky Marciano W 15 Ezzard Charles

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

June 17, 1954, Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York

After he retires, the unbeaten Marciano calls this tougher-than-expected marathon "the toughest [fight] of my career." Thought to be washed-up, Charles opens by boxing. But he stands and trades over the second half, absorbing The Rock's biggest rights while answering with crisp left hooks. The unanimous decision belies the competitiveness of the battle.



Franklin-Johnson was a punchathon all the way

37. Oscar Albarado KO 15 Koichi Wajima

(Wins World Junior Middleweight Title)

June 3, 1974, Nihon University Auditorium, Tokyo

Only seven times in title fight history has a boxer trailing on points scored a kayo in the last round. Texas' "Shotgun" Albarado does it on the road. He and veteran champion Wajima trade furiously for 14 rounds. In the 15th, the challenger, behind on two of the three cards, scores three knockdowns, and Wajima is counted out with 66 seconds remaining.

38. Saman Sorjaturong KO 7 Chiquita Gonzalez

(Wins WBC & IBF Junior Flyweight Titles)

July 15, 1995, The Forum, Inglewood, California

Chiquita's losses, two of which are selected as Fight of the Year, are certainly more memorable than his wins. After the sixth round, the ringside doctor tells Sorjaturong he's about to call a halt. The Thai, who has been twice felled and is boxing with one eye swollen shut and the other cut, responds by charging from his corner, downing the Mexican, then punching until referee Lou Filippo's intervention.

39. Alexis Arguello KO 13 Ruben Olivares

(Wins WBA Featherweight Title)

November 23, 1974, The Forum, Inglewood, California

A crossroads battle pitting a superstar just past his prime vs. a legend-in-the-making. Olivares starts slowly, but unleashes his famed hook to the liver in the middle rounds and leads on points when his willingness to trade costs him. "The Explosive Thin Man" connects in the 13th, finishing his Mexican rival with two knockdowns.

40. Alexis Arguello KO 13 Alfredo Escalera

(Retains WBC Super Featherweight Title)

February 4, 1979, Sports Palace, Rimini, Italy

Only on rare occasions is the rematch better than the original. Staging an amazing comeback, Escalera, who is cut over both eyes and floored in the fourth and fifth, wins most of the middle rounds. He seems en route to a most unlikely victory when Arguello explodes with a single hook in the 13th. "The Snake Man" beats the count, then pitches forward, prompting referee Angelo Poletti's stoppage.

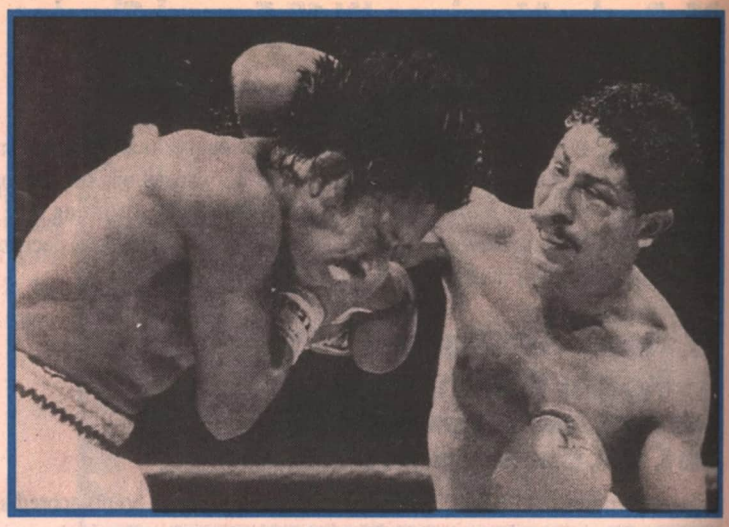
Sorjaturong's comeback came in the nick of time

41. Wilfredo Gomez KO 14 Lupe Pintor

(Retains WBC Super Bantamweight Title)

December 3, 1982, Louisiana Superdome, New Orleans

Eclipsing the superstar main event of Thomas Hearns-Wilfred Benitez, Gomez and bantamweight king Pintor engage in a savage struggle. It's phone booth warfare all the way, with Gomez building a lead, then Pintor closing the Puerto Rican's left eye and rallying until the fateful 14th, during which he is twice floored.



Pintor tested Gomez as never before

42. Nigel Benn KO 10 Gerald McClellan

(Retains WBC Super Middleweight Title)

February 25, 1995, London Arena, London, England

McClellan pays a terrible price for engaging in this wicked war of powerhitters; he collapses, undergoes brain surgery, and is left severely disabled. Recovering from first- and eighth-round knockdowns, Benn twice floors McClellan in the 10th. An emotional, compelling bout that turns with every punch.

43. Jake LaMotta KO 15 Laurent Dauthuille

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

September 13, 1950, Olympia Stadium, Detroit

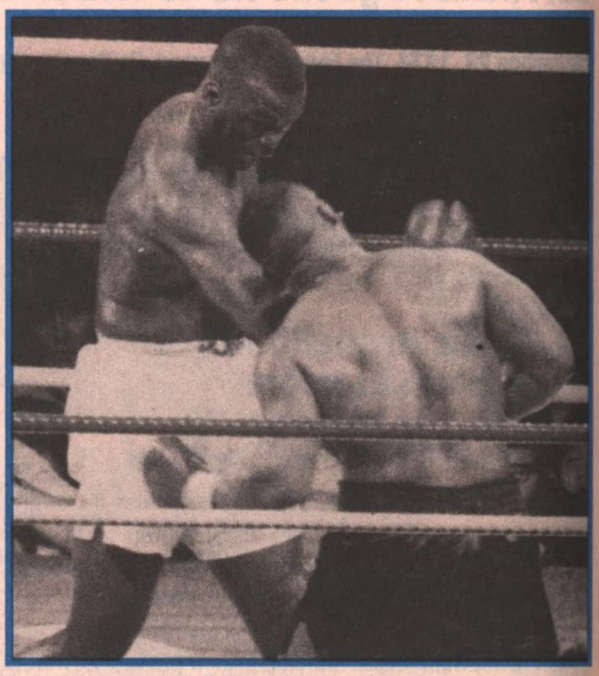
One incredible round makes up for 14 sleepy stanzas as LaMotta becomes the first fighter in history to win a world title fight by coming from behind to score a last-round kayo. Boxing lethargically and badly trailing on points, "The Raging Bull" explodes with a minute to go, and France's Dauthuille is counted out with 13 seconds remaining.

44. Buster Douglas KO 10 Mike Tyson

(Wins World Heavyweight Title)

February 11, 1990, The Tokyo Dome, Tokyo, Japan

The Upset of the Century pits an underachieving journeyman vs. an unbeaten powerhouse seemingly headed for a lasting greatness. Douglas, a 42-1 underdog, establishes his jab early on, and the poorly prepared Tyson cannot establish momentum. Boxing with a badly swollen left eye, "Iron Mike" rebounds to floor Douglas in round eight, but Big Bus regains control and dramatically downs Tyson for the count in the 10th.



Douglas downs Tyson: The upset of the century

45. Kid Gavilan W 15 Carmen Basilio

(Retains World Welterweight Title)

September 18, 1953, War Memorial Auditorium, Syracuse, New York

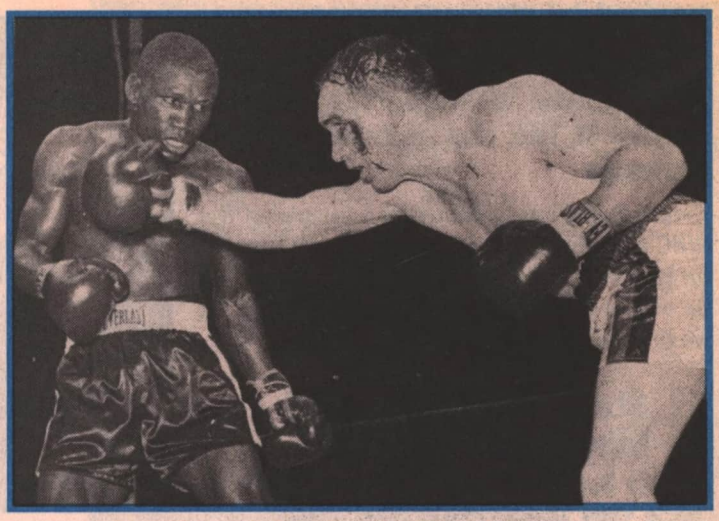
A 4-1 underdog, Basilio is believed to be a class below the champion. But he drops Gavilan for only the second time in "The Keed's" career in the second and dominates with left hooks through the sixth. Gavilan's comeback starts in the seventh, and while the locals don't necessarily agree, he does enough long-range punching to win by split decision.

46. Evander Holyfield W 15 Dwight Muhammad Qawi

(Wins WBA Junior Heavyweight Title)

July 12, 1986, Omni Coliseum, Atlanta

In his 11th pro bout, Holyfield grows from boy to man, firing 1,290 punches and engaging the bull-like Qawi in phone booth warfare. Fighting at a pace better suited for lightweights, the 190-pounders never wait for their second winds. Youth prevails, with Holyfield winning by split nod.



Fullmer tried, but he couldn't outmuscle Tiger

47. Dick Tiger W 15 Gene Fullmer

(Wins WBA Middleweight Title)

October 23, 1962, Candlestick Park, San Francisco

For 10 rounds, the rock-hard middleweights tear into each other, swapping blows at a tremendous pace. Cut over both eyes, Fullmer backs up and counters over the last five stanzas. The decision is unanimous, and a star is born.

48. Ted Lewis W 12 Jack Britton

(Wins World Welterweight Title)

August 31, 1915, The Armory, Boston

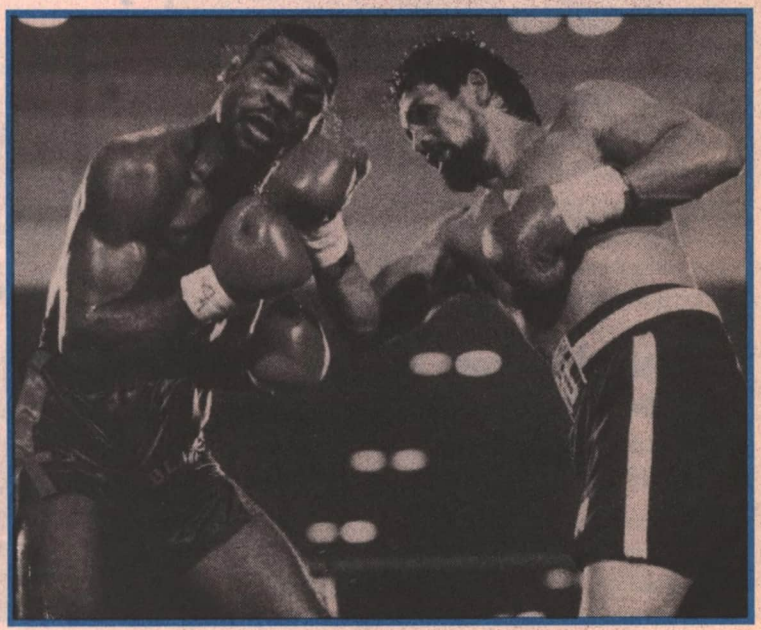
The second of this pair's 20 battles is arguably the best. Both fighters are bloodied, but the aggressiveness of England's Lewis is the difference. What's truly amazing is that the referee and sole judge had been hand-picked by Britton's manager, "Dumb" Dan Morgan.

49. Roberto Duran W 12 Iran Barkley

(Wins WBC Middleweight Title)

February 24, 1989, Convention Center, Atlantic City

Seventeen years after winning his first world title, Duran, 37, shocks the world by outfighting the bigger, stronger Barkley in an inspired performance. "It was his heart," Barkley says afterward. "It just wouldn't go." Duran scores a knockdown in the 11th en route to a split decision victory.



Duran's last moment of glory

50. Benny Leonard KO 6 Richie Mitchell

(Retains World Lightweight Title)

January 14, 1921, Madison Square Garden, New York City

The lighter-weight version of Dempsey-Firpo. The masterful Leonard scores three knockdowns in the first, only to fall himself when the challenger suddenly strikes with a left to the stomach and a right to the jaw. Leonard barely survives the round and absorbs further punishment in the second and third. Rebounding like a champion, he scores three knockdowns in the sixth, finishing Mitchell in the process.

51. Bobby Chacon W 15 Bazooka Limon

(Wins WBC Super Featherweight Title)

December 11, 1982, Memorial Auditorium, Sacramento

Chapter four of this grudge rivalry is the best yet. The WBC's last 15-round title fight sees Chacon rally over the last four rounds. Needing a two-point round to win the title, he drops Limon just before the final bell. The Mexican beats the count, but loses the crown.

Chacon found Limon to be a willing target

52. Stanley Ketchel W 20 Billy Papke

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

July 4, 1909, Mission Street Arena, Colma, California

Ketchel-Papke IV is the best fight of the series. The rivals punch at a frenetic pace, with both champion and challenger breaking their left hands early in the bout. "Never did I imagine," referee Billy Roche says afterward, "two human beings could stand such punishment."

53. Iran Barkley KO 3 Thomas Hearns

(Wins WBC Middleweight Title)

June 6, 1988, Hilton Center, Las Vegas

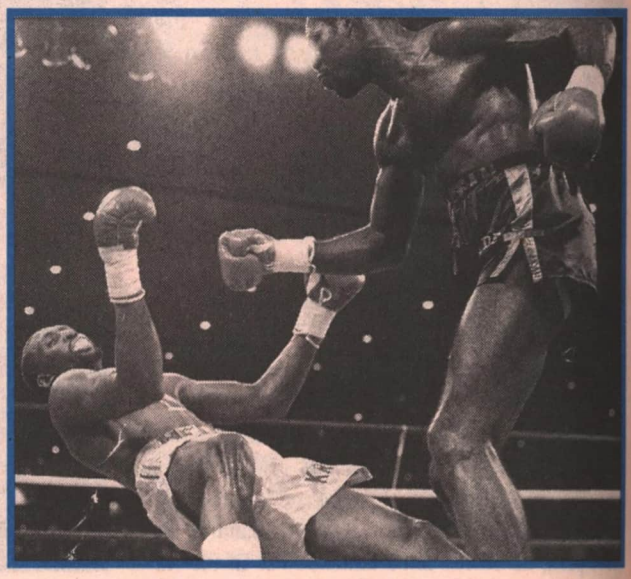
What a sight: In the third round, Barkley, bleeding from both eyes and his lower lip, is doubled over by a hook to the body. In a matter of seconds, the referee is sure to stop the slaughter, if Hearns doesn't land a kayo blow first. Then Barkley reaches back to the South Bronx for a right hand *and—boom!*—Hearns is flat on the floor. One knockdown later, one of the most sudden comebacks in history is over.

54. Riddick Bowe W 12 Evander Holyfield

(Wins World Heavyweight Title)

November 13, 1992, Thomas & Mack Center, Las Vegas

So brilliant is Bowe that in subsequent efforts, he cannot hope to match his performance. Setting a pace that would seem to favor the speedier Holyfield, "Big Daddy" features a dominant jab and exquisite infighting skills. He batters Holyfield in the 10th, but the champion shows his remarkable heart by closing the classic round with an extended rally. A knockdown in the 11th seals the win for Bowe, who emerges victorious by unanimous decision.



Barkley's comeback was nothing short of miraculous

55. Rafael Herrera KO 12 Rodolfo Martinez

(Wins Vacant WBC Bantamweight Title)

April 15, 1973, Plaza Monumental, Monterrey, Mexico

A superior technician, former titlist Herrera twice floors Martinez in the fourth. The big-punching Martinez rebounds to score his own knockdown in the eighth, but Herrera proves too slick. He downs his Mexican countryman twice in the 11th and stops him in the 12th.

56. Ruben Olivares W 15 Chucho Castillo

(Retains World Bantamweight Title)

April 18, 1970, The Forum, Inglewood, California

Arguably the most anticipated civil war in Mexican boxing history. Counterpuncher Castillo drops "Rockabye Ruben" in the third and forces the powerpunching Olivares to adapt a more cautious approach. The pace is fast and the boxing classy. Olivares hurts his countryman on several occasions but fails to finish him off and settles for a well-received unanimous decision win.

Gavilan and Olson closed their eyes and fired

57. Bobo Olson W 15 Kid Gavilan

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

April 2, 1954, Chicago Stadium, Chicago

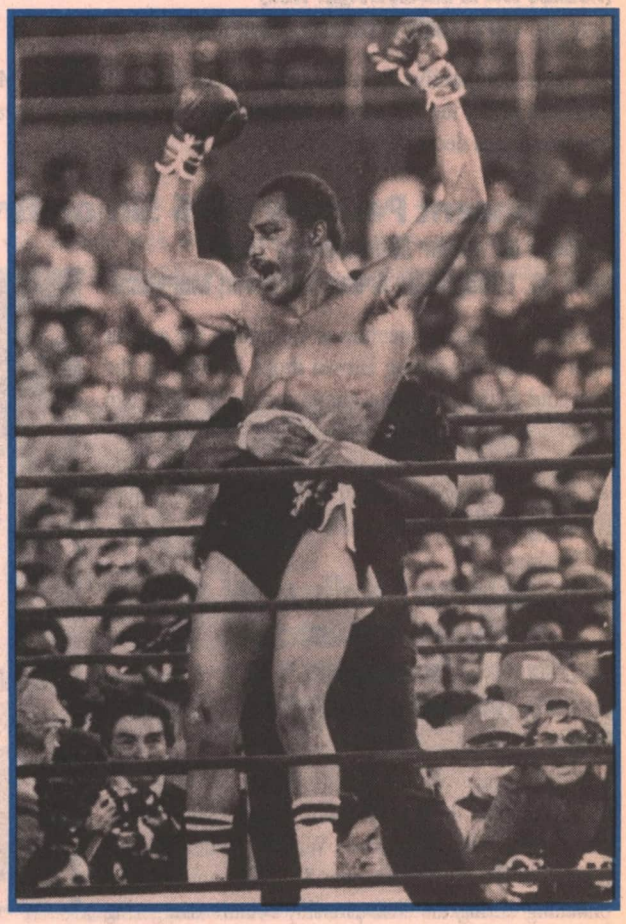
A classic matchup of pressure fighter vs. boxer. Having cleaned out his division, welter champ Gavilan engages Olson in a crisply paced battle. In the 10th, their minute-long exchange is described by *The New York Times* as "one of the most furious and grueling in ring history." Olson proves stronger and wins by majority decision.

58. Jeff Harding KO 12 Dennis Andries

(Wins WBC Light Heavyweight Title)

June 24, 1989, Convention Center, Atlantic City

The 35-year-old Andries seems a level above, scoring a knockdown in the fifth, breaking the Australian substitute's nose in the 10th, and cutting him over both eyes. But he fails to crush the crude challenger's spirit, and Harding, bleeding freely, twice fells the Englishman in the last round to score an incredible stoppage.



Norton's celebration turned out to be premature

59. Paul Banke KO 9 Daniel Zaragoza

(Wins WBC Super Bantamweight Title)

April 23, 1990, Great Western Forum, Inglewood, California

The best of the three Banke-Zaragoza wars. Disregarding defense, Banke forces Zaragoza to brawl. He chops up the cut-prone Mexican and seems on the verge of a kayo victory when Zaragoza rallies in the middle rounds. But Banke scores a pair of knockdowns in the ninth, prompting referee John Thomas' intervention.

60. Muhammad Ali W 15 Ken Norton

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

September 28, 1976, Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York

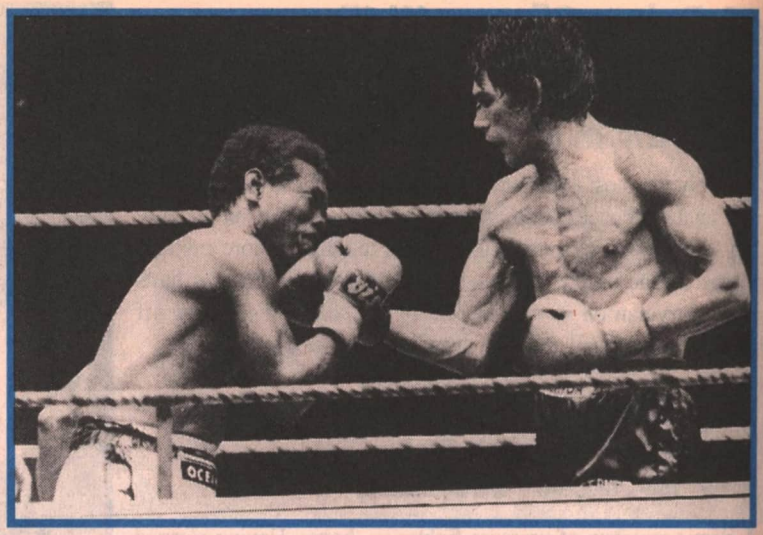
Yet another miracle for "The Greatest." Trailing on all three cards after eight rounds, Ali rediscovers his legs and boxes his way back into the fight. The bout is even going into the last round, as was the case in their first two fights. Norton rallies over the last 30 seconds, but it's not enough, and Ali keeps the title in one of the last of the great ballpark fights.

61. Beau Jack W 15 Bob Montgomery

(Regains New York State World Lightweight Title)

November 19, 1943, Madison Square Garden, New York City

The second of four Jack-Montgomery fights, and the greatest effort of Jack's career. Setting a pace the hard-punching Montgomery can't hope to match, Jack averages 100 punches per round. He tires badly in the last two rounds, and Montgomery tries for a kayo. Jack barely hangs on and wins a unanimous decision.



Monzon's right hand was the difference

62. Jim Jeffries KO 8 Bob Fitzsimmons

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

July 25, 1902, The Arena, San Francisco

At age 39, "Ruby Robert" attempts to regain the title, boxing masterfully in breaking Jeffries' nose and opening deep cuts over both the champion's eyes. But Jeff proves tough enough, rallying to finish Fitz with a left hook in the eighth.

63. Carlos Monzon W 15 Rodrigo Valdes

(Retains World Middleweight Title)

July 30, 1977, Louis II Stadium, Monte Carlo

Far more competitive than Monzon-Valdes I. In round two, Monzon is knocked down for the first time in 13 years. Calling on his immense pride, the Argentine champ starts his run at the halfway mark, quelling the aggressive Valdes' charges and winning by close but unanimous decision.

64. Vincent Pettway KO 6 Simon Brown

(Retains IBF Junior Middleweight Title)

April 29, 1995, USAir Arena, Landover, Maryland

If ever-changing momentum is a criterion for a great fight ... The big-hitting Brown drops Pettway in the first and fifth, while the champion scores his own knockdown in the third. In the sixth, Pettway connects with a thunderous hook. Brown crashes, and while semiconscious and flat on his back, instinctively continues to throw punches.

65. Vicente Saldivar W 15 Howard Winstone

(Retains World Featherweight Title)

June 15, 1967, Ninian Park Stadium, Cardiff, Wales

A virtual replay of their first fight, but far more dramatic than their third. Boxing with the class that distinguished his career, Welshman Winstone holds a points lead after 10. But southpaw Saldivar never stops punching during the championship rounds, staggering the challenger en route to a close points victory.

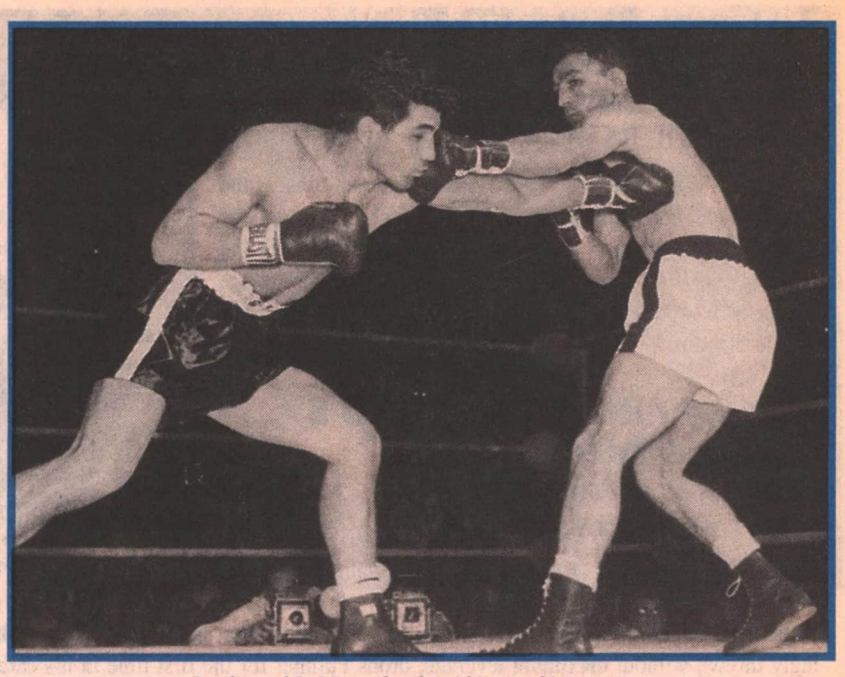
Brown kept punching while flat on his back

66. Danny Lopez KO 15 Mike Ayala

(Retains WBC Featherweight Title)

June 17, 1979, The Auditorium, San Antonio

Incredibly, the 21-year-old challenger and hometown favorite, a heroin addict, shoots up the morning of the fight, then almost counter-punches his way to a huge upset victory. On the verge of defeat on several occasions, Ayala punches back until the 15th, when the far stronger Lopez finishes him with a left hook.



Basilio and DeMarco fought within punching range

67. Alexis Arguello KO 13 Alfredo Escalera

(Wins WBC Super Featherweight Title)

January 28, 1978, Loubriel Stadium, Bayamon, Puerto Rico

Opting to challenge the stick-thin Arguello at close range, Puerto Rican hero Escalera pays an exorbitant price; he is floored in the second and cut over both eyes, and his upper lip is almost torn from his face. Nonetheless, the gutty champion briefly rallies before referee Arthur Mercante halts the blood-letting in the 13th.

68. Carmen Basilio KO 12 Tony DeMarco

(Wins World Welterweight Title)

June 10, 1955, War Memorial Auditorium, Syracuse, New York

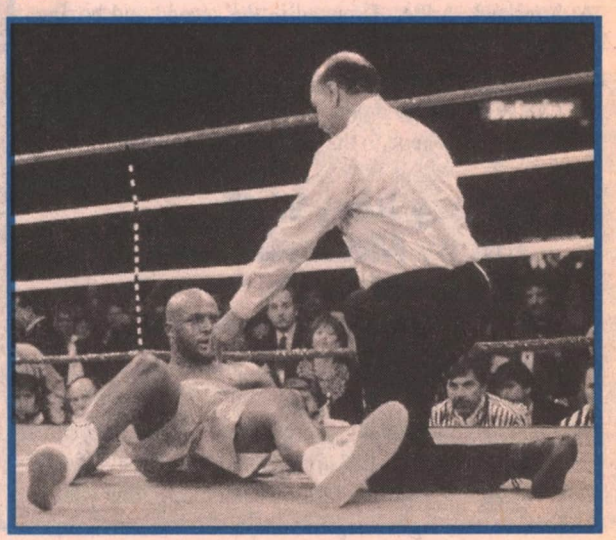
Which left hooker will overpower the other? For seven rounds, the rivals sample each other's power, with both suffering cuts and absorbing considerable punishment. Basilio's diligent bodypunching proves the difference, and DeMarco, a champion for only nine weeks, finally wilts, falling twice in the 10th and again in the 12th.

69. George Foreman KO 10 Michael Moorer

(Wins WBA & IBF Heavyweight Titles)

November 5, 1994, MGM Grand Garden, Las Vegas

Behind on all three cards and being hopelessly outboxed, Foreman, 45, becomes the oldest fighter to win a world title when his miracle right cross sends the southpaw Moorer down for the count. For perspective, consider that the unlikely coronation comes 21 years after Big George first won the heavyweight title, and 17 years after his initial retirement.



Moorer is down and out, and Big George is champ again

70. Kennedy McKinney KO 11 Welcome Ncita

(Wins IBF Junior Featherweight Title)

December 2, 1992, Tortoli, Sardinia

Ahead on points, South Africa's Ncita breaks through in the 10th, then forces 1988 gold medalist McKinney to take a knee in the 11th. Only seconds later, McKinney springs off the ropes and connects with a straight right that downs Ncita for the count. An amazing turnaround.

71. Simon Brown KO 10 Maurice Blocker

(Wins IBF Welterweight Title; Retains WBC Title)

March 18, 1991, The Mirage, Las Vegas

What gives this partial unification bout a different twist is the fact that the combatants are best friends. Blocker, a stringbean boxer, chooses to stand and fight, and while he rallies in the mid-rounds, Brown proves stronger, with his left hook the dominant weapon. Blocker falls in the 10th and is stopped later in the round.

Part of Marciano's nose was missing

72. Sugar Ray Robinson KO 5 Gene Fullmer

(Regains World Middleweight Title)

May 1, 1957, Chicago Stadium, Chicago

Fullmer, a 3-1 favorite, takes the first three rounds, and there's no reason to believe he won't repeat his victory of four months earlier. But Robinson rallies in the fourth, and one round later, lands what becomes known as The Perfect Punch. A single hook, seemingly thrown without maximum leverage, drops Fullmer for the first time in his career. He is counted out, and Robinson is 160-pound king for the fourth time.

73. Rocky Marciano KO 8 Ezzard Charles

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

September 17, 1954, Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York

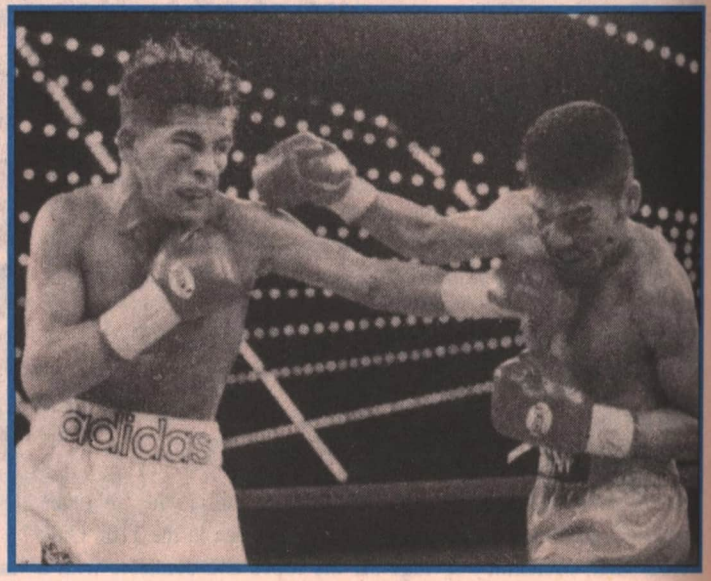
Having learned from their first fight, Marciano starts quickly, dropping Charles in the second and building a sizable lead. In the sixth, however, The Rock suffers a freak cut when the tip of his nose is split, and in the seventh, he's cut over the left eye. Sensing referee Al Berl's intervention to be imminent, he rallies dramatically in the eighth, twice flooring the former champion, who is counted out.

74. Arturo Gatti KO 6 Wilson Rodriguez

(Retains IBF Junior Lightweight Title)

March 23, 1996, The Theater, New York City

A throwback thriller. Dropped in the second and boxing with swollen and bruised eyes, a desperate Gatti turns home run hitter. After going toe-to-toe throughout the fourth, the champion drops Rodriguez in the fifth and finishes him with a hook to the point of the chin in the sixth.



Gatti-Rodriguez: The latest great title fight

75. Barney Ross W 15 Jimmy McLarnin

(Wins World Welterweight Title)

May 28, 1934, Polo Grounds, New York City

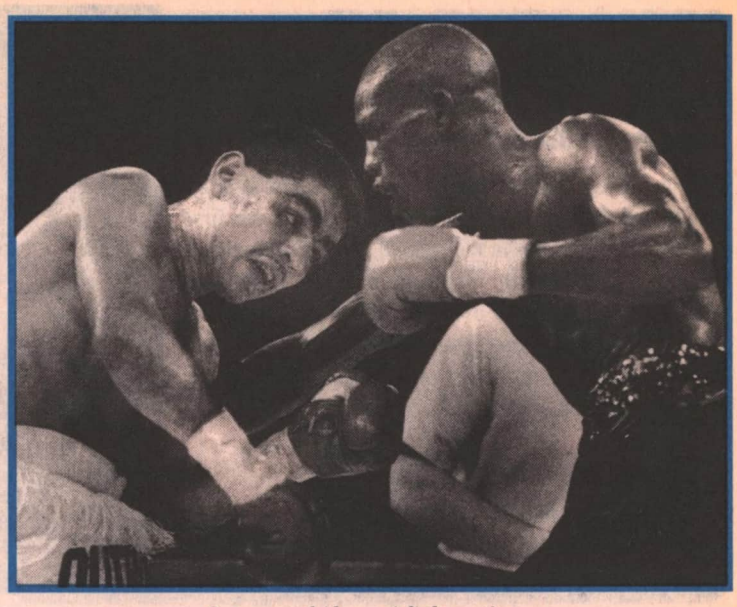
Prepared to retire if he wins, McLarnin, who has been experiencing hand problems, is troubled by the clever-boxing Ross. Both fighters score knockdowns in the ninth, but it is Ross who finishes strongly and wins by split decision. He becomes a triple-crown champion, adding welter honors to the lightweight and junior welter titles. Rematch, anyone?

76. Rocky Marciano KO 9 Archie Moore

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

September 21, 1955, Yankee Stadium, Bronx, New York

No light heavyweight champion has beaten a reigning heavyweight king, but "The Ol' Mongoose" comes close in round two, cutting The Rock and dropping him with a counter right. Moore proves troublesome throughout, but Marciano keeps punching and scores a total of five knockdowns before a badly battered Moore is counted out.



Quiroga and Akeem: A little man's war

77. Fidel Bassa KO 13 Dave McAuley

(Retains WBA Flyweight Title)

April 25, 1987, King's Hall, Belfast, Northern Ireland

The flyweight fight of the decade. Inspired by his local fans, McAuley builds a points lead, scoring a pair of knockdowns in the ninth. Colombia's Bassa roars back, however, coming from behind to halt the Irishman in the 13th.

78. Tony Canzoneri W 15 Kid Chocolate

(Retains World Lightweight Title)

November 20, 1931, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Forcing the fight, Canzoneri scores a knockdown in the fourth and issues a terrific body beating. For his part, Chocolate desperately fights back in spurts, winning over the crowd with his late-round rallies. The New York *Daily News* calls it "15 of the fiercest rounds ever fought in the big arena." Canzoneri wins by split decision.

79. Robert Quiroga W 12 Kid Akeem

(Retains IBF Junior Bantamweight Title)

June 15, 1991, HemisFair Arena, San Antonio

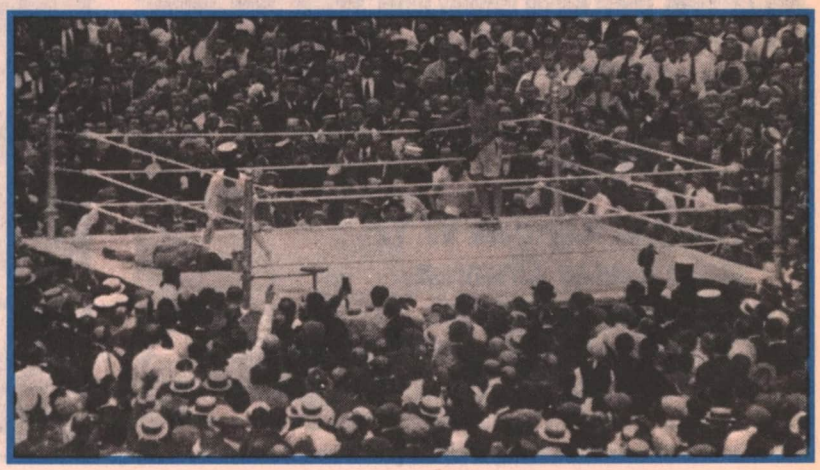
In a see-saw battle of proud and unbeaten 115-pounders, hometown favorite Quiroga and Las Vegas-based Nigerian Akeem trade nonstop for all 12 rounds. It is a brutal, physical battle. Quiroga wins by unanimous decision, but that's quickly forgotten when Akeem, 22, collapses into a coma and undergoes surgery to relieve pressure on his brain. His career would be over, but his life is saved.

80. Jack Dempsey KO 4 Georges Carpentier

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

July 2, 1921, Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, New Jersey

The USA clobbers Europe in boxing's first million-dollar gate. Dempsey survives the reigning light heavyweight champion's big right hand in the second and begins to dominate in the third. Boxing with a broken right thumb, the Frenchman falls twice in the fourth and is counted out.



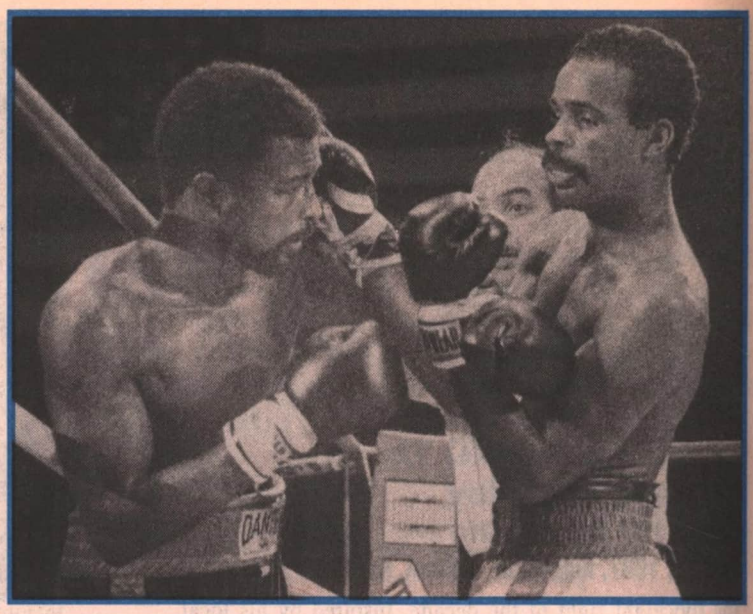
Dempsey, Carpentier, and a sea of humanity

81. Carlos Santos W 15 Mark Medal

(Wins IBF Junior Middleweight Title)

November 2, 1984, Felt Forum, New York City

Previously a runner, Puerto Rican southpaw Santos stands and fights. He scores a knockdown in the first and tears Medal's lip in the second. The 154-pounders go toe-to-toe throughout the fifth. Clearly behind, Medal opens a wide cut over the challenger's right eye in the 13th and, seemingly out on his feet, scores a desperation knockdown in the 14th. Santos hangs on to win by unanimous decision. *Phew!*



Santos-Medal featured ever-changing momentum

82. Steve Cruz W 15 Barry McGuigan

(Wins WBA Featherweight Title)

June 23, 1986, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas

The 110-degree heat serves as an equalizing factor. Substitute Cruz survives Irishman McGuigan's fast start. The challenger scores a knockdown in the 10th and, with "Battlin' Barry" dehydrated, two more in the 15th. The last round proves the difference as Cruz, a 5-1 underdog, wins by close but unanimous decision.

83. Salvador Sanchez KO 15 Azumah Nelson

(Retains WBC Featherweight Title)

July 21, 1983, Madison Square Garden, New York City

With the unknown Nelson a late substitute, there is no way to recognize this as a duel of future hall of famers. Both fighters suffer knockdowns, with a spent Nelson falling in the 15th, prompting referee Tony Perez' intervention. Three weeks later, Sanchez, 23, is killed in a car accident in his native Mexico.

84. Matthew Saad Muhammad KO 14 Yaqui Lopez

(Retains WBC Light Heavyweight Title)

July 13, 1980, Great Gorge Playboy Hotel, McAfee, New Jersey

Lopez' fourth try at the world title seems about to pay off when, after dominating the first half of the bout, he pins Saad to the ropes in the eighth and unleashes some 20 unanswered blows. Flaunting his amazing recuperative powers, the champion survives the blitz, then powers his way back into the fight and halts an exhausted Lopez in the 14th.

85. Frankie Randall W 12 Julio Cesar Chavez

(Wins WBC Super Lightweight Title)

January 29, 1994, MGM Grand Garden, Las Vegas

A 17-1 underdog, Randall ends Chavez' 90-bout unbeaten streak by split decision. The Mexican features his trademark body attack for much of the battle, but Randall matches him punch for punch and clinches the victory by scoring the first knockdown of Chavez' career in the 11th.

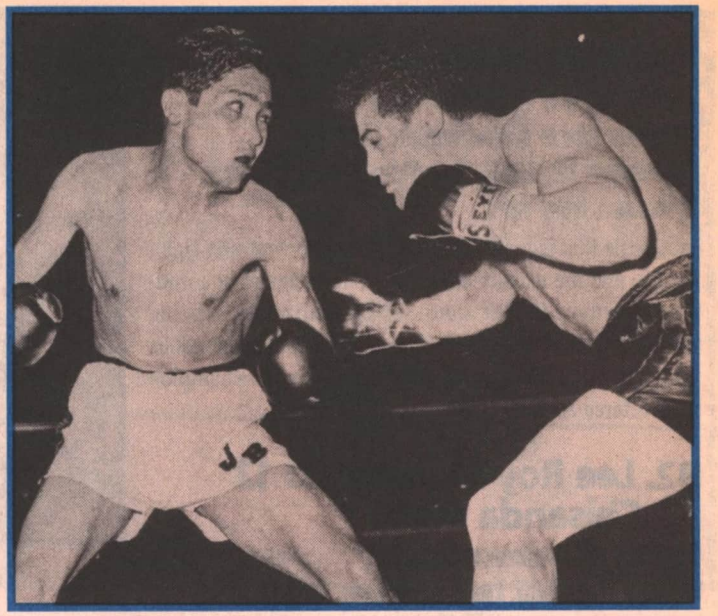
Cruz, and the thermometer, kayoed McGuigan

86. Roberto Duran KO 11 Esteban DeJesus

(Retains WBA Lightweight Title)

March 16, 1974, Panama Gymnasium, Panama City, Panama

In their first fight, a non-title affair, DeJesus dropped Duran with a hook 30 seconds into the opening round. This time, it takes 60 seconds. The fast pace and the oppressive heat, however, subsequently combine to drain DeJesus. Duran scores knockdowns in the seventh and 11th and avenges his only professional loss.



Becerra-Halimi: Tougher the second time around

87. Jose Becerra KO 9 Alphonse Halimi

(Retains World Bantamweight Title)

February 4, 1960, Memorial Coliseum, Los Angeles

Mexico's Becerra repeats his title-winning effort, but it's much more difficult this time. Boxing brilliantly, Halimi scores a knockdown in the second, opens two cuts over the champion's left eye, and bloodies his nose. Behind on points, Becerra responds with an electrifying hook in the ninth that floors the Frenchman for the count.

88. Sugar Ray Leonard W 12 Marvin Hagler

(Wins WBC Middleweight Title)

April 6, 1987, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas

Inactive for almost three years, 3-1 underdog Leonard does the unthinkable, not only outboxing the great Hagler, but outslugging him during the thrilling late-round exchanges. (Round nine is an all-time keeper.) The decision, which is both split and controversial, will be debated for decades.

89. Marcel Cerdan KO 12 Tony Zale

(Wins World Middleweight Title)

September 21, 1948, Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, New Jersey

Aging but still more than capable, 2-1 favorite Zale initially matches Cerdan's sizzling work rate, especially in the heated fourth. But the challenger assumes command in the middle rounds, and by the 11th, Zale is spent. He completes the round, but fails to answer the bell for the 12th.

By the end of the 11th, Zale was spent

90. Rodrigo Valdes KO 7 Bennie Briscoe

(Wins Vacant WBC Middleweight Title)

May 25, 1974, Louis II Stadium, Monte Carlo

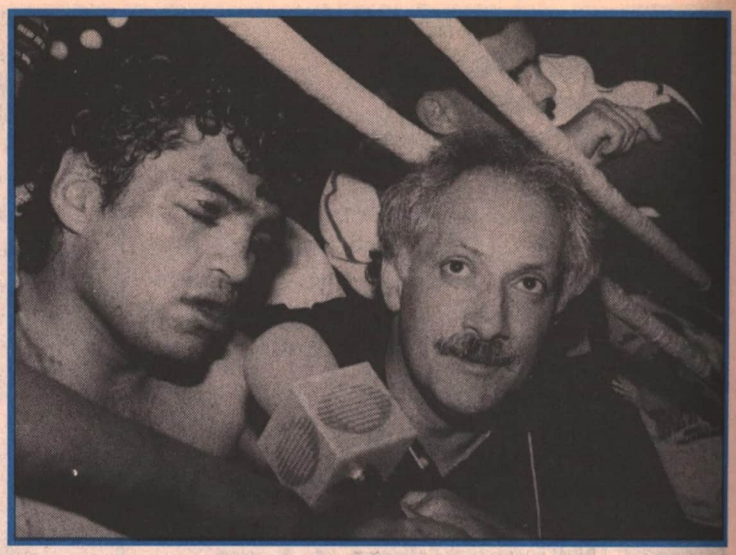
A brutal bout in the middleweight tradition. Briscoe is staggered in the first, but he continues to crowd the Argentine, opening up a cut in the fourth and rolling through the seventh, when Valdes turns the fight with a short right and a hook. "Bad Bennie" goes down and is counted out by referee Harry Gibbs.

91. Carmen Basilio KO 9 Johnny Saxton

(Regains World Welterweight Title)

September 12, 1958, War Memorial Auditorium, Syracuse, New York

In a battle that is quite different from their first title fight, Basilio and the usually cautious Saxton engage in a mid-ring shootout. By the time Saxton realizes he's being outgunned, it's too late. Basilio unleashes a tremendous body attack in the seventh, then hammers the champion until referee Al Berl calls a halt in the ninth.



A kayo winner, Castro looked like the loser

92. Lee Roy Murphy KO 12 Chisanda Mutti

(Retains IBF Cruiserweight Title)

October 19, 1985, Louis II Stadium, Monte Carlo

Ad Wolgast-Joe Rivers revisited. For 11 rounds, this boxer-puncher matchup proves entertaining enough, with the slick Zambian challenger outfinessing Murphy and scoring a knockdown in the ninth. In the 12th, the cruisers simultaneously land rights, and both go down. Only Murphy beats referee Larry Hazzard's count.

93. Joe Frazier KO 7 Jerry Quarry

(Retains New York State World Heavyweight Title)

June 23, 1969, Madison Square Garden, New York City

Hooker meets hooker, and the first two rounds feature a full fight's worth of toe-to-toe exchanges. In the third, Quarry suffers a bad cut under his right eye. From that point on, "Smokin' Joe" accelerates, wearing down the Californian until the start of the eighth, when Quarry tells the ringside physician he can no longer see out of his right eye.

94. Jorge Castro KO 9 John David Jackson

(Wins WBA Middleweight Title)

December 10, 1994, Estadio de Beisbol, Monterrey, Mexico

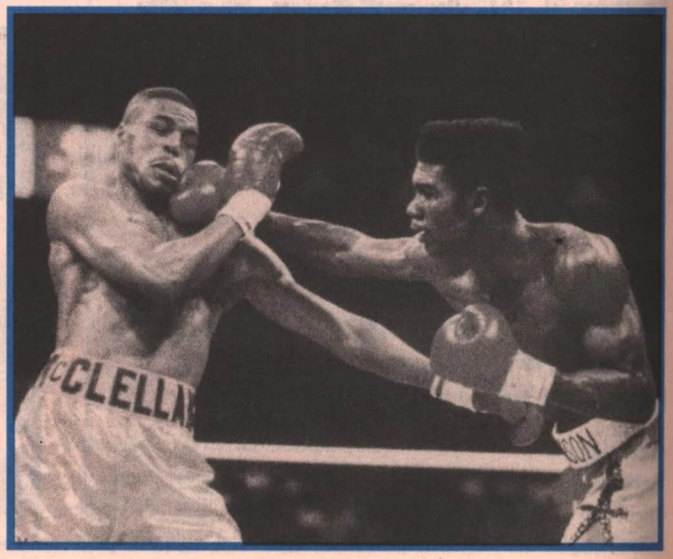
In what is supposed to be a stinker, safety-first southpaw Jackson finds Castro too easy a target to resist. He batters the rugged Argentine, opening up numerous cuts and building a huge lead on points. But in the ninth, Castro lets loose with a miracle hook, and three knockdowns later, he's crowned champion.

95. Gerald McClellan KO 5 Julian Jackson

(Wins WBC Middleweight Title)

May 8, 1993, Thomas & Mack Center, Las Vegas

As close to Hagler-Hearns as you're going to see. In a shootout chock-full of changes in momentum, the unofficial title of boxing's best puncher passes from Jackson to McClellan. The final turn comes in the fifth, when McClellan scores two knockdowns, prompting referee Mills Lane to call a halt.



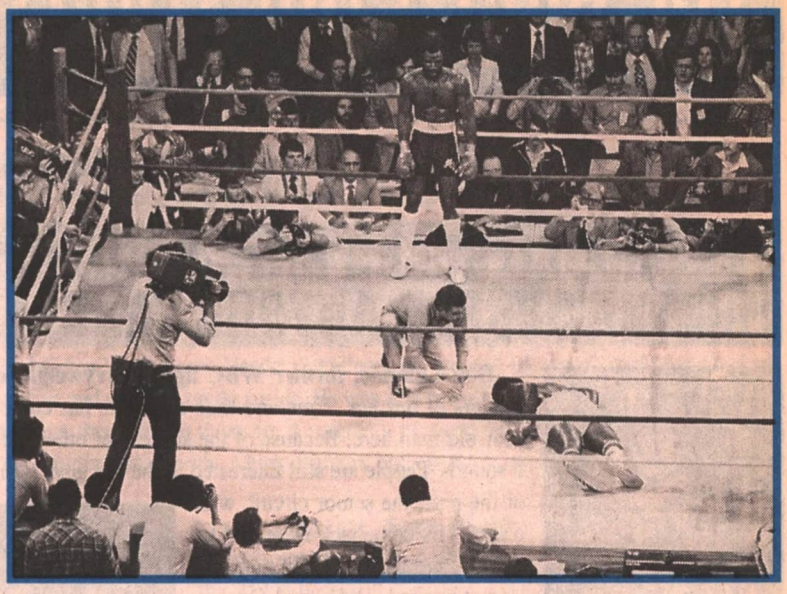
McClellan-Jackson: Boxing's two hardest hitters

96. Evander Holyfield W 12 George Foreman

(Retains World Heavyweight Title)

April 19, 1991, Convention Center, Atlantic City

The world wonders: Can Big George do it? Can Foreman, 42, win the title 18 years after first being crowned? The fight turns out to be quite competitive, which surprises most observers. Foreman remains dangerous throughout, but Holyfield's speed and combination punching enable him to keep the crown by unanimous decision.



Tate: Down face-first, and not about to get up

97. Mike Weaver KO 15 John Tate

(Wins WBA Heavyweight Title)

March 31, 1980, Stokely Athletics Club, Knoxville, Tennessee

Tate is supposed to be the heavyweight of the '80s. There's no reason to believe otherwise as he easily outboxes the Adonis-like Weaver. After 14 rounds, Tate leads by comfortable margins on all three cards. But 45 seconds from the final bell, Weaver lands a dream of a hook and Big John falls flat on his face and lies motionless as he's counted out.

98. Aaron Davis KO 9 Mark Breland

(Wins WBA Welterweight Title)

July 8, 1990, Harrah's Reno, Reno, Nevada

A sloppy fight, but a thrilling one. An 8-1 underdog, Davis staggers Breland early and drops him in the third. The challenger's right eye subsequently swells shut. "I kept telling the doctors, 'Please don't stop the fight,'" he says afterward. Breland hammers Davis in the eighth, only to be downed for the count by a hail-mary right in the ninth.

99. Larry Holmes KO 12 Mike Weaver

(Retains WBC Heavyweight Title)

June 22, 1979, Madison Square Garden, New York City

As had been predicted, Holmes dominates his no-name challenger with his classy jab. But the body-beautiful Weaver manages to turn the boxing match into a brawl, and by the 10th, an upset seems imminent. But Holmes shows his heart by dropping Weaver with an uppercut in the 11th, then finishes him early in the 12th.

100. Carlos Palomino KO 15 Mando Muniz

(Retains WBC Welterweight Title)

January 22, 1977, Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles

In a battle of Californians and college graduates, Muniz scores a knockdown in the first and dominates through five. The champion rebounds before Muniz rallies in the 13th. With one round to go, the fight is even. Always a strong finisher, Palomino drops Muniz in the 15th, and his followup flurry convinces referee John Thomas to step in 34 seconds before the final bell. ■

Palomino rallied late to stop Muniz

THE RING'S QUESTIONS OF THE MONTH

Compiled by Thad Moore

Q: SHOULD SUGAR RAY LEONARD BE FIGHTING AGAIN, AND SHOULD ANYONE CARE?

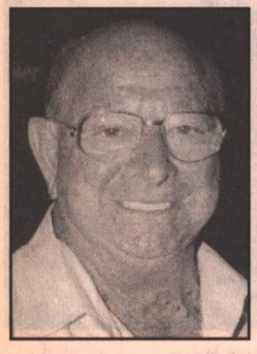
Don Lalonde, former WBC light heavyweight champion: "First of all, Leonard is one of the great fighters of our era. Time and time again, he has come back and performed well. We're talking about a 40-year-old man here. Because of the success of other older fighters today, the comeback is not as ridiculous as it sounds. People are still interested in the old guys fighting. The people that enjoy watching the great fighters of the past, the senior circuit, will watch. His comeback is geared to certain segments of the population. Leonard, [Roberto] Duran, [George] Foreman, and myself being able to fight—there is a void in the game.

"When I fought Ray, my weight loss had an impact on the latter part of the bout. By the fifth round, I was seeing three Ray Leonards due to dehydration. I gave Ray some of the worst punishment he has ever absorbed. He came back with a barrage. I was spent and I knew he had me. After I knocked him down, I didn't have anything left. I just kind of shrugged my shoulders to Ray and he knew I was in trouble. Seventy percent of Ray Leonard can beat most people's 100 percent.

"I don't have much interest in a Leonard-[Hector] Camacho fight. You know what Camacho is going to do. Leonard will wear him down. Ray would stop him in the later rounds. I would rather see Ray fighting me. Honestly, I would fight Leonard again. I'm still only 36. I'm thinking about maybe fighting again."

*Hey, Sugar Ray, you're not in your 20s anymore. You haven't fought in more than five years. Angelo Dundee no longer tapes your hands, and all those world titles are behind you. Are you **sure** you want to come back?*

Q: IS BOXING BETTER OFF WITH 12- OR 15-ROUND CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHTS?



Angelo Dundee, manager and trainer: "There is no barometer to measure which is better. Today's fighters are well-conditioned, well-prepared. The guy who is the best fighter wins in 12 or 15 rounds, it makes no difference. Boxing is not survival of the fittest.

"Fighters are very talented today. Whether it's 12 or 15 rounds is no big deal. Boxing is a profession, and fighters need to be prepared when coming into the ring. The amount of rounds should not matter.

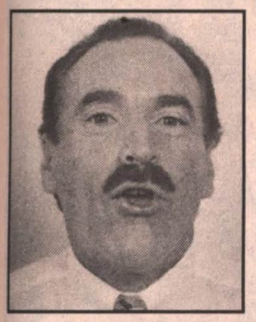
"When you take on a fighter from the amateur ranks, you start him out in four-, then six-round fights. The age of the fighter is important. You can't put him in too tough, too early. They eventually grow into 12-round fights.

"We used to have *30*-round fights. Then they went down to 15, and now to 12. If a guy wins in 12, then he can win in 15. You have to change with the times, and fighters have been able to adjust.

"Boxing is better-handled now than at any other time. Fans are aware of the fighters who are great, whether they're fighting 12 or 15 rounds. And the fans are in support of 12-round fights."

What do boxing's insiders think of the hot issues? Each month, we'll come up with four or five questions, then grill the experts. If there's a topic you'd like examined, send your question to The Ring, Questions Of The Month, P.O. Box 1148, Fort Washington, PA 19034

Q: WHEN SHOULD A REFEREE ORDER INFIGHTERS TO BREAK?



Steve Smoger, referee: "I like to let fighters work on the inside. I try to work them out verbally, and then by tapping them. When they have the ability to throw punches on the inside, I let them stay busy and work. A good example of this was during the Mickey Ward-Lewis Veader fight that I did. Veader had Ward's right hand locked up, but Mickey's left hand was free and working on the inside. He was able to use the left uppercut effectively.

"When both arms were tied up, then I broke them up. A referee's job is not to dictate a style or tactic during a fight. Some fighters use holding as a tactic. Other fighters hold because they are tired or hurt. Each fight has its own being.

"In general, I would say fighters are broken at the right time. Some referees can be overly aggressive, though. They can be premature in going in. You can't use the word 'break' freely. I use that word only to make them break clean. I try and defray any hitting on the break.

"Where you are in the ring is important. You can't be across the ring and be in a position to break up fighters. You need to be in a position to enforce the rules. You need to establish a good rapport before the fight and in ring-center. I let fighters know what is going on before the fight."

Q: IS THERE A BETTER WAY TO SCORE AMATEUR BOUTS?

Bob Spagnola, manager and TV analyst: "The amateur scoring just gives you an excuse to give one fighter a decision. The new convoluted scoring is ridiculous. They wave the flag and promise these fighters Olympic glory and don't deliver. Over the past few years, these kids get completely screwed up fighting in the amateurs.

"I was very involved in the amateurs in the 1988 [Olympic] Games. In different competitions you have the power plays that take place with the East Germans, Bulgarians, and Russians. The sport is politically motivated, a complete fraud.

"Any time there is a human being pressing buttons, there is human error. You have a bunch of guys in their 60s and 70s having to press buttons at the same time. It's a joke. To press the buttons on the computer is just an excuse to give a fighter a decision. What kind of sense does that make? The scoring is always going to be subjective. But I don't know if there is a better way to score amateur fights.

"A lot of the skill is taken out of amateur boxing by forcing a guy to change his style. To win, you have to be a tall, skinny, awkward boxer. Look at Mark Breland. That style doesn't work in the pro game. The style in the amateurs completely takes out bodypunching and infighting.

"Boxing is its own worst enemy. We're not going to have a lot of longevity in the Olympics."

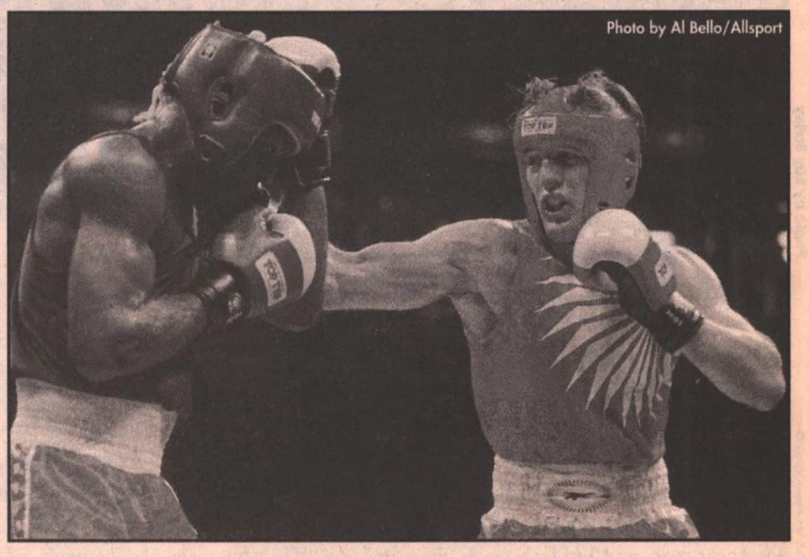
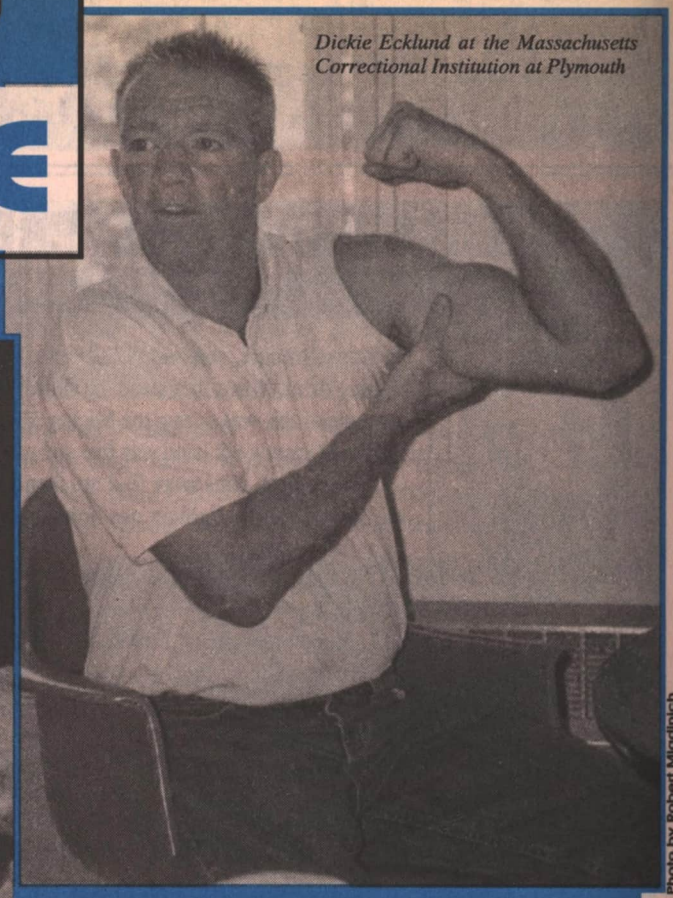


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

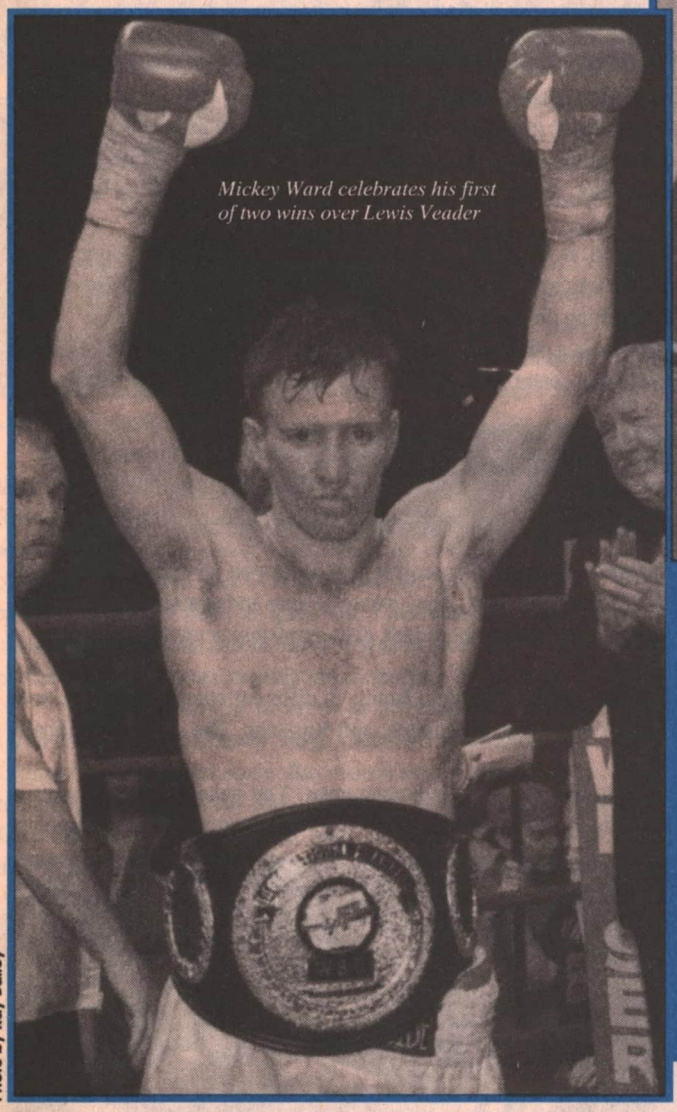
The scoring at the Olympic Games in Atlanta confounded insiders and fans alike. Pictured: Ireland's Brian Magee, a middleweight, decisions Cameroon's Bertrand Tetsia by a score of 11-6.

MICKEY & DICKIE



Dickie Ecklund at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Plymouth

Photo by Robert Mladinich



Mickey Ward celebrates his first of two wins over Lewis Veader

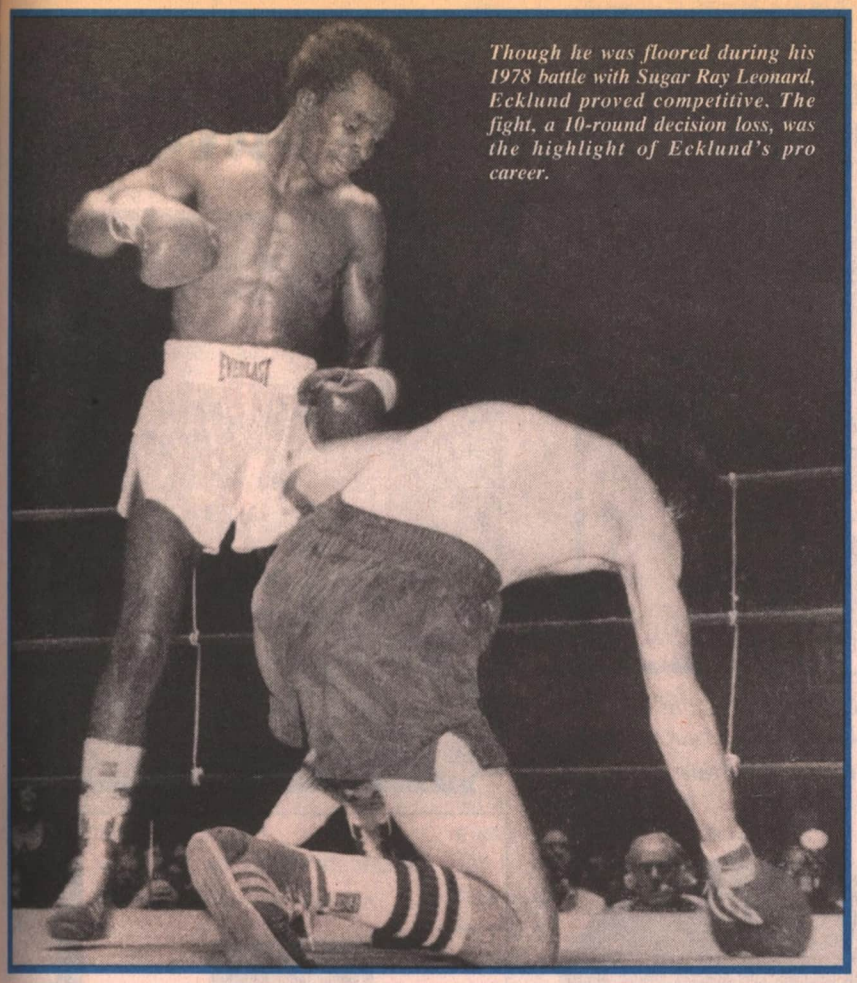
Photo by Ray Bailey

The Triumph And Tragedy Of Boxing Brothers

By Robert Mladinich

When welterweight Dickie Ecklund took a legend-in-the-making named Sugar Ray Leonard the 10-round distance in 1978, he foolishly assumed he could bask in the adulation forever. Ecklund hailed from Lowell, Massachusetts, and the fight took place in nearby Boston. The arena was packed with Ecklund loyalists. Although Leonard was a 1976 Olympic gold medalist on the fast track to superstardom, it was the local hero the fans turned out to see.

Ecklund had been wowing 'em since his days as an amateur, when many considered him a sureshot future professional champion. HBO televised the Leonard fight, and Ecklund's spirited and gutty performance earned him an even greater degree of reverence in Massachusetts, and sheer idolatry in Lowell. At one point, Leonard was pushed to the canvas, and Ecklund cockily did a victory jig that sent his fans into a frenzy. It was a night boxing enthusiasts from all the bastions of blue-collar New England would never forget. As far as they were con-



Though he was floored during his 1978 battle with Sugar Ray Leonard, Ecklund proved competitive. The fight, a 10-round decision loss, was the highlight of Ecklund's pro career.

cerned, Ecklund had scored a knockdown, whether it came from a push or a punch. He was their hero, and it seemed to him as if he would stay one.

In 1985, Ecklund's 19-year-old half-brother, lightweight Mickey Ward, burst onto the boxing scene and quickly became a fan favorite and television staple. Ecklund trained Ward, who racked up 14 straight wins before losing a close decision to spoiler Edwin Curet. Ward's popularity didn't diminish, even after his prospects for big-time success suffered following decision losses to Mike Mungin, Harold Brazier, Charles Murray, Tony Martin, and Ricky Meyers. By 1991, however, he saw himself being relegated to the role of opponent and opted to retire.

"I figured if I couldn't beat the best, why should I continue," he said in a recent interview. "I didn't want to become an opponent for no one. I wasn't going to take punches to pad somebody's record. I saw no sense in going on. It wasn't like I was being robbed in these fights. I took those losses like a man. But I figured there had to be more to life."

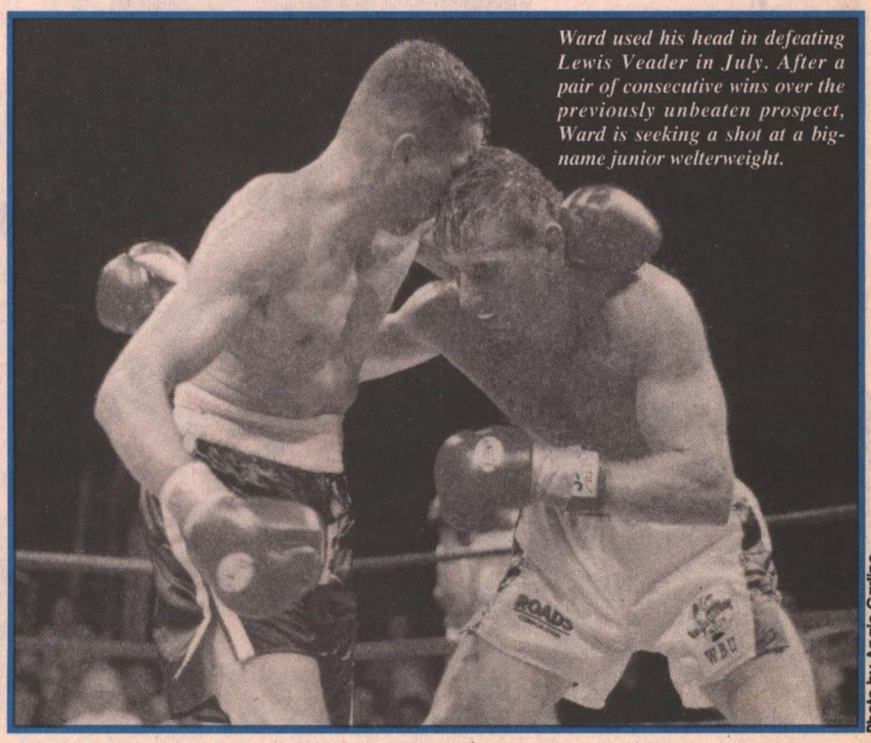
While the career-high purse of Ecklund, who finished at 21-8, had been $7,500 for the Leonard fight, Ward earned $30,000 for losing to Harold Warren on CBS.

Ward took a job as a guard at the Middlesex County Correctional Center, but quit a few years later because "the job started gnawing at me." He was then hired, and remains employed by, the Roads Corporation of Billerica, Massachusetts, doing road labor and operating a 10-ton roller.

By boxing standards, it would seem the story of the fighting brothers Ecklund and Ward had a happy ending. While neither fighter ever tried for a world championship, both seemed to have found meaningful lives outside the ring. On the surface, at least, they left the game not only with their senses, dignity, and pride intact, but with their priorities in order as well. In actuality, nothing could have been further from the truth.

The first sign of trouble came nearly a decade ago, when Ward was arrested for interfering with the arrest of Ecklund for a relatively minor offense. Ward was cracked on the right hand with a nightstick by a Lowell policeman, and sketchy reports of the incident were picked up by the news wires. Ecklund was resisting arrest, and Ward could not bear to see the brother he idolized being manhandled by the police. Alcohol had played a pivotal role in the incident escalating out of control. Ward's hand, ever so slightly deformed, serves as a constant reminder of the past.

(Continued on page 72)

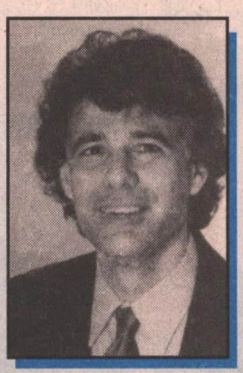


Ward used his head in defeating Lewis Veader in July. After a pair of consecutive wins over the previously unbeaten prospect, Ward is seeking a shot at a big-name junior welterweight.

Photo by Angie Carlino

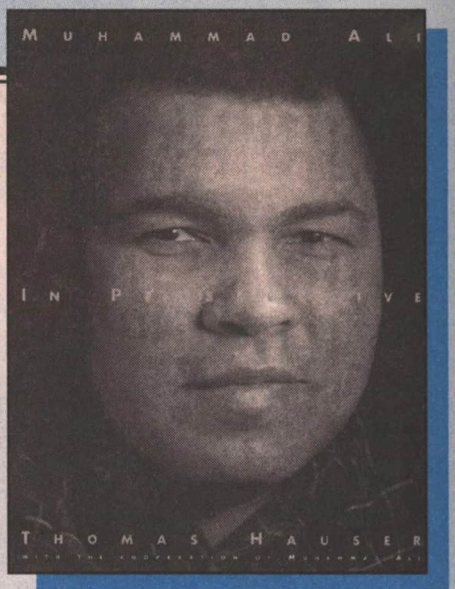
Memories Of "The Greatest"

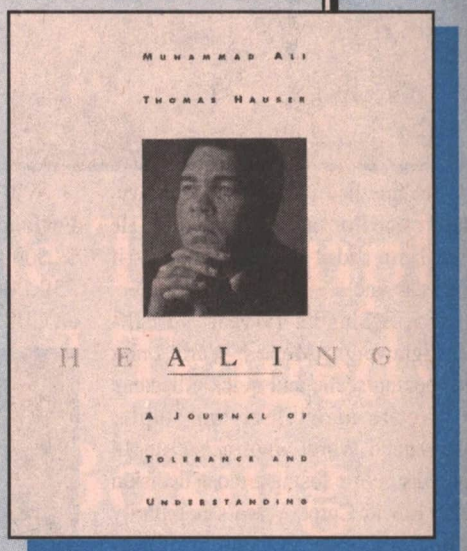
By Thomas Hauser



Five years ago, Thomas Hauser authored the definitive biography, ***Muhammad Ali: His Life And Times.*** *Now Hauser and Ali have reunited to co-author* ***Healing: A Journal Of Tolerance And Understanding.*** *Hauser has also written the text for a new coffee-table photo book,* ***Muhammad Ali: In Perspective.*** *Both books are published by Harper Collins and will be released in October.*

We asked Hauser to share some of the lighter moments of his past literary experiences with Ali.





ON THE ROAD WITH ALI

Muhammad Ali: His Life And Times was published in 1991. Ali helped promote the book and, among other things, attended book-signings in New York. Each signing was enormously successful. The two book stores where he signed reported that Ali sold more books in a single session than any previous subject or author.

The final promotional event in New York was Ali's attendance at the annual Boxing Writers Association of America dinner. He spoke briefly, telling the audience about a slave named Omar. It was a parable that preached the message of humility, and was met by sustained applause. Then Ali sad down and the program resumed. HBO's Jim Lampley was speaking when, suddenly, Ali returned to the podium and announced, "I forgot to tell you. I had two book-signings this week, and I broke the all-time record at both stores."

That left Lampley to wonder aloud, "Would Omar the slave brag about his book-signings?"

"He would if he sold a thousand books," Ali responded.

***

Eventually, *Muhammad Ali: His Life And Times* was published in Great Britain, and we journeyed to England for a book tour. One afternoon, I was sitting next to Ali at a book-signing in London when a woman in her 40s passed through the line. She looked at Ali, then at me. And in a thick Irish accent, she asked, "Excuse me, are you Ali's son?"

"No, ma'am," I replied.

"Oh," she said with obvious disappointment. "You look just like him."

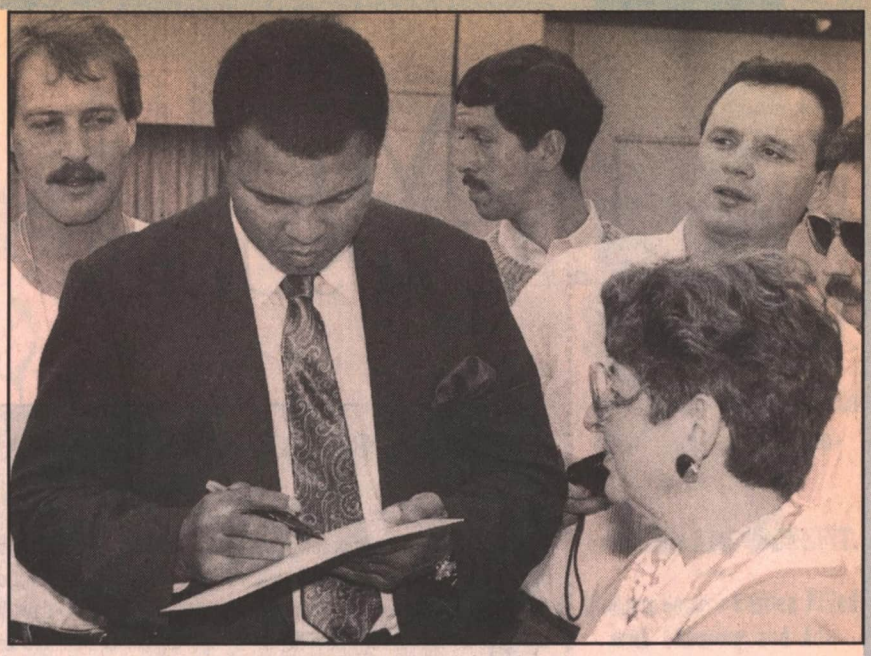
My initial reaction was to dismiss her as daft. After all, I'm white and only four years younger than Ali. Then it occurred to me that this was one more example of how, when it comes to Ali, people are colorblind. And, of course, it's a compliment of the highest order to be told that you look just like Muhammad Ali.

***

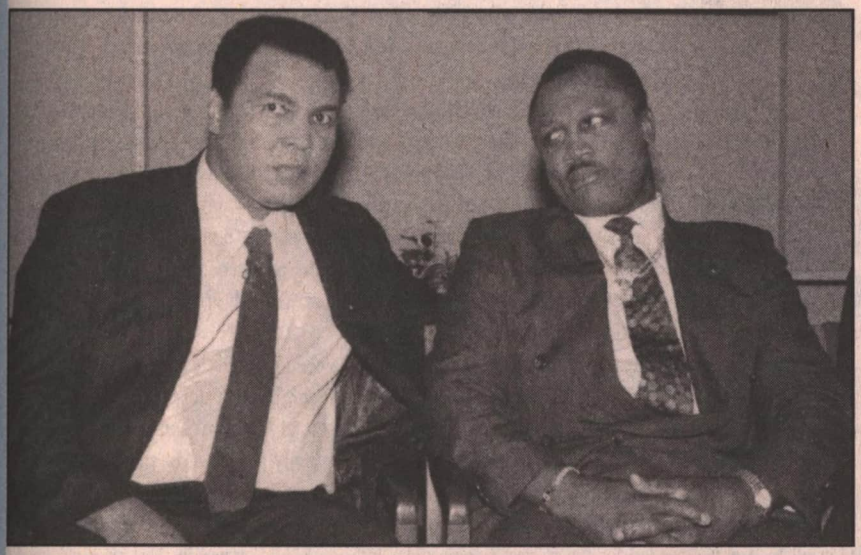
With considerable fanfare, our tour of England continued. Late one afternoon, we found ourselves in Nottingham. It had been a long day. That morning, we'd been in Leeds, where Ali had signed 900 books, posed for photographs, kissed babies, and shaken hands with literally thousands of admirers. Now that scene was being repeated with 500 more people who had waited on line for hours for their hero to arrive.

Ali was tired. He'd been awake since 5 a.m., when he'd risen to pray and read from the Qur'an. His voice, already weak from the ravages of Parkinson's syndrome, was flagging. And the facial "mask" that accompanies his medical condition was more pronounced than usual.

(Continued on page 77)



Whether appearing at book-signings or mingling with the adoring public, Ali never tires of providing fans with his autograph. You'll never see "The Greatest" charging a fee for his signature.



Ali and Joe Frazier will forever be linked. "Smokin' Joe" remains bitter about his experiences with Ali, both in the ring for their three matches and out. Frazier's incendiary quotes regarding his rival, made at the Olympic Games in Atlanta, shocked the world.

By Stanley Weston
Publisher, THE RING Magazine

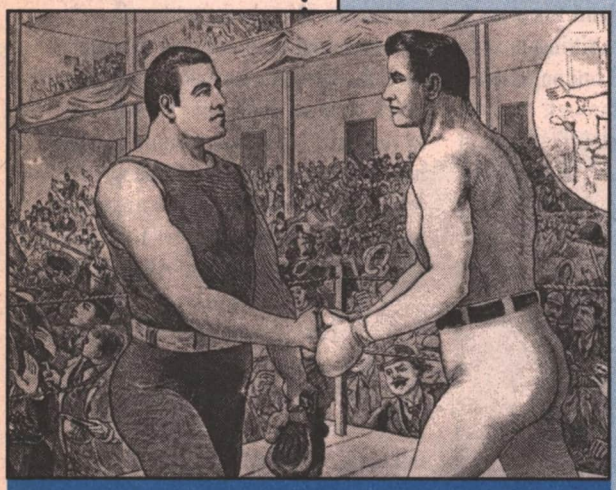
TIME CAPSULES

THE GREAT JOHN L.—CHAMPION OF BENEFITS

(September 17, 1892)

Throwing benefits for down-and-out ex-pugs is a boxing tradition. "We always take care of our own," Tex Rickard gushed as he scribbled a $200 check made out to a destitute Sam Langford one day back in the '20s. When benefit time comes, invariably long after the glory days are dim memories, the level of skills that once were have no relevance. One-time champions, top contenders, and tomato cans are at least equal, with one exception ... John L. Sullivan.

The Great John L., "Champion Of Champions." The Great John L., "Champion Of Benefits." Would you believe the first of the many fundraising blowouts for America's first sports legend was staged a mere 10 days after he had lost the heavyweight championship to Jim Corbett? The guy couldn't even wait for the cuts to heal and the swelling to go down before he was already sticking out his huge paw for help. The help came from Corbett himself.



A ringside artist's recording of Sullivan (left) and Corbett shaking hands before the start of their brief exhibition at Madison Square Garden on September 17, 1892, a mere 10 days after John L. had lost the heavyweight title to Gentleman Jim in New Orleans.

But the slick new champion wasn't doing it out of pity for what remained of Big John. Jim did it hoping to dull the stigma of being the most despised man in America because he had shattered the nation's idol. Being despised, however, ain't all the bad—for a prize fighter. You know, good guy vs. bad guy. It's good for business. But it's the other way around in show biz. And champion or not, strikingly handsome "Gentlemen" Jim Corbett was more interested in play-acting than in fistfighting.

Leading men are lovers, and their stage success depends on being loved, worshipped, and adored. Nobody was more aware of that than Jim's shrewd manager, Bill Brady, who had built his fame and fortune as a theatrical producer. Brady was both astonished and horrified when, after Corbett destroyed Sullivan on September 7, 1892, in New Orleans, the loser got nothing but cheers, while the winner got nothing but jeers, hisses, catcalls, and an occasional apple or hard-boiled egg whizzing past his pompadour-topped head. For Brady, the situation was desperate, demanding immediate action.

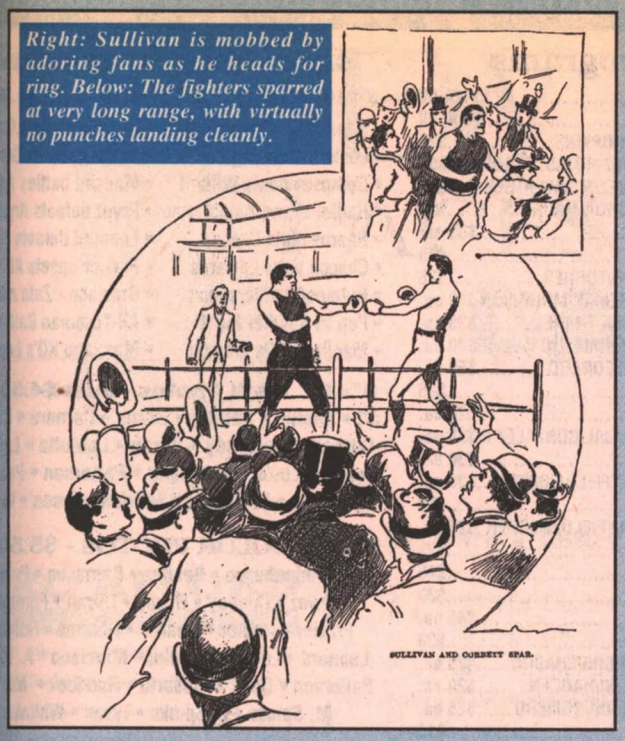
The idea for a Sullivan benefit, spearheaded by Corbett, had already hatched in Brady's ever-churning brain even before he left the New Orleans ring with his new champion. That very night, Bill dispatched a three-sentence telegram to John L., proposing a "three-round exhibition with James J. Corbett, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, nite of September 17. All proceeds to you, sir. Please wire your reply at once. My sincere respects, James J. Corbett."

When the badly beaten Sullivan left the famous Olympic Club in New Orleans that night, he did what he always did after all his fights—headed for the nearest saloon, got blind-drunk, and stayed in that condition for days. The best guess is that John L. didn't even see the Corbett-Brady telegram until well into the third or fourth day of his post-champion period.

Corbett and Brady were already in New York City when they finally received Sullivan's consent telegram. Prompted by his flair for the dramatic, Brady publicly announced the forthcoming event, but withheld John L.'s poignantly worded wire. That he would save for the big night, to achieve maximum emotional impact and hopefully cast Corbett in a benevolent light. Brady himself would read the ex-champion's exact words, right there in the Madison Square Garden ring, just before the exhibition was to begin.

Ten thousand men and women, old, young, rich, poor, famous, and infamous, filled the old Garden to capacity

Right: Sullivan is mobbed by adoring fans as he heads for ring. Below: The fighters sparred at very long range, with virtually no punches landing cleanly.



and, reported the Police Gazette, "At least another 10,000 cluttered every street around and near the Garden." Corbett was first to enter the ring, followed by Brady and the seconds. The champion's reception was best described as courteous, Sullivan's appearance was described by the Police Gazette as generating "the most overwhelming outpouring of human emotion ever seen and heard in this building." Standing proud and straight in his corner, his eyes never once directed at the seated Corbett across the ring, the shell of once-mighty John L. Sullivan bowed graciously in every direction, each bow increasing the already deafening din. Only when he finally sat down did the noise level become bearable.

Brady stepped nervously to mid-ring, raised his hand for silence, and began to speak: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have in my hand a letter from John L. Sullivan, who for 12 years held the title of champion of the world. On the day following Mr. Sullivan's defeat, the champion [Corbett] sent him a note offering to spar in this place on Saturday evening. Mr. Corbett has nothing but the kindliest of feelings toward Mr. Sullivan, and no one recognizes more than the new champion the sterling worth of the man whom he defeated. Mr. Corbett hopes that Mr. Sullivan's benefit will be a tremendous success ... I will now read Mr. Sullivan's letter:

"In reply to your letter dated New Orleans, Sept. 8, 1892, will say, I accept your proposition to spar at the Madison Square Garden on Saturday evening, Sept. 17. Awaiting your reply. Respectfully yours, John L. Sullivan."

Instantly, 10,000 pairs of eyes shifted from the ex-champion to the new champion, and the ear-shattering roars of adoration for Corbett that followed equaled in intensity those showered on John L. moments before.

Brady's strategy had worked to perfection. Miraculously, like a magician waving his wand to make the vanished lady suddenly reappear, Gentlemen Jim had been transformed from despised idol-killer to martyr.

Sullivan would tell the throng he had no excuses, that he had been beaten by a better man, and that he was glad Corbett was an American. Corbett would retort that Sullivan was the greatest champion who ever lived, and that he hoped he would be "half as good as John L."

Strip away all the blarney and you really had two Irishmen who hated each other's guts. During the few rounds of their exhibition (none of the rounds lasted as much as one minute), by actual count, "Two—three at most—times leather caressed flesh, in the gentlest of fashion." But one could sense that if he saw an opening, Sullivan would have ... if he could have ... you know what. The old fire still burned in the old guy's belly.

The 10,000 faithful filed out of the old Garden, out into the streets to mingle with the 10,000 outside who couldn't fit in. The mood was strictly upbeat, laced with a glow of satisfaction for having contributed to a beloved hero in his dire hour of need.

After deducting expenses (uncharitable Madison Square Garden took its $1,260 rental fee), John L. received a check for $6,030.37. Did he race to deposit it in the bank? Did he pay some of his mountainous debts? Did he pay his hotel bill? No! This bigger-than-life creature of habit headed for the nearest saloon, where he bellowed at the top of his lungs the second of his most famous credos, "Wine for everybody!" (You remember his most famous battle cry: "I can lick any man in the house!")

Both Sullivan and Corbett toured the country, separately, of course, as headline stage performers. John L. was by far the greatest attraction of the two. Defeat hadn't dulled his magnetism. Yet, true to form, no matter how much he earned, he was always broke and deeply in debt. But as no other prize fighter in history, John "The Great" had perpetual, direct access to charity's golden goose, the benefit. And gosh-oh-gee, did the old boy cash in! To compile a list of every benefit staged in his name would be impossible. But a cursory look at a few crumbling files reveals the following: June 1895, New York City, netted Sullivan "a few thousand dollars"; November 28, 1896, Boston. No amount shown; August 29, 1900, Madison Square Garden, New York City, Sullivan sparred three rounds with Jim Jeffries before a crowd of 5,000. $5,466.85 given to Sullivan; April 21, 1901, Boston Theater, appearances made by Bob Fitzsimmons, Terry McGovern, Kid McCoy, and Charlie Mitchell. Sullivan netted $6,300.

SULLIVAN'S GLORY.

Thousands do Homage to the World's Ex-Champion Pugilist.

A MAMMOTH BENEFIT.

Madison Square Garden Filled with Shouting and Admiring Friends.

FLOWERS AND SPEECHES.

Champion Corbett and Ex-Champion Sullivan Spar.

SPECTATORS GO NEARLY WILD.

The Biggest Testimonial Ever Given a Defeated Gladiator.

ALL THE SPORTS WERE THERE.

Oct. 8, — 1892

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

HAT JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the dethroned champion, still has a place in the hearts of the people, was clearly manifest on the evening of September 17, when ten thousand people crowded into Madison Square Garden to do him honor. It was Sullivan's benefit and a monster bene-

A headline lauds the once-great Sullivan for glories long past.

Strangely, for so proud and courageous a man as the Great John L., accepting charity came as naturally to him as guzzling. Did he truly believe his adoring public owed him for all his past glories? Did he consider all those handouts to be well-deserved tribute, as if he were Sultan of Turkey?

All we can do is guess, and proclaim John Lawrence Sullivan forever "Champion Of Champions," and "Champion Of Benefits." WINE FOR EVERYBODY! ■

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NEW FACES

DALE BROWN

Cruiserweight

By Warren Tasker

"The Golden Boy" guiding "The Cowboy" to a world championship. Sounds like something out of a dime-store novel. But, you know, it just may work.

Former WBC light heavyweight champion Donny Lalonde, who made millions fighting Sugar Ray Leonard and sold himself as the golden boy of the '80s, is managing the career of Cowboy Dale Brown, a cruiserweight from Canada's oilpatch, Calgary, Alberta.

Probably a better businessman than boxer, Lalonde took limited skills, bleached hair, and a booming right hand a long way. He won a world title, gave Leonard a scare by knocking him down in their 1988 bout, and invested his millions wisely.

As a manager, Lalonde's ability to market a fighter (he did pretty well with himself) is just as important as his ability to plot ring strategy. Add trainer Eddie Mustafa Muhammad and Blue Chip Promotions, a Calgary-based consortium that backs Brown, and you have an excellent team with a plan and a bright future.

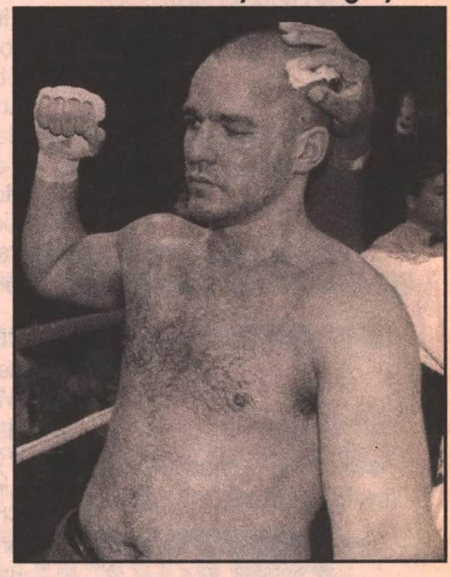
Brown, who turned pro after winning the light heavyweight gold medal at the 1994 Commonwealth Games, had an amateur career of 250 bouts that built a solid foundation for the professional game.

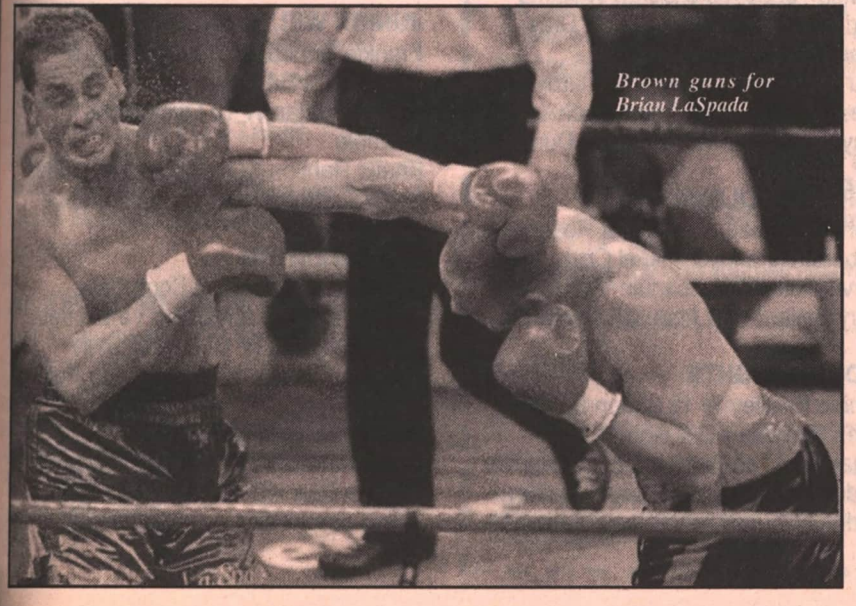
In just over a year, the 24-year-old Calgary native has run his record to 8-0-1 (7). He's won the Canadian cruiserweight title and is on the verge of establishing himself as a viable contender.

The lone blemish on Brown's record, a technical draw with NABF champion Brian LaSpada, came as the result of an accidental butt. Although Brown ate his share of jabs against the taller LaSpada, he started coming

(Continued on page 77)

Photos courtesy The Calgary Sun





Brown guns for Brian LaSpada

PRO RECORD

1995		
April 28	Mike Carney, Bushkill, PA	KO 1
May 23	Don Laliberte, Nanaimo, Brit. Columbia	KO 4
Aug. 16	Maurice Harris, Newark, NJ	KO 3
Oct. 25	Dean Shannon, Edmonton	KO 1
Dec. 14	Don Penelton, Winnipeg	KO 4
1996		
Jan. 25	Derrell Banks, Toronto	W 6
March 12	Dave Fiddler, Winnipeg	KO 2
April 11	Shawn Elliott, Vancouver	KO 2
Aug. 18	Brian LaSpada, Calgary	Tech. Draw 6

FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KOs
9	8	0	1	7

SUMMARY

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Mike Tyson KO 1 Bruce Seldon
(Regains WBA Title)
Larry Donald KO 1 Derrick Roddy
Corrie Sanders KO 2 Sean Hart
Lou Savarese KO 2 Tim Puller
Kirk Johnson W 10 Danell Nicholson
Joe Hipp KO 1 Bill Corrigan
Obed Sullivan KO 3 Martin Foster
Ahmad Abdin KO 4 Marcus Rhode
Hasim Rahman KO 3 Mark Young
Peter McNeeley W Disq. 4 Domingo Monroe
Alonzo Highsmith KO 1 Richard Davis
Iran Barkley W 10 Craig Payne
Michael Dokes KO 3 Dave Fiddler

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Adolpho Washington W 12 Torsten May
(Wins Vacant IBF Title)
Nate Miller KO 7 James Heath
(Retains WBA Title)
Alexander Gurov W 6 Donnie Penelton
Chris Okoh KO 4 Nigel Rafferty
Brian LaSpada Tech. Draw 6 Dale Brown
Jacob Mofokeng KO 7 Jason Nicholson
Rick Roufus KO 4 Sean McClain

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
James Toney KO 9 Duran Williams
Dariusz Michalczewski Tech. Draw 7 Graciano Rocchigiani
Lou Del Valle KO 2 Ken McCurdy
Joe Siluvangi KO 6 Peter Oboh
Wayne Hankins W 10 Vinson Durham

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Vinny Pazienza KO 4 Dana Rosenblatt
Roberto Duran KO 1 Ariel Cruz
Steve Little W 12 Joaquin Velazquez
Gary Ballard W 6 Abdullah Ramadan

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Lonnie Bradley W 12 Simon Brown
Brian Barbosa KO 9 Robert Allen
Julian Jackson W 10 Leonardo Aguilar
Buddy McGirt W 10 George Heckley
Andrew Council KO 3 Buck Buchanan
Lupe Aquino W 10 Tyrone Jackson
Harold Brazier KO 6 Steve Langley
Kenny Snow W 10 Pedro Montiel

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Terry Norris KO 5 Alex Rios
(Retains IBF & WBC Titles)
Laurent Boudouani KO 5 Julio Cesar Vasquez
(Wins WBA Title)
Hector Camacho W 10 Arturo Nina
Carl Daniels KO 4 Roland Rangel
Roger Mayweather KO 5 Tom McCain
Kip Diggs KO 3 Han Kim
Jorge Vaca KO 2 Joel Baltazar
Rodney Jones W 4 Stephan Johnson

WELTERWEIGHTS
Felix Trinidad KO 6 Ray Lovato
(Retains IBF Title)
Joey Gamache KO 5 Tim Bonds
Robert West W 10 James Page
Meldrick Taylor KO 1 Kenneth Kidd
Larry Barnes KO 6 David Clark
Alfred Ankamah KO 5 Jose Luis Verdugo
Jose Luis Navarro KO 8 Johnson Sengbe
Shannan Taylor KO 1 Teddy Carradine
Donald Stokes W 4 Mark Fernandez

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Frankie Randall W 12 Juan Coggi
(Regains WBA Title)
Rafael Ruelas W 10 Livingstone Bramble
Khalid Rahilou KO 3 Angel Fernandez
Israel Cardona KO 1 Francisco Cruz

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Angel Manfredy KO 2 Scott Sala
Jorge Paez KO 3 Narciso Valenzuela
Tiger Martinez W 10 Gerald Gray
Ricardo Silva W 10 Victor Hugo Paz

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Tracy Patterson W 10 Joey Figueroa
Reggie Tuur KO 1 Jose Vida Ramos
Julien Lorcy KO 1 Angel Aldama

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Tom Johnson W 12 Ramon Guzman
(Retains IBF Title)
Naseem Hamed KO 11 Manuel Medina
Junior Jones KO 5 Tommy Parks
Junior Jones W 10 Wilson Santos
Jesus Chavez W 12 Javier Jauregui
Colin McMillan KO 7 Trust Ndlovu
Manuel Calvo W 10 Luis Antonio Navarro

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS
Vuyani Bungu W 12 Jesus Salud
(Retains IBF Title)
Yuichi Kasai W 10 Julio Cesar Cardona
Rafael Del Valle W 12 Mario Frias
Nestor Garza W 12 Jorge Munoz

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Sirimongkol Singmanasuk KO 5 Jose Luis Bueno
(Wins Interim WBC Title)
Jorge Eliecer Julio KO 4 Michael Gallati
Cuauhtemoc Gomez W 12 Angel Rosario

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS
Danny Romero KO 2 Harold Grey
(Wins IBF Title)
Yokthai Sithoar KO 8 Alimi Goitia
(Wins WBA Title)
Johnny Tapia W 12 Hugo Soto
Polo Saucedo KO 7 Arturo Estrada
Andy Agosto W 10 Raul Rios

FLYWEIGHTS
Saen Sor Ploenchit W 12 Alexander Mahmutov
(Retains WBA Title)
Yuri Arbachakov KO 9 Takato Toguchi
(Retains WBC Title)
Arthur Johnson KO 2 Miguel Martinez
Miguel Martinez KO 4 Francisco Carrasco

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS
Keiji Yamaguchi W 12 Carlos Murillo
(Retains WBA Title)
Saman Sorjaturong KO 9 Shiro Yahiro
(Retains WBC Title)
Saman Sorjaturong W 6 Terado Bonifacio
(Non-Title Bout)

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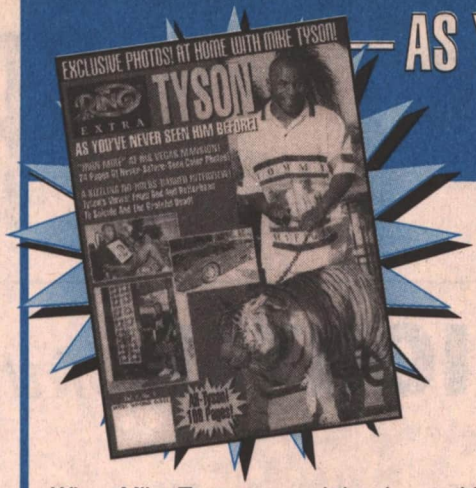

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Seconds Out! ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

FIGHTER of the MONTH

No, we didn't select Bruce Seldon.

It's not just that Danny Romero won his second world title by defeating the highly regarded Harold Grey, it was how he did it.

Rarely do we see a challenger destroy a champion in such a swift and merciless manner. Romero treated Grey as if the defending IBF junior bantamweight champion were the type of prelim opponent you face after a lengthy layoff. There were three knockdowns in the first round and another in the second. How dazed was the Colombian? Grey isn't likely to remember much about his visit to Albuquerque. A good thing, too.

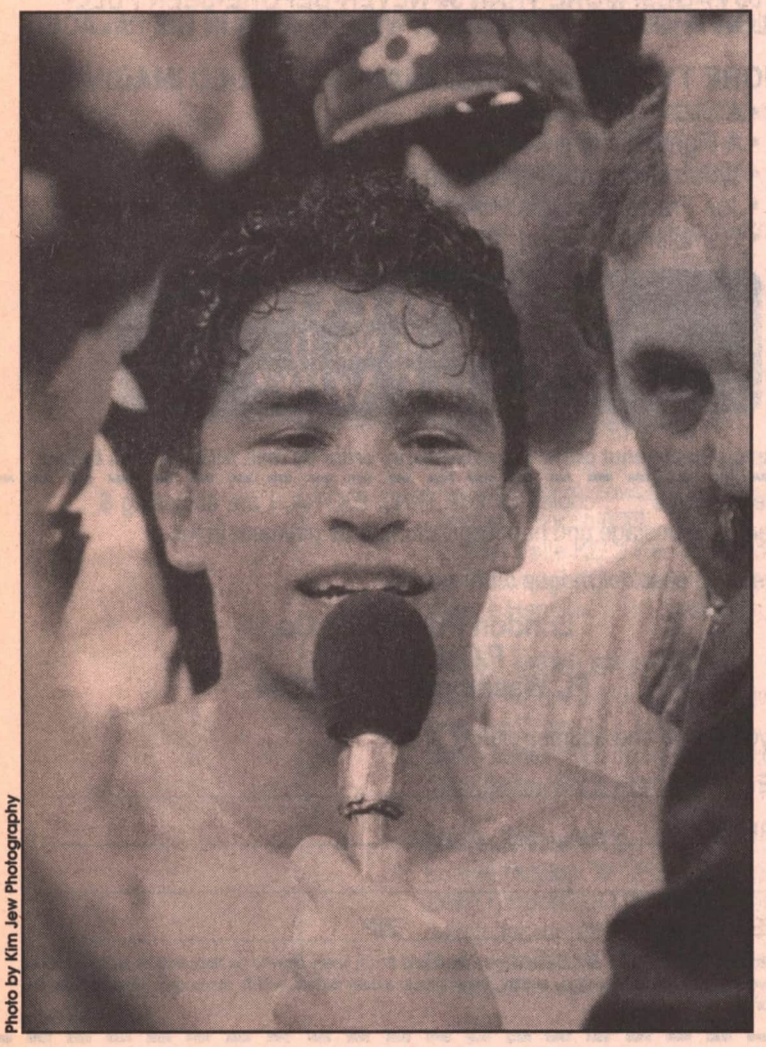

Photo by Kim Jew Photography

Wielding legitimate one-punch power, Romero is every bit as exciting as crosstown rival Johnny Tapia, just in a different way. Maybe if we all hold hands and pray real hard, we can will them into fighting each other.

We don't usually mention runners-up, but the month was chock-full of noteworthy performances. Kudos to Vinny Pazienza for his come-from-behind kayo of Dana Rosenblatt, Frenchman Laurent Boudouani for his stunning victory over defending WBA junior middleweight champion Julio Cesar Vasquez, and Frankie Randall for regaining the WBA junior welterweight title on Juan Coggi's home turf.

• • • •

Danny Romero

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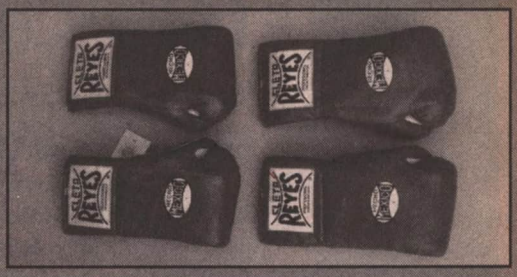

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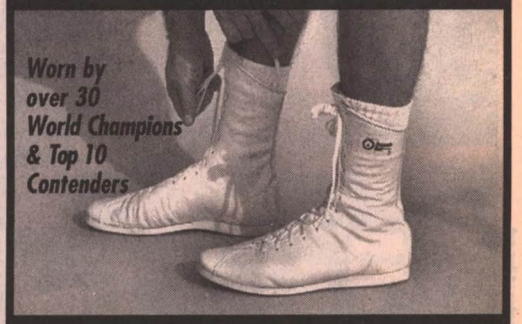

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RINGSIDE REPORTS

Vuyani Bungu W 12 Jesus Salud

Hammanskraal, South Africa: Despite the wear and tear brought on by a long and demanding career, former WBA champion Salud, 33, proved a most capable challenger, giving IBF junior featherweight champion Bungu all sorts of problems in losing a unanimous 12-round decision before an energized sellout crowd of 4,000 in a tent at the Carousel gambling resort. It was Bungu's seventh defense.

Salud, 121, Honolulu, Hawaii, via the Philippines, forced a tremendous pace and captured the opening round. The 29-year-old Bungu, 121½, East London, South Africa, came back to counter effectively in round two. Hampered by a cut on his left eyelid sustained from an unintentional butt in the second, Bungu engaged the challenger in repeated toe-to-toe exchanges the rest of the way. It was so exciting that most in the crowd never sat down.

At the halfway mark, the ever-aggressive Salud, 53-8 (31), was slightly ahead on THE RING card. But through most of rounds seven through 12, the challenger was unable to neutralize Bungu's unrelenting counterattack. The champion scored with combinations and clearly gained an edge. Ultimately, his class showed.

Mounting a blistering attack in the ninth, Bungu, 31-2 (17), completely overwhelmed Salud in what deserved to be a 10-8 round. Salud's toughness, of course, is well-documented, and he rebounded in the 10th, driving forward and forcing Bungu to cover up. Bungu came back in the action-packed 11th and was the fresher fighter at the final bell.

The judges were far too tough on Salud. Clement Martin (South Africa) scored 118-110, Waldemar Schmidt (Puerto Rico) 118-109, and Michael Ancona (USA) 117-111. THE RING had Bungu ahead by only a couple of points. The referee was Stanley Christodoulou (South Africa).

Promoter: Rodney Berman (Golden Gloves Promotions)

(8-20-96)

Ron Jackson

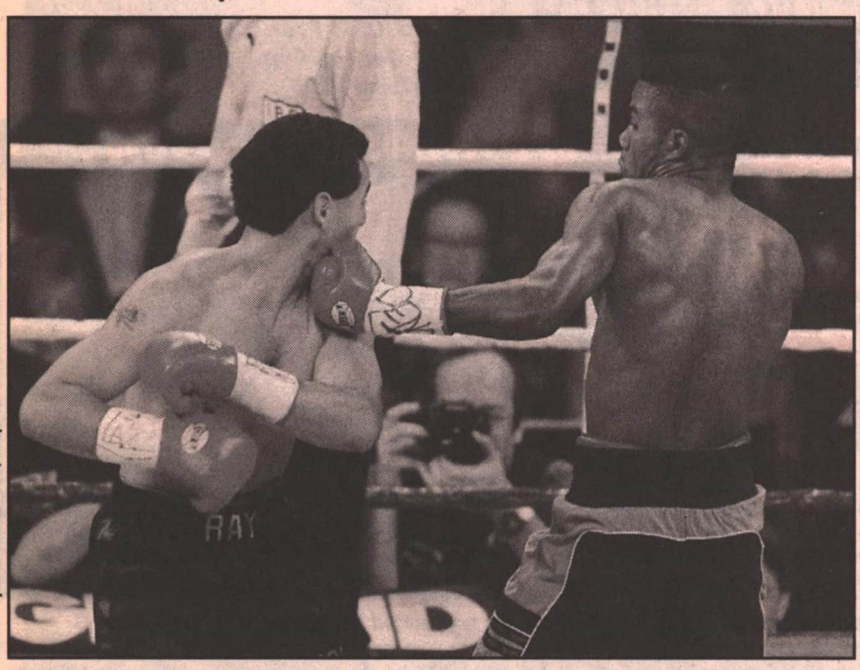


Photo by Jed Jacobsohn/Allsport

Trinidad's performance turned heads

Felix Trinidad KO 6 Ray Lovato

Las Vegas, Nevada: What Lovato did to earn a crack at IBF welterweight champion Trinidad remains a mystery. That said, the overmatched challenger fought respectably until Trinidad's class and power surfaced on the Tyson-Seldon undercard at the MGM Grand Garden Arena. It was Trinidad's 10th defense, and given his struggle in making weight, perhaps his last.

The 26-year-old Lovato, 146½, Sacramento, California, had shown power in taking out Roger Mayweather in two rounds, and more recently he boxed reasonably well in losing a decision to Derrell Coley. But he couldn't match the punch or skills of Trinidad, 147, Cupey Alto, Puerto Rico, who, as usual, stayed patient until his opportunities arose.

Dipping and slipping almost all of

Trinidad's blows, Lovato proved an elusive target for the first three rounds. After the first, the fans booed. There wasn't much more action until the fourth, when Lovato, 21-2 (11), broke through with a counter right and a lead right. The 23-year-old Trinidad, 30-0 (26), took advantage of the change of pace, scoring with a big hook and snapping back Lovato's head with a right. The difference in power was immediately evident.

At the end of the fourth, Trinidad added two more rights and a hook to the liver. Lovato shook his head no, but the shots were clearly beginning to break him down. He began backing up in the fifth, and almost fell early in the sixth when Trinidad drilled him with a straight right.

The fight turned quickly, with Trinidad raging and the right side of Lovato's face swelling. Midway through the sixth, Trinidad put together a right uppercut-right-hook combo, driving Lovato to the ropes. As the champion moved in for what surely would have been a spectacular finish, referee Mitch Halpern (USA) stepped in at the 1:57 mark. The fans booed and Larry Goossen, the challenger's trainer, bitterly complained. But in all likelihood, the third man's actions saved Lovato from finishing on the canvas.

"I think they stopped it too soon," said Lovato. "I thought I was winning the fight up to that point."

"I saw his eyes glaze, and that's why I stopped the fight," explained Halpern.

The judges were Duane Ford, Eugene Grant, and Joe Pasquale, all from the USA.

It's possible that Trinidad, sure to move up in the near-future, will next challenge IBF-WBC junior middleweight champion Terry Norris. Being that he's unlikely to receive the opportunity to unify the welterweight title, we can only hope that showdown materializes.

(9-7-96)

Steve Farhood

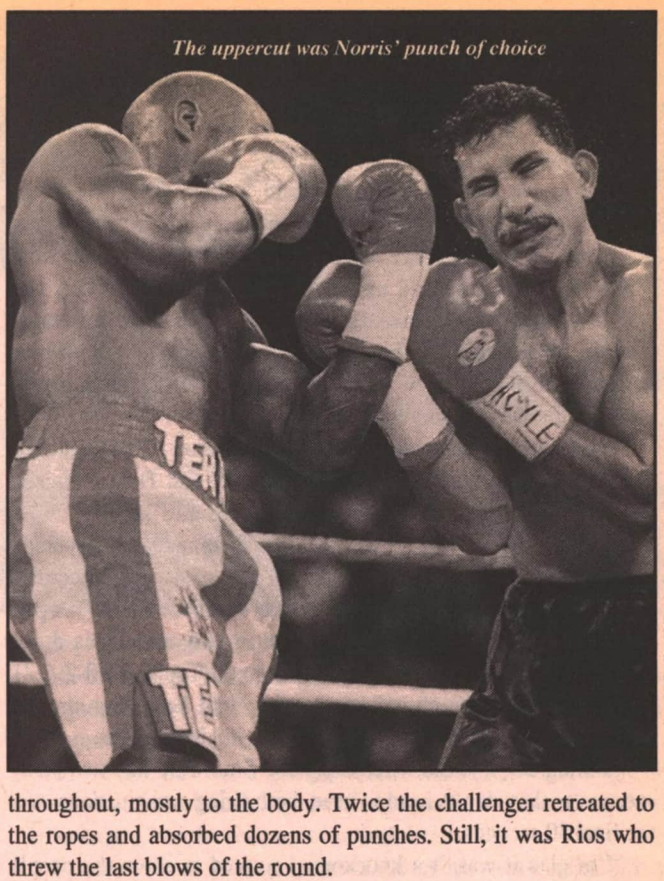
Terry Norris KO 5 Alex Rios

Las Vegas, Nevada: One thing about Don King: He delivers title shots for his fighters—whether they deserve them or not.

Defending the WBC and IBF junior middleweight titles, Norris, 153, Alpine, California, engaged the undeserving Rios, 153½, San Antonio, Texas, in a shootout on the Tyson-Seldon undercard at the MGM Grand Garden Arena. While Rios had no business fighting for two-thirds of the 154-pound crown (in his only bout against a familiar name, he had been kayoed by Raul Marquez in one round), he put up a gutty effort, rocking Norris from his southpaw stance before succumbing to the faster, stronger champion.

The 26-year-old Rios started strongly, moving Norris, 29, to the ropes in the opening stanza and landing a neat three-punch combination. Never one to turn down a brawl, Norris opened up in the second, during which he found what would become his weapons of choice, uppercuts. "Terrible Terry" thrice began flurries with those punches, and when Norris added a pair of rights late in the round, Rios almost went down. But the challenger instantly answered, raking Norris' body and hammering him with a big right hook.

Norris dominated the third as well, though Rios kept firing



The uppercut was Norris' punch of choice

Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

throughout, mostly to the body. Twice the challenger retreated to the ropes and absorbed dozens of punches. Still, it was Rios who threw the last blows of the round.

Early in the fourth, Norris, 44-6 (28), countered a right with a double right uppercut. *Boom!* Rios went down, dusted himself off, and responded by punching with whatever he had left. At one point, Norris doubled over, seemingly staggered by a bodyshot. It was a thrilling round.

A straight left backed the champion to the ropes in the fifth, but later in the round, after Norris connected with a right uppercut, Rios, 18-3 (14), stumbled, his legs no longer able to properly support him. He fell backward to a corner, and Norris pounced, landing two more shots before referee Mills Lane (USA) stepped in at the 2:08 mark. Many in the crowd and at ringside thought it was a premature stoppage.

The judges were Horacio Castilla (Colombia), Paul Hermann (USA), and Dalby Shirley (USA).

"I take my hat off to Alex; he came here to fight," said Norris. "I tried to box him, but he was too heavy. He's a natural middleweight, and he's too big for me. I tried to bang with him, and that was my big mistake. I should have kept to boxing and I would've taken him out earlier."

Of a Norris defense against IBF welterweight champion Felix Trinidad, Joe Sayatovich, Norris' trainer, said, "We have the deal done. We will get together with Don King in the morning to finalize it."

(9-7-96)

Steve Farhood

Johnny Tapia W 12 Hugo Soto

Albuquerque, New Mexico: With a new promotional contract from Top Rank on the table, Tapia strengthened his argument for bigger purses with a dominating performance before 7,200 fans at

the Albuquerque Sports Stadium and millions of others watching on ABC.

In his hometown's first outdoor bout in 30 years, Tapia, 114½, Albuquerque, kept his unerring jab in the face of the willing Soto, 114, Catamarca, Argentina. At best, Soto, frustrated by his inability to get inside, won the fourth and ninth rounds. He finished with a bloody nose, a cut on the bridge of his nose, and a small cut at the corner of his right eye. At the final bell, the iron man from South America, who had unsuccessfully challenged WBC flyweight king Yuri Arbachakov in August 1994, drew a rousing ovation from Tapia's appreciative constituents. It was 90-plus degrees outside, and it would have been easy for the visitor to have withdrawn into survival mode.

The decision was unanimous, with Al Munoz (USA) and Jose Torres (Puerto Rico) both scoring 118-110 and Denny Nelson (USA) 119-110. THE RING had Tapia ahead by 118-110.

The 29-year-old Tapia's will to win was immediately apparent. Long before sundown, Soto, 29, was in awe of what he described as "Johnny's speed coming out of his corner every round." A pair of rights staggered the Argentine in round two, and Tapia drove him into the ropes in the fifth. In the sixth, Tapia, 37-0-2 (22), began playing to the crowd, waving his right hand in a circular motion and whacking Soto, 44-4-2 (30), with double-jabs.

Coming down to the wire, Tapia and Soto were like two banty roosters as they dug in head to head, both firing combinations over the final 30 seconds.

"I'm glad it wasn't a knockout; I wanted to show the people what I could do. I wanted to show them what I really have," said Tapia, whose previous bout before the home folks had come 13 months before. "The crowd is my life in boxing. Once the crowd gets behind me, nothing can stop me."

Said Soto, "Tapia is as good as the Russian [Arbachakov]. Johnny Tapia is a good champion."

It is anticipated that Tapia's next bout will come against Sammy Stewart, a former Olympian from Liberia.

Promoters: Top Rank, Lenny Fresquez

(8-17-96)

Jack Welsh

Danny Romero KO 2 Harold Grey

Albuquerque, New Mexico: It's rare that a quality champion is dethroned in such a devastating manner. But when it comes to "Kid Dynamite" Romero, we've come to expect such powerplays.

In winning his second world title, local hero Romero overwhelmed IBF junior bantamweight champion Grey before a crowd of 6,200 at The Pit. It was the first defense of Grey's second reign.

The 22-year-old Romero, 114¾, Albuquerque, vacated the IBF flyweight title in January. A terrific puncher, he carried his pop with him, jumping three pounds, then jumping all over Grey, 115, Bolivar, Colombia. He scored four knockdowns in less than 4½ minutes.

Sixty-five seconds into the bout, the 24-year-old Grey tried to capitalize on his three-inch reach advantage by firing a jab. But he failed to bring it back, and Romero, 28-1 (25), countered with an overhand right. *Boom!* Grey, 21-2 (15), rose quickly, but was in no condition to respond to the challenger's assault. With 50 seconds remaining in the round, Romero countered a left-right with a cross to the side of the face. Grey crashed again, rising at USA referee Larry Chavez' count of three.

With five seconds left, Grey was pinned to the ropes, then downed again, this time by a flurry that was punctuated by a left hook. The three-knockdown rule was not in effect. That—and the bell—saved the Colombian from the embarrassment of a first-round kayo defeat.

Photo by Kim Jew Photography

Romero was the toast of Albuquerque

In the second, Romero advanced smartly behind a high guard. After digging a couple of shots to the body, he again countered a lazy jab with an overhand right. Grey fell face-first. He rolled over, but failed to beat the count, and Chavez waved the bout over at the 1:25 mark.

"I feel real good, baby," said a jubilant Romero. "The right hand got there first, and that's what happens."

"Danny is going to be a four-division champion," said Cedric Kushner, Romero's new promoter.

(8-24-96)

Keiji Yamaguchi W 12 Carlos Murillo

Osaka, Japan: Displaying lightning speed and sharp counterpunching, WBA junior flyweight champion Yamaguchi outboxed the slower Murillo and scored a unanimous decision before 9,000 fans. It was the champion's first defense; he won the title by surprising Murillo in May.

The 22-year-old Yamaguchi, 108, Japan, is improving at a rapid rate. The left-handed stylist amazed not only Murillo, 107¾, Panama, but also the partisan crowd. He capitalized on his superior foot speed and remained elusive throughout, winning every round from the second through the ninth, with the exception of the sixth, during which Murillo showed a desperate aggressiveness.

Yamaguchi's key weapon was a counter hook. He repeatedly caught the shorter Murillo, 34-4 (28), until the 10th, when the challenger pounded the champion to the body. But Yamaguchi, 20-1-1 (7), quickly regained control and danced to win the 11th and 12th.

Duane Ford (USA) scored 119-109, Marco Rodriguez (Mexico) 119-111, and Elias Quintana (USA) 115-113. The referee was Mitch Halpern (USA).

Said the jubilant winner, "Murillo seemed surprisingly slow, so I was able to counter him very easily."

If the 5'7" Yamaguchi continues to overcome his chronic weight problems, he could reign for quite some time.

Promoter: Green Tsuda Promotions

(8-13-96)

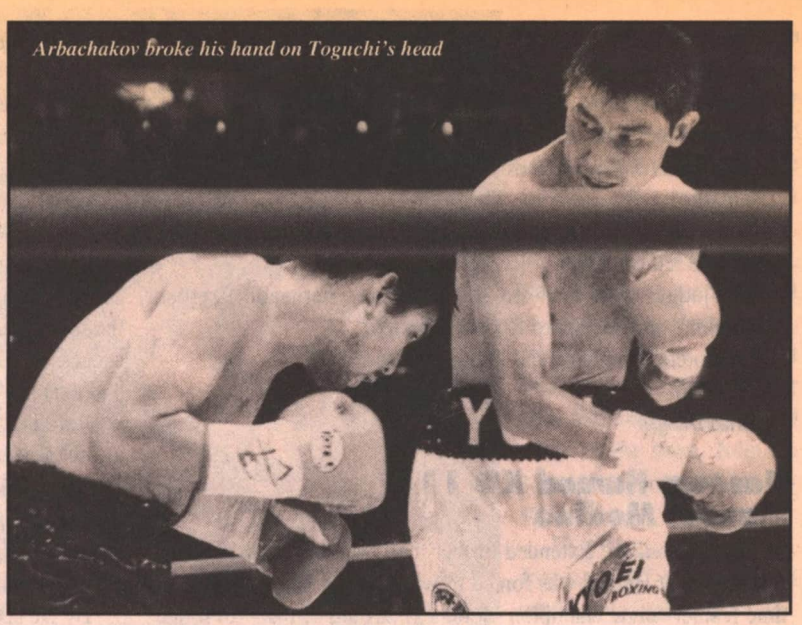
Joe Koizumi

Yuri Arbachakov KO 9 Takato Toguchi

Tokyo, Japan: Swift and sharp, long-reigning WBC flyweight champion Arbachakov overcame a dangerous injury and kept the title for the ninth time, dropping local prospect Toguchi twice in the seventh round and finishing him at 1:29 of the ninth before a crowd of 11,000 at Ryogoku Sumo Arena.

Faced with a rough-and-tumble challenger, the 29-year-old Arbachakov, 112, Japan via Russia, kept cool and punched with precision. Toguchi, 112, Japan, occasionally bored in with jolting blows, but the champion averted most of them.

In the fourth, Arbachakov, 23-0 (17), repeatedly scored with his lethal right hand. In the seventh, a hook downed Toguchi, 26, and shortly after, a followup flurry sent him crashing again. Toguchi, 18-2 (15), proved tough, and while he was able to circle away from the powerful titlist in the eighth, Arbachakov zeroed in one round later. When a barrage pinned the challenger on the ropes, referee Nobuaki Uratani (Japan) wisely intervened.



Arbachakov broke his hand on Toguchi's head

Photo by Kim Jew Photography

At the time of the stoppage, Arbachakov led on all three cards. The judges were Herbert Minn (USA), Ken Morita (Japan), and Kazumasa Kuwata (Japan).

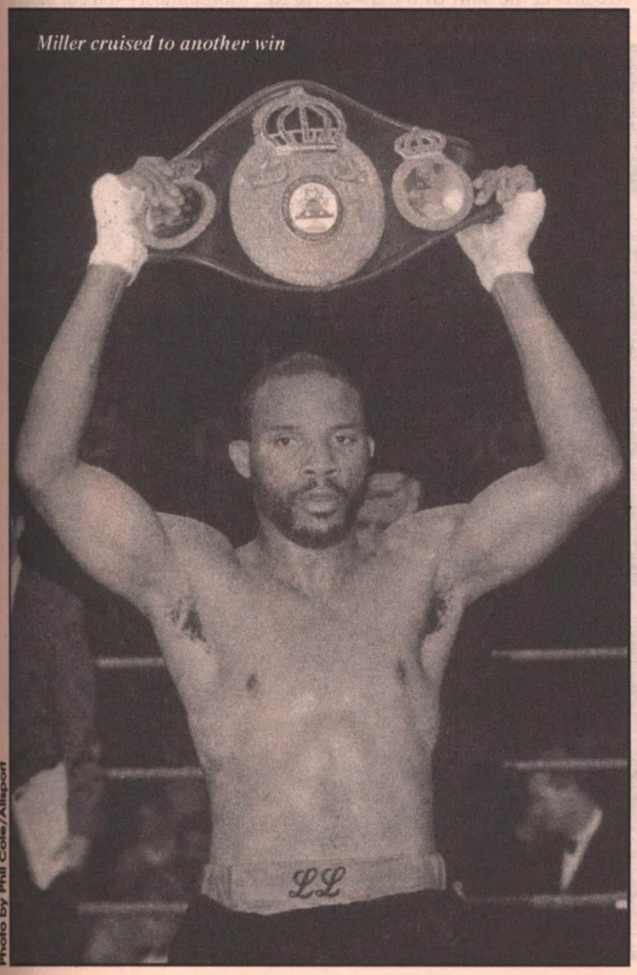
In a sense, this was a grudge match. In the early-'90s, Toguchi, then national champion, was supposed to defend against Arbachakov, but the bout never materialized.

It was reported afterward that in the fourth round, Arbachakov fractured his right hand. It is expected he'll be shelved for up to four months.

Promoter: Kyoei Promotions

(8-26-96)

Joe Koizumi



Miller cruised to another win

Photo by Phil Cole/Allsport

Nate Miller KO 7 James Heath

Dublin, Ireland: In complete control from round one, "Mister" Miller barely broke sweat while pounding and finally stopping out-of-depth challenger Heath to retain the WBA cruiserweight title at The Point. It was Miller's third defense.

Too big and strong for the stocky challenger, Miller, 189½, Philadelphia, had it entirely his own way in a fight that became increasingly tedious. Indeed, the wisdom of putting in a fighter with the credentials of Heath, 187½, Monroe, North Carolina, with Miller has to be severely questioned. Inactive between 1988 and '91, Heath, 36, was kayoed in two rounds by then-WBA champion Orlin Norris in 1992. He outpointed John McClain last year to lift the NABF title, but was stopped in January by Brian LaSpada.

The 33-year-old Miller, 29-4 (25), threatened to end it in a hurry, catching Heath, 9-4-2 (7), with a left hook in the first that sent him crashing. The challenger tried to tie up Miller for the remainder of the round and succeeded in averting a one-round disaster. But he succeeded in little else.

The subsequent rounds took on a familiar pattern, with Miller in complete control. Standing head-to-head, Miller picked Heath off with short, powerful shots that frequently snapped back the challenger's head. Heath was game, but any offensive moves were minimal. Realizing the gulf in class, Miller was not fussed about

working too hard and remained content to plod away rather than search for the knockout punch.

But Heath's resistance could not last, and in the seventh he succumbed to a right and hook that put him down in the center of the ring. Referee Carlos Berrocal (Panama) counted him out at the 2:54 mark.

"I was in control throughout the fight and just bided my time; I knew he'd fall eventually," said Miller.

The judges were Rodolfo Hill (Panama), Fernando Peyrous (Argentina), and Alejandro Rochin (Mexico).

Promoters: Don King and Frank Warren

(8-31-96)

Brian Doogan

Naseem Hamed KO 11 Manuel Medina

Dublin, Ireland: Extended further than ever before, precocious featherweight Hamed was forced to wage war to halt former two-time featherweight champion Medina at the end of the 11th round of a compelling struggle at The Point.

Three times Medina, 125¾, Tijuana, Mexico, was knocked to the floor by powerful blows that may have convinced a lesser man to meekly submit. But the Mexican's astounding courage, combined with alarmingly woeful timing by Hamed, 126, Sheffield, England, prevented the self-styled Prince from effecting the early knockout he had predicted.

Numerous punches hurtled harmlessly wide of Hamed's intended target, and in return, he endured more abuse than in all of his previous 22 fights put together. The strength of his punch ultimately proved decisive, but ringside observer Wayne McCullough described him, on this evidence, as clearly beatable.

Thrusting out a strong jab—a punch that would prove crucial to his success throughout the fight—in the opening round, Medina, 52-8 (23), quickly established parity. Hamed could not get inside, and Medina made him miss with a couple of lunging shots. A sharp left-right by Medina, 25, was the most telling act of the round, but Hamed seized the initiative in the second with three successive lefts through his opponent's guard before a short right and explosive left put the Mexican on the floor.

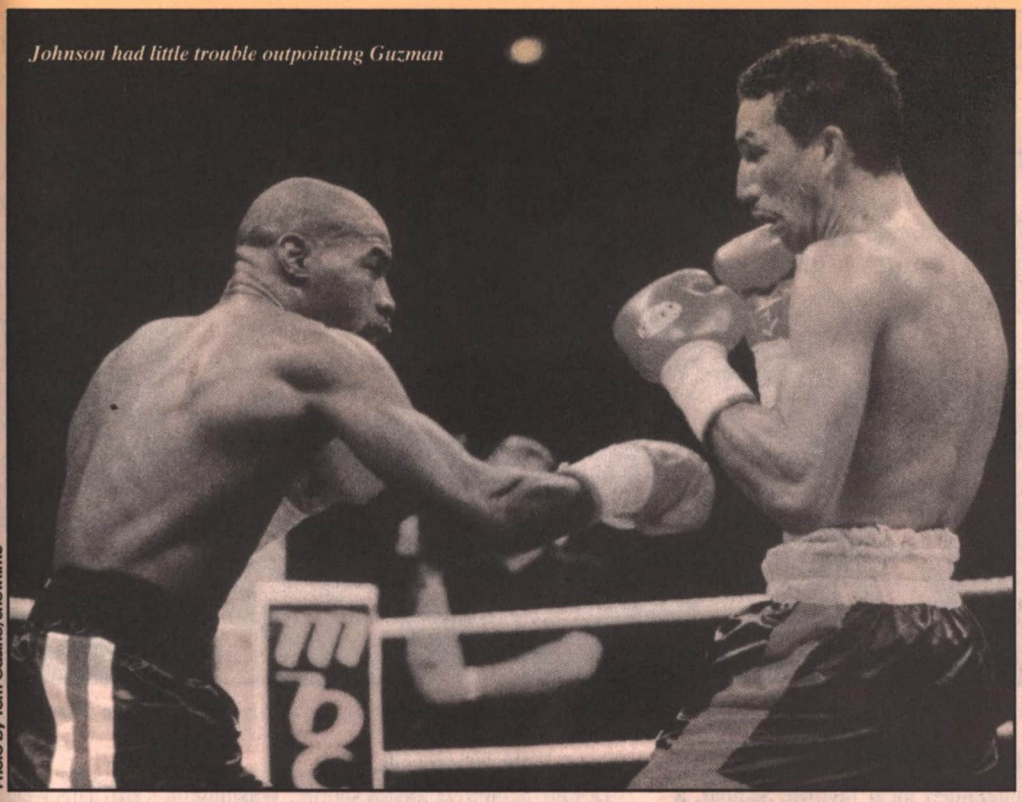
Referee Geno Rodriguez (USA) was generous in the time he allowed Medina to recover, and the Mexican evaded most of Hamed's wild efforts to hammer home his advantage. In the third and fourth rounds, he continued to frustrate the 22-year-old Hamed, 23-0 (21), by gliding in and out of range and landing a good right that Hamed dismissed with a sneer.

By the sixth, Medina was buoyant, landing a right, followed by a right uppercut, but his punches, though far more plentiful, were not as effective as Hamed's. A stunning right uppercut connected with Medina's jaw at the start of the seventh, but Hamed then had to withstand a terrific straight right in ring-center that snapped back his head and sent his mouthpiece flying. Promoter Frank Warren yelled at him, "Get it together," at the end of the round.

Hamed responded, firing a long right that again floored Medina at the start of the ninth. He sat, momentarily dazed, barely

Hamed wasn't always on-target

Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime



Johnson had little trouble outpointing Guzman

Photo by Tom Casino/Showtime

beating the count before another right put him down yet again. Animated, Hamed took the 10th and 11th convincingly, as the wear and tear began to tell on Medina. At the end of the 11th, Rodriguez waved it off to prevent Medina from sustaining further punishment. The Mexican hadn't been stopped in seven years.

Hamed was ahead on points at the time of the stoppage. The judges were Stan Gallup, Mike Glienna, and Frank Skilbred, all from the USA.

"I caught a cold four days before the fight and suffered a chest infection, but that's no excuse," said Hamed.

WBC bantamweight champion McCullough, who is about to move up to 122 pounds, stated boldly, "I'd knock him out" before entering into a heated exchange with Warren over the possibility of a Hamed-McCullough matchup. Hamed said the same of McCullough. Another possibility: A match between Hamed and IBF featherweight champion Tom Johnson.

(8-31-96)

Brian Doogan

Tom Johnson W 12 Ramon Guzman

Dublin, Ireland: Though frequently putting his man in trouble and scoring three knockdowns along the way, IBF featherweight champion "Boom Boom" Johnson was forced to go the distance in retaining the title for the 11th time. His decision over the game but outclassed Guzman, which came as the chief support to Hamed-Medina at The Point, was unanimous.

When possessed of the necessary urgency, the 32-year-old Johnson, 126, Detroit, Michigan, appeared capable of taking out Guzman, 125¼, La Guira, Venezuela. He had him down twice in the third and stood seemingly on the verge of a clinical stoppage. Again he floored the 31-year-old challenger in the seventh, and in the ninth and 12th staggered him with varied and sustained shots to head and body. Guzman had been stopped in his previous two bouts, and in three of his last five, but displayed remarkable recuperative powers and reserves of resolve to last the course. Suitably inclined, though, Johnson could have made it an early night. Sensing this, the crowd grew impatient well before the finish. But after injuring his right hand early in the bout, Johnson chose not to overextend himself.

Circling the ring, Johnson, 44-2-1 (26), started cautiously, finding the range with his left. His jabbing was more fluid in the second, and a hook got Guzman's attention. In contrast, a right by the Venezuelan had no effect. Johnson pulled out the big guns in the third, with a hook staggering the challenger and a straight left and glancing right putting him down. Up straight away, Guzman walked into another combination, culminating in a right to the jaw that floored him again. He lasted the round, but took three more hooks before the bell.

Wicked shots up and down by Johnson immediately put Guzman on the defensive in the fourth. Trapped in a neutral corner, the challenger looked unsteady, and he endured a long right and lead right uppercut before the round was out.

It was siesta time for the champion during rounds five and six, but he roared back in the seventh, a big right depositing Guzman on the canvas 40 seconds into the round. Johnson failed to follow up, however, and remained quiet throughout the eighth. Lefts and rights staggered Guzman in the ninth, with the markings around his right eye becoming more pronounced. He was taking a systematic beating.

After coasting through the 10th and 11th, Johnson fought hard in the last, but Guzman deservedly made it to the bell.

Lawrence Wallace (USA) scored 116-109, Dr. Ruben Garcia (USA) 118-107, and Dave Parris (England) 119-107. THE RING had Johnson in front by 119-107. The referee was Sam Williams (USA).

"I was looking for the right hand, but I kept hitting him on the top of the head," said Johnson. "I didn't want to take a chance and break the hand."

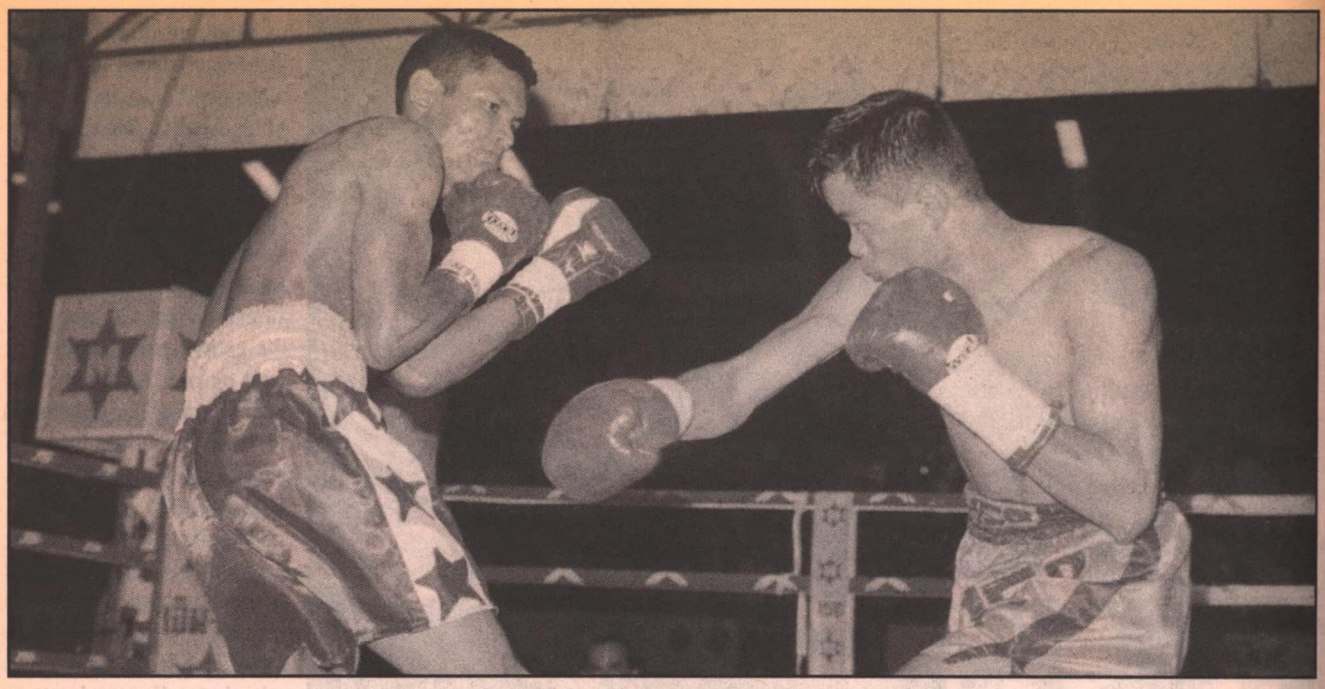
Of Hamed, Johnson said, "I see a lot of flaws, a lot of things he does wrong."

In the USA, Johnson-Guzman, Hamed-Medina, and Miller-Heath were televised by Showtime.

Promoters: Don King and Frank Warren

(8-31-96)

Brian Doogan



Thailand's Sithoar (right) surprised Goitia

Yokthai Sithoar KO 8 Alimi Goitia

Kamphaeng, Thailand: Unheralded local favorite Sithoar, a former Muay-Thai kickboxing superstar, surprisingly wrested the WBA junior bantamweight title from Venezuelan southpaw Goitia, scoring a vicious knockout at the 2:39 mark of the eighth round before an estimated 30,000 fans at Kamphaeng Phetch Provincial Gymnasium.

The 115-pounders traded punches from the start, with the challenger averting Goitia's vaunted left hands by utilizing a high guard. Aware of Sithoar's power, Goitia, 15-1 (12), elected to box, piling up points from the third round on. But in the eighth, Sithoar, 11-0 (7), landed a right to the solar plexus, downing Goitia for the full count.

It was Goitia's fourth defense.

Promoter: Songchai Ratanasuban

(8-24-96)

Joe Koizumi

Adolpho Washington W 12 Torsten May

Palma de Mallorca, Spain: Overcoming a distinct height disadvantage, Washington forced the issue to take the vacant IBF cruiserweight title by unanimous decision over 1992 Olympic gold medalist May at the Plaza del Toro in this resort town. The title had been vacated by Al Cole, who plans to campaign at heavyweight. It was Washington's fourth try at a world title.

Constantly pressing forward, Washington, 190, Lexington, Kentucky, dictated the terms, keeping the battle at close range and firing short, clubbing, hurtful punches that severely marked the face of May, 189½, Frankfurt, Germany. May lacked the strength to force Washington onto his back foot, which would have given him the opportunity to fully realize the potential of his southpaw jab. Robbed of his key weapon, the German was lost, and only courage kept him going when his legs weakened due to the relentless pace in the later rounds.

Despite being five inches shorter, Washington's stiff jabs were more telling in the first round. He blocked most of May's jabs with a high, tight guard that served him well throughout. A right by Washington, 26-3-2 (15), got home, as did a left uppercut in the second. But it was Washington's strong, accurate jabbing that resulted in a cut on May's right eye, which the corner did well to staunch.

A left hook reopened the cut, and May, no doubt concerned about the injury, became defense-oriented. Good bodyshots and a left to the head gave Washington a clean sweep of the first three rounds. May, 15-1 (10), rallied in the fourth with four consecutive lefts that seemed to stun Washington. Halfway through the round, the American scored with a right, but May retaliated with a stinging one-two and a straight left.

Continuing to fight the wrong fight—on the inside—May struggled in the fifth as his right eye began to close. Washington concentrated on the body in the sixth, but a left-right-left by May prompted him to respond with a left and right that clearly distressed the German.

Washington's left eye was swelling by the seventh, but May was now heavily marked around both eyes. Washington upped the pace in the ninth, staggering May with a left hook and a straight right behind it, and by this stage was doing the better work. A lead right snapped back May's head in the 10th, and Washington opened up until the bell came to the German's rescue. All May could do now was last the course, which he managed despite sustaining further bombardment over the final two rounds.

Manuel Morte (Spain) scored 116-112, Albert Bennett (USA) 117-111, and Arthur Ellensohn (Germany) a ridiculously close 115-114. THE RING had Washington ahead by 116-112.

Promoter: Wilfried Sauerland, in association with RTL

(8-31-96)

Brian Doogan

Laurent Boudouani KO 5 Julio Cesar Vasquez

Le Cannet, France: With a single punch reminiscent of Mike McCallum's stunning kayo of Donald Curry, Boudouani produced a startling upset, wresting the WBA junior middleweight title from the clutches of Vasquez at La Palestre. It was the first defense of Vasquez' second reign.

Talented and confident, but with a reputation for delivering erratic performances, the 29-year-old Boudouani, 153, Sallanche, France, was charged up for his first world title challenge. He quickly sensed that breaking down the defenses of Vasquez, 153½, Sante Fe, Argentina, would require as much guile as brawn. He cleverly drew the champion's punches before opening up with heavy shots of his own. Vasquez, 30, who earlier this year had been lined up to meet WBC-IBF champion Terry Norris in a unification bout, looked in good shape until the fateful punch, a ripping right uppercut that knocked him flat on his face.

The Argentine southpaw made the better start, hurtling overhand lefts into Boudouani's face. Mixing in bodyshots as well, Vasquez, 56-3 (39), seemed intent on quickly establishing superiority. But before the round was out, Boudouani, 33-2 (30), countered with a short hook and a right that provided a hint of things to come.

Jabbing effectively in the second, Vasquez again took charge, firing a fusillade of blows, some of which found their target, while others were deftly slipped by the unflustered Frenchman. Indeed, he came storming back with a perfect right uppercut, but had to take some heavy lefts in reply. The third was quieter, but Boudouani countered well in the fourth, sliding left to right and evading many of the cumbersome blows being thrown by Vasquez.

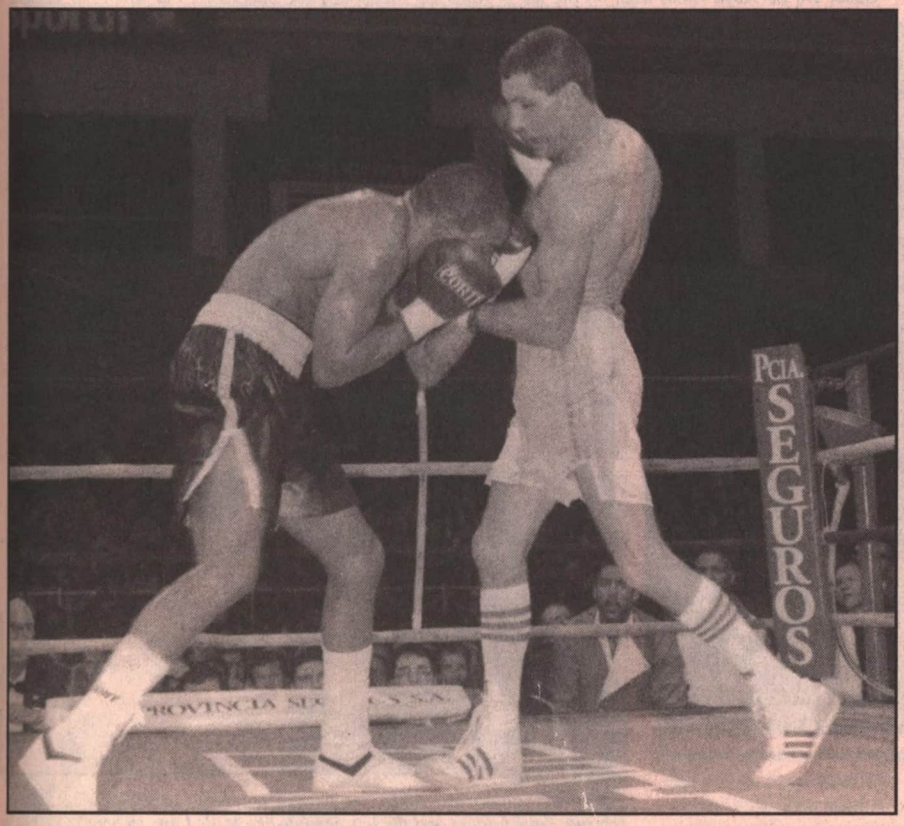
As Vasquez prepared to fire a looping left in the fifth, Boudouani struck with a thunderous shot that popped the champion's mouthpiece and dropped him to the canvas. Up at Italian referee Franco Priali's count of eight, Vasquez still looked groggy. Losing his cool, Boudouani threw a series of wild shots, most of which missed Vasquez, who was trying to clear the cobwebs. But a hook followed by a right finished the job, with Vasquez folding first onto his side and then onto his back as the referee waved it over without counting.

"I knew what I had to do to stop him after the first round, and when I saw the opening, I went for it," Boudouani said afterward.

Promoter: AB Stars Productions

(8-21-96)

Brian Doogan



Coggi's punches were largely ineffective

Frankie Randall W 12 Juan Coggi

Villa Ballester, Argentina: Clashing with Coggi for the third time, Randall regained the WBA junior welterweight title, clearly outfighting the willing southpaw and winning a unanimous decision before a crowd of 5,500 at Sociedad Alemana de Gimnasia. It was the first defense of Coggi's third reign.

The 34-year-old Randall, 140, Fort Pierce, Florida, survived an accidental clash of heads in the first round. In the second, he downed Coggi, 140, Brandsen, Argentina, with a long right hand. Coggi, 34, tried to force an infight, but Randall proved quicker and more explosive. Referee John Coyle (England) penalized the Argentine for holding and hitting in round five.

Though visibly fatigued, Randall, 53-4-1 (40), was dominant from the seventh through the 11th, during which Coggi, 70-4-2 (41), went down again, though Coyle ruled no knockdown. Coggi won the 12th, but his one-round rally was not enough to save the title. At the finish, he was bleeding from the nose and a small cut over his right eye.

Inexplicably, Julio Roldan (Venezuela) scored for Randall by only 114-113. Samuel Conde had "The Surgeon" in front by 115-112, and Rafael Carabanos (Puerto Rico) saw it 117-111. Randall had clearly been the better man, and afterward, WBA President Gilberto Mendoza, who was ringside, apologized for the closeness of the scoring.

Editor's note: In the days following the fight, it was revealed by the Argentine commission that Randall failed his postfight urinalysis. As we went to press, it had not yet been determined whether he would be stripped.

Promoters: Osvaldo Rivero and Don King

(8-16-96)

Carlos Irusta ■

CAMERA CLICKS

Photo by Steve Azzara

Oscar De La Hoya ranks high on the list of America's most eligible bachelors, but when our camera spotted him, "The Golden Boy" seemed pretty cozy with girlfriend Veronica.

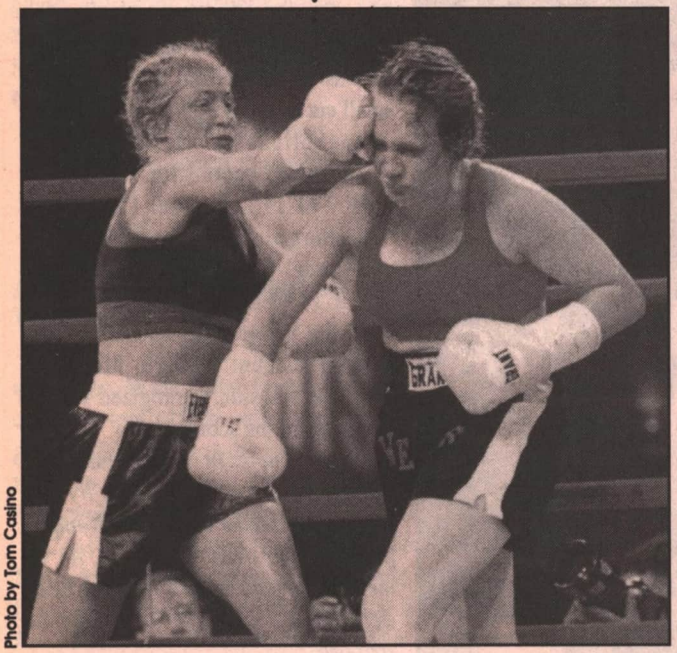


Photo by Tom Casino

Upset! At The Theater in New York City, inexperienced Kathy Collins outpointed Andrea DeShong over six rounds. The bout was televised nationally on the USA Network's Tuesday Night Fights.

Photo by Scott Romer

After this photo was taken, we needed a referee to order 6'2" female boxer Jen Childers and the leprechaun-like Mills Lane to break.

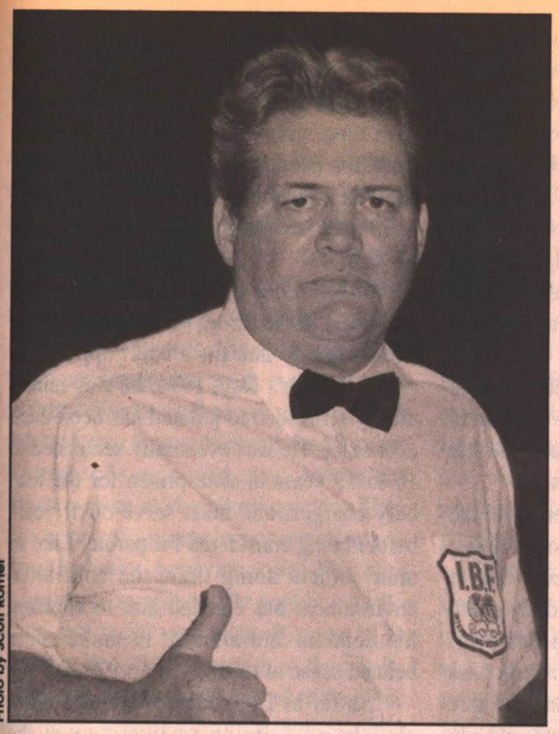


Photo by Scott Romer

Do you know this man? Perhaps you remember him as a fighter, not a referee. In May 1972, Ron Stander lasted five bloody rounds in a try at Joe Frazier's world heavyweight title.

During a recent visit to Yankee Stadium, IBF welterweight champion Felix Trinidad wasn't about to burst Darryl Strawberry's bubble.

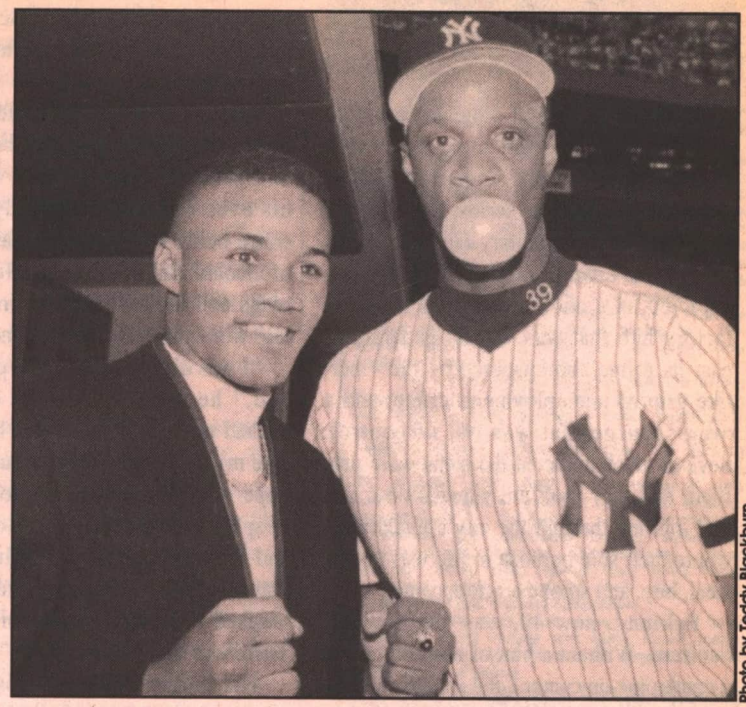


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Never let it be said that Thomas Hearns forgot his roots. Hearns still works out at the legendary Kronk gym. "The Hit Man" is seeking one last superfight, but his prospects seem dim.

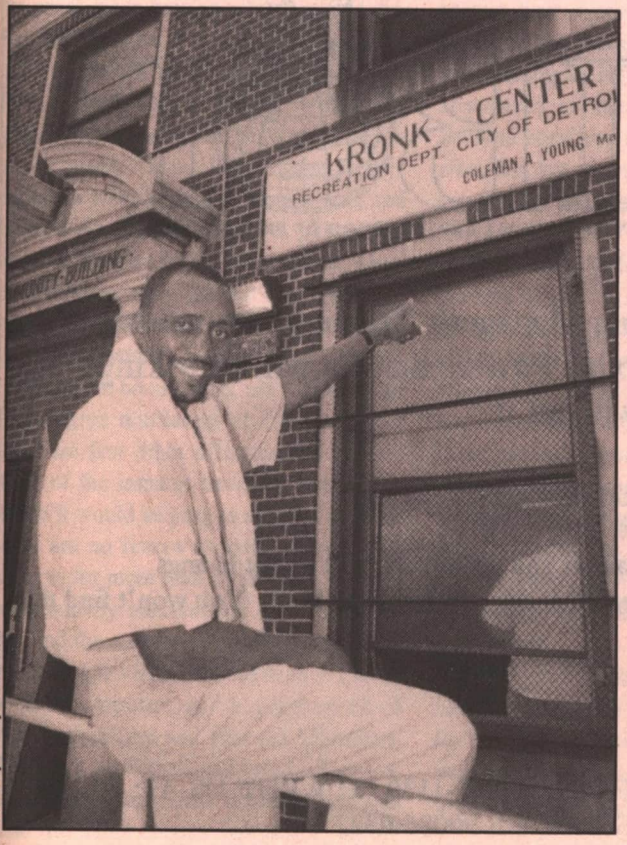


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

NOSTALGIA CORNER

Preparing for a 1946 battle with British heavyweight champion Bruce Woodcock, Tami Mauriello and manager Lefty Remini show that they, too, are civilized. This must be where HBO got the idea for that Lennox Lewis commercial from a couple of years back.

Ecklund & Ward

(Continued from page 51)

It would be several more years before an even stronger and more fetid tale evolved from Lowell. As part of HBO's *America Undercover* series, the network produced the documentary *High On Crack Street: Lost Lives In Lowell.* The town was depicted as a once-prosperous mill and factory hub that was several generations past its prime and ensnared by the viper-like grip of unemployment, crime, and a drug scourge that was out of control. Several crack-addicted denizens were profiled, and they took the viewers on a dismal journey through the city's underbelly, where their sole purpose in life was to sell, steal, buy, and smoke crack cocaine.

Ecklund, now 40, was one of those denizens. Without a hint of modesty, he lit a crack pipe on camera, the smoke swirling around his head like an ominous halo. He managed a gleeful smirk and twitched his eyebrow purposefully, as if gloating and showing he held his little piece of the world on a string. Symbolically, it was much like the victory jig he had done against Leonard.

Ecklund was also emaciated, his once-lean, lithe, subtly muscular body reduced to a pathetic shell. His face was morose, his eyes dim and seemingly dead. His entire being had been decimated by years of alcohol and drug abuse. His arms were twigs and looked ready to break, and his legs were gnawed chicken bones.

"I was down to about 120 pounds at the end," he said. "Anybody could have pushed me over. I remember being able to take my hand and wrap it around my entire upper arm and still have room left over. People used to come to the crack houses and be told I was Dick Ecklund, the guy that fought Sugar Ray Leonard. Everybody laughed because they couldn't believe it. There was nothing left of me."

His vulgar world collapsed in September 1993, when he was charged with armed robbery and a handful of other felony charges. He was released on bail after three months, then managed to stay clean for another three. But after winning $350 on a scratch ticket in the state lottery, he headed straight for the sordid refuge of his past.

Within hours, Ecklund was again immersed in the throes of addiction. When he showed up late for a court appearance on St. Patrick's Day, 1994, he was immediately remanded to jail and has been there ever since. He was eventually sentenced to 10 to 15 years in state prison for the robbery charges, and must serve eight years before being considered for parole. Like so many others doing time, the controlled environment has enabled him to confront his demons and attempt to make some belated sense of them.

"As far as I'm concerned, I'm a miracle," he said during an interview at the Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Plymouth, a minimum security work farm nestled in the Males Standish Forest. "I

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still have a lot of learning to do, but I've learned more about myself the past few years than in my whole life.

"As a kid, I had so much going for me. A lot of people cared about me. People were sniffing coke and doing pills all around me, but I hated all kinds of drugs. My addiction snuck up on me. Once I started, I was an instant addict. I could never do anything in moderation."

Plymouth houses 188 inmates, all of whom are required to work on Department of Public Works road crews, or as janitors and yard men at state facilities for $2 a day. Ecklund toils on a road crew. Most sleep two to a room in dormitory quarters. They have access to a psychologist, as well as regular Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous meetings. The goal is rehabilitation, not social retribution. It seems to be working. Because it is easy time, there is little tension. Ecklund had served stints in the maximum security Walpole and Gardner state prisons. He views his stay at Plymouth as a gift, a part of what he considers a spiritual revitalization.

"Dick Ecklund can't do anything his way, he must do it God's way," he said. "The cops didn't put me in jail, I put myself here. I know that now. People on the street made bets on when I would die. But little by little, I'm getting it together. I have to always remember where I came from, all my disappointments. Every day I pray to God for another 24 hours of sobriety. At night, I thank Him. I gave up crying about what a piece of bleep I was, and chose to do something about it. I know I'm no better than an addict on the street, I just chose a better way. All that I've learned in here will enable me to help myself, and help others, when I get out."

There are no arsonists, sex offenders, or first-degree murderers at Plymouth, but there are few other offenses that at least some of the inmates have not committed. While it would be easy to abscond because there are no fences or walls, nobody has done so for more than three years. Inmates are gradually matriculated back into society, and the success rate is high. There are no conjugal visits, but there is a library with a computer, and a good stock of recent magazines and year-old bestsellers. There are basketball and handball courts. Inmates can participate in firefighting and auto mechanic classes and pray at an on-site chapel. The facility sits alongside a beautiful lake. As pleasant as it is, and as glad as he is to be there, Ecklund said, "It is still a prison. When you can't leave to take care of a family problem, you are always reminded of that. When you don't get visitors for a while, you remember. You have a lot of time to think here. That's good and bad. You think about the past, but you can also think about the future."

From all accounts, Ecklund has assimilated well. Prison camp officer John Chew says, "Dickie is one of the hardest workers I've ever had. He's always got a smile and can walk 10 miles on the road with no problem. He's an inspiration to a lot of people."

Ecklund had always been an inspiration, sometimes despite himself. He remembers being stopped by a state trooper for speeding—and being asked for his autograph instead of being written a ticket. The ultimate ignominy came when he was being checked into another prison facility and was asked by the intake officer if his name was spelled E-c-k-l-u-n-d or E-k-l-u-n-d. When he replied it was spelled with a "c", the officer said, "Oh, like the fighter, the one that fought Sugar Ray Leonard." Ecklund's body was so wracked with ruin, he was unrecognizable. It was not until later that the guard realized who he had been talking to. He seemed genuinely disappointed at seeing the fallen idol. Ecklund considers that moment his abyss, when he was stripped to the bones with nowhere to hide, from himself or anyone else.

Since then, he has spent an inordinate amount of time thinking about the past, and how it all went so wrong. He has committed himself to making sure the lessons of yesterday are not lost on tomorrow. He has also committed himself to preventing it from becoming generational, vowing to make sure his sons, Dickie, four, and Tommy, three, never fall prey to the pitfalls that befell him. He also has a 22-year-old daughter, Kerry, who lives in New Hampshire. All three children have different mothers.

"I have been a lot of good things in my life," he said. "A good boxer, a good brother, a good trainer. I always found a way to mess things up. But I can still be a good dad. I am so disappointed in losing

(Continued on page 74)

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Ecklund & Ward

(Continued from page 73)

the luster that I used to have in Mickey's eyes, I won't let that happen again. I still have it in me to be a good father. I *will* be a good father. We used to tell my kids I was in training camp. I don't want to lie to them now, so we tell them I am in jail. Hopefully, they can learn from it."

He said one blessing about his current incarceration is that Tommy has never seen him drunk or high on drugs. Little Dickie, whom he calls "my clone," is already showing some interest in the Sweet Science; he's bobbing and weaving on a regular basis. Ecklund knows that by the time he is released, his sons will be at an age when temptation is lurking. He wants to be there.

When Ecklund was 12, he was so advanced as a boxer that he lied about his age, fought under the pseudonym Dick Huntley, and won the New England Silver Mittens tournament, beating opponents who were more than five years older. He regrets that with boxing coming so easy to him, he never learned the value of hard work and dedication. As a result, what came easily also went easily. He swears he will do everything to not let that happen to his sons. And he's thrilled it never happened to Ward.

"I love Mickey very much and really want to help him," he said. "Thank God he didn't follow my path. By the time I get out, he'll be retired. I just hope some of his dreams come true. He really deserves it. My drug and alcohol use prevented me from giving him the attention he needed."

Ward acknowledges that Ecklund was a great trainer, but adds, " ... when he was there. You just never knew when that would be."

***

Mickey O'Keefe is a sergeant in the Lowell Police Department and the owner of the Lowell Boxing Club. The club sits like an oasis in a part of town known as "The Acre," where drug activity and all the crime associated with it is rampant. He guided Ecklund through much of his amateur and pro careers, and now serves as a mentor to Ward.

"Dickie was a natural, one of the most gifted athletes I ever saw," O'Keefe said. "Even when he got involved in drinking and drugs, he could be out all night binging, then run five miles in the morning like it was nothing. It must have been in his genes. It came so easy for him."

Ward, 31, felt blessed to be trained by his brother. "I remember the Sugar Ray Leonard fight because it was like a madhouse there," he said. "Even though I was too short to see much of the fight, it was thrilling because Dickie was in it."

Ward excelled at many sports, especially baseball, and had no predisposition toward boxing. Early on, he wasn't even very good at it. At age 12, though, he started winning fights. Seven years later, he chose a professional boxing career because he had no interest in college. He reveled in his early success, and was wise enough to

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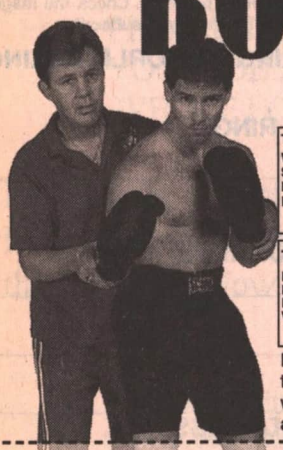

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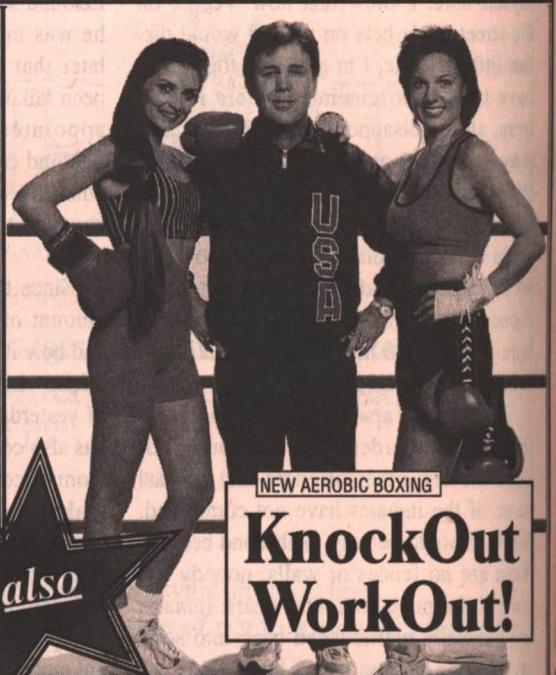

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leave when his commitment waned. After a few years, however, the urge to come back grew strong. Outside of the ring, his life was full of turmoil.

Besides witnessing his brother slip into the depths of despair, Ward went through a breakup with his fiancee that he said, "was harder than any fight I ever had in my life." He has a strong relationship with his daughter, Brittany, now eight, and sees her regularly. He has always fantasized about making enough money to give her a good start in life and sending her to college. That set the stage for his comeback, which began in June 1994. By year's end, he had scored two knockouts of nondescript opponents. Then he quit again.

In late-'95, Ward showed up at O'Keefe's gym and mused about whether or not he "had anything left." O'Keefe saw a glint in the fighter's eye and knew Ward was battling conflicting emotions. He told him that he should give it one last all-out effort or he'd always look back and wonder about what could have been. That, O'Keefe advised, would be more torturous than having an unsuccessful comeback. He told Ward that with all the fighter had been through, "nobody could beat you at anything, you could only beat yourself."

For six weeks, Ward trained like a racehorse, working the pads with O'Keefe, moving around the ring with the youngsters, running mile after mile (forward *and* backward), doing endless pull-ups, dips, and crunches, and running up and down steps. Every time Ward got tired, O'Keefe railed like a drill sergeant, "You're not tired yet." It got to the point, he said, "that Mickey was waking at 2:30 in the morning hearing the sound of my voice screaming at him." It paid off, though, when Ward, now campaigning as a junior welterweight, scored quick knockouts last December and January against standard comeback fodder.

Those wins set the stage for the first big test of his comeback. In April, Ward came from behind to stop previously unbeaten Lewis Veader in the ninth round of a nationally televised bout. A slick stick-and-move artist, Veader, 31-0, was being groomed for a run at the division's elite. But Ward, throwing one bodyshot after another, dropped him in a heap with a hook to the side, followed by a hook to the head. It was a Rockyesque victory.

Adviser Joe Lake, who also handles Dana Rosenblatt, said the knockout combination only *looked* like a hail-mary effort. "Mickey was never more ready for a fight in his life," he said. "That was a calculated knockout. Mickey is a vicious left-hooker to the liver. Plus, he has so much to fight for now. He saw it come and go with his brother and with himself, and he has a daughter he loves.

"Mickey was always a world-class fighter, but he never had world-class preparation. He lived in an environment that was not conducive to being a prize fighter. He has put everything aside and fights for himself now, for all the right reasons. He fights because he still has a shot at a championship. We know the time is now, and we're not wasting any."

In a July rematch, Ward, 27-7 (19), beat Veader by unanimous decision, and his team is readying for a last-ditch effort for a title. Lake and O'Keefe are aggressively seeking a fight with any of the premier players in the division, including Julio Cesar Chavez, Kostya Tszyu, and Oscar De La Hoya. "Mickey can hang with any world-class fighter or any world champion out there," said Lake. "He's never been in better mental or physical shape, and he's never been knocked down or stopped in his life. And he was fighting quality guys long before he should have been. A guy like Chavez would be made to order for him. Chavez hates to chase people. Well, he won't have to chase Mickey."

"Mickey is too good for all the young guns; the promoters know that," said O'Keefe. "We know he was supposed to lose to Veader, but we had such a belief in ourselves that we couldn't wait to take the fight. It was a great opportunity and it showed everybody where we are at.

"That kid has been to hell and back, and is still fighting. He deserves a break more than anybody I know. When he beat Veader the first time, besides the days my three sons were born, that was the happiest day of my life. To know what this kid has been through, and how he's come out of it so well, I cried. I wanted to lift him eight feet in the air."

Ward isn't one to talk much, but he is clearly bright and introspective. You can sense the hunger in him, and almost smell the desire. It is as if he can feel something

(Continued on page 76)

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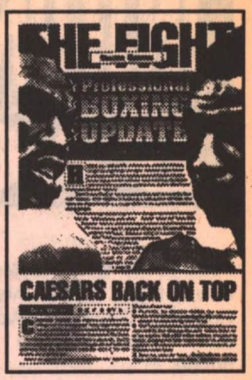

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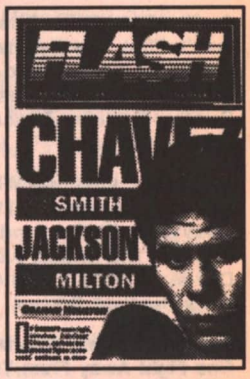

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Ecklund & Ward

(Continued from page 75)

very significant is near, and he's just happy to be there to take it.

"Look, I'm not a saint or anything, but I know right from wrong," Ward said. "I hope that good things happen with this comeback. That's why I'm here. But I know the score. I'm going to take it as far as I can. I'm still in it, and I'm happy about that."

He thinks about his brother often and visits him when he can—which isn't often. He still remembers the better days of their relationship, and the good side of Ecklund that is all but forgotten in Lowell.

"It's easy for people to talk bad about him," said Ward. "That movie just showed him to be a junkie. It didn't show anything positive. Dickie has a good message, he's done a lot of good. He wanted to do that movie to show people what could happen [if they got involved with drugs]. But they never showed that."

The morning of the Veader rematch, Ward went for a walk with O'Keefe at the Foxwoods Casino in Ledyard, Connecticut. The same day, Ecklund hosted a journalist in the prison visiting room about 75 miles away. Ecklund was mapping out a strategy for his brother in his head, as if he would be in the corner that night. Ecklund doesn't revel in his past fistic glories, but he revels in those of Ward.

"I went from a hero to a zero," he said. "But Mickey's still got a shot. He's really a strong person. He resisted temptation, even when he saw me doing things. Some people don't see what's happening in front of them, but Mickey always did. That mental strength makes him go a little wild when he gets hit, and he has to learn to be more controlled. He has to jump on Veader from the get-go. Bang him hard with the first punch. Veader knows how he got knocked out last time, and that's gonna be in the back of his head all night long."

After saying goodbye to his visitor, Ecklund remembered something important and ran toward him. "If you see my

son at the fight tonight, can you get a picture of him with Mickey and mail it to me?" he asked somewhat sheepishly, and with a hint of desperation. When told it would be no problem, he issued a heartfelt thanks.

Seconds later, he called again. He couldn't run any closer because the journalist was beyond the point of demarcation, and this was, after all, a prison. "Can you do me another favor?" he yelled. "Tell them both I love them." ■

Robert Mladinich is a freelance writer based in New York City.

Ali

(Continued from page 53)

Most of the people on line were joyful. But one of them, a middle-aged woman with a kind face, wasn't. Ali's condition grieved her, and as she approached him, she burst into tears.

Ali leaned over, kissed her on the cheek, and told her, "Don't feel bad. God has blessed me. I've had a good life, and it's still good. I'm having fun now."

The woman walked away smiling. Certainly for the rest of her life, she would remember meeting Ali. Moments later, she turned to look back at him, but Ali's attention was already focused on the next person in line, a tall, handsome black man. "You're uglier than Joe Frazier," Ali was saying.

***

And that, of course, brings us to Frazier. It's no secret that of all Ali's ring opponents, the one who still holds the biggest grudge against him is "Smokin' Joe." Frazier makes no secret of his dislike for Ali, and sometimes his antipathy extends to his rival's friends.

In 1991, I was in Atlantic City for a heavyweight bout between Ray Mercer and Tommy Morrison. Frazier was in attendance, and I introduced him to a friend of mine named Neil Ragin.

Frazier's response was a resounding "grummpf!"

"It's nothing against you," I explained to Neil. "Joe doesn't talk to me a whole lot."

Which gave Neil a chance to ingratiate himself to Frazier and keep the conversation going. "Of course, Joe doesn't talk with you. You're Ali's man. Everybody knows you're Ali's man. Right, Joe?"

Whereupon Frazier said simply, "Right! And I ain't talking to you either, 'cause you the friend of Ali's man."

Meanwhile, when it comes to Frazier, Ali still gives as good as he gets. Several years ago, I was with Ali in New York for a celebration at the United Nations. Ali's son, Assad, who was a year old at the time, was also there, as was Frazier. And Frazier was looking for trouble. Smiling at Assad, he told onlookers, "*Hmmm,* that boy looks just like me."

Ali didn't miss a beat. "Don't call my boy ugly," he said. ■

New Faces

(Continued from page 57)

on and was landing left hook-right cross combinations before the disappointing ending. Another round or two and LaSpada would have been LaSplattered all over the canvas. Thankfully for Brown, a rematch is in the works for late-'96 or early-'97.

Let down by not being able to kayo LaSpada, Brown was nonetheless unfazed by the minor setback. In fact, his confidence, like his granite jaw, is rock-solid. He knew LaSpada was his.

"I had him; two or three more rounds and I would have knocked him off his feet, no doubt about it," says Brown, who, like LaSpada, lives and trains in Las Vegas.

"Dale would have knocked him out easily; he was coming on," says Muhammad. "He's made remarkable progress so far, great strides. He has the determination to become champion. Basically, he wants to win."

Brown grew up blue-collar; his father worked at a steel mill. He exudes a well-grounded confidence in his abilities, not an overconfident arrogance. It was that quality that first drew Lalonde to the 6'1" banger from Calgary's Renfrew Boxing Club.

"Dale's strong, durable, but more than anything, he has heart, the heart of a champion," says Lalonde, who has sparred with his fighter more than a dozen times.

"Dale pulled me back into the fight game," Lalonde continues. "I was living a good life on my ranch on Vancouver Island. But I saw him at the Commonwealth Games in Victoria, and he got the juices flowing again. [As we went to press, Lalonde was about to launch a ring comeback.] Our relationship is great; we're friends and partners. He's a low-key kind of guy. He doesn't run around, like some other fighters do."

According to Lalonde, the LaSpada fight won't serve as a roadblock. "Dale is a top-15, top-10 fighter right now; he's world-class already," he says. "He'll be ready to go for a world title in the next year or so. We'll just let things take their course."

"We want to take our time, we're not going to rush," adds Muhammad. "But he can be champion soon."

Brown, who spends some down time in Vegas playing in a darts league, of all things, concurs. "Yeah, I'll be ready in the next 18 months. Experience is what I need the most," says the former high school quarterback. "My left hook is my best punch. But we're working on my right hand, timing it better, learning how to roll into the punch and put my hips into it. It could be punctuated better."

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Brown and Lalonde come across as the calmest of comrades, but inside the ring it's an entirely different story, especially when Muhammad is added to the mix.

"Eddie screams big-time; we have fun," Brown says with a laugh. "I admire him. He has the experience of a world champion. He's been through the trenches. And he's passing the experience along, which is a good step for me.

"And Donnie has boxed with me, trained with me. He's very intense, really wound up, and brings out the best in me. He truly motivates me, and we have a good rapport."

Even after your manager has unloaded his wrecking-ball right hand on you?

"I've never been down professionally," Brown answers. "No doubt about it, Donnie's got a great right. But I've got a pretty good chin."

"I have sparred with Dale," Lalonde says matter of factly, "and I have tested him with my right. There's no quit in him. He's got a terrific chin."

The plan is for Brown to nab a world title and defend it until he's about 30. When he hangs 'em up, he plans on moving back to Calgary and opening a boxing gym for kids. But for now, his career is his main focus. Being that he's a cruiserweight, one has to wonder whether the heavyweight division, home of larger paydays and greater fame, is a temptation to a young, hungry warrior.

"I'm staying at cruiserweight and keeping busy," Brown, ever the realist, responds. "I don't have the frame for it. Those guys are 6'5", 6'6", and 240 pounds. They're too big for me."

Lalonde is too shrewd to flatly discount an eventual move to heavyweight. For the moment, Brown is his only fighter, but others have contacted the former champion about representation. If Brown is on the fast track as a fighter, Lalonde is on the rise as a manager—even if he's not quite done throwing punches.

Just imagine: Someday it could be the The Golden Boy and The Cowboy on the same fight card, with manager and fighter defending their respective titles. Now *that* would be a first, even for a dime-store novel. ■

Warren Tasker, who is based in Edmonton, Alberta, is The Ring's corresondent for Canada.

Rosenblatt-Paz

(Continued from page 21)

good-hearted, generous guy. He's accessible, personally answers every piece of fan mail, and is even nice to old folks.

"The day before I left for Atlantic City [for the Rosenblatt fight], I went to a senior citizens home back in Rhode Island," said Pazienza. "No media. No press. No nothin'. I spent half a day with them. They were so happy. I love doing things like that. It's amazing that I can have an effect on people's lives. That's the best part of this game for me."

But isn't all this nice-guy stuff inconsistent with the psycho killer who went berserk at the conclusion of the Rosenblatt fight?

"I'm not the Pazmanian Devil outside of the ring," maintained Pazienza. "It's only in the ring. I get up for my performance. I get up for that hour when I have to get it on, and that's it."

For the first three rounds of the Rosenblatt fight, which was sponsored by Bally's Park Place, it looked as if Pazienza's attempt to "get up" had fallen flat. Looking relaxed and confident, Rosenblatt, 162, Malden, Massachusetts, moved well and soon found the range with his southpaw jabs, one of which clipped Pazienza, 164¼, Cranston, Rhode Island, on the chin and sent him to one knee. Before referee Tony Orlando (USA) could make a ruling, Paz bounced up like a jack-in-the-box and hit his startled opponent in the face with a left. Although replays plainly show that Rosenblatt had scored a knockdown, Orlando called it a slip and overlooked Paz' cheap shot.

Unruffled, Rosenblatt continued to connect with his right. By the time the bell rang to end the opening round, Paz' nose was bleeding and his left eye was discolored and swelling.

Pazienza fell further behind in the second and third. Rosenblatt's right repeatedly found the target, and so did several stiff hooks. At one point in the third, the two-division former champion posed and mugged for the TV cameras after fielding a crisp combination. Nothing new there. But when the normally reserved Rosenblatt waved backed and extended his chin, it was evident that his early success was starting to affect his judgment.

Midway into the fourth, something far more concrete impeded Rosenblatt's thinking process. Paz finally saw the opening he'd been waiting for and unleashed a screaming overhand right. The shot slammed into Rosenblatt's head like a sledgehammer and sent him crashing to the canvas. At first, it didn't appear he'd beat the count, but as Orlando yelled "eight," the stricken, glassy-eyed fighter wobbled to his feet and raised his gloves into a fighting position. His courage almost got him decapitated.

A fusillade of flush punches rained down on Rosenblatt, jerking his head first one way and then the other. Pazienza threw all his pent-up frustrations into the finishing flurry, driving his foe across the ring and into a corner, where several more neck-wrenching lefts and rights left the already dazed Rosenblatt, 28-1 (21), out on his feet.

Orlando wedged his body between the fighters and waved it off at the 2:13 mark, but Paz was so incensed, he kept winging punches, one of which hit the referee in the back of his head and sent him tumbling to the floor. Paz cut loose with one last swing before New Jersey boxing commissioner Larry Hazzard (who inadvertently kneed Orlando in the noggin as he leaped through the ropes) and several deputies restrained him.

The judges were Rocky Young, Eugene Grant, and John Stewart, all from the USA.

"I surprised myself," said Pazienza, 41-6 (27). "I fight with a lot of emotion and intensity. It was a vicious ending, but if I was in court, I would claim temporary insanity. At first, I didn't realize what happened. I just remembered seeing Tony go down. But I talked to him the next day, because I like Tony a lot. I said, 'Tony, I'm sorry.' He laughed and said, 'Vinny, don't worry about it. I'm going into training. I just want a rematch.'"

The New Jersey Athletic Commission wasn't quite as forgiving, and has fined Pazienza $5,000 for his improprieties. The fighter intends to appeal.

Despite having been behind on all three cards, Pazienza wasn't as impressed with Rosenblatt as one might have expected.

(Continued on page 80)

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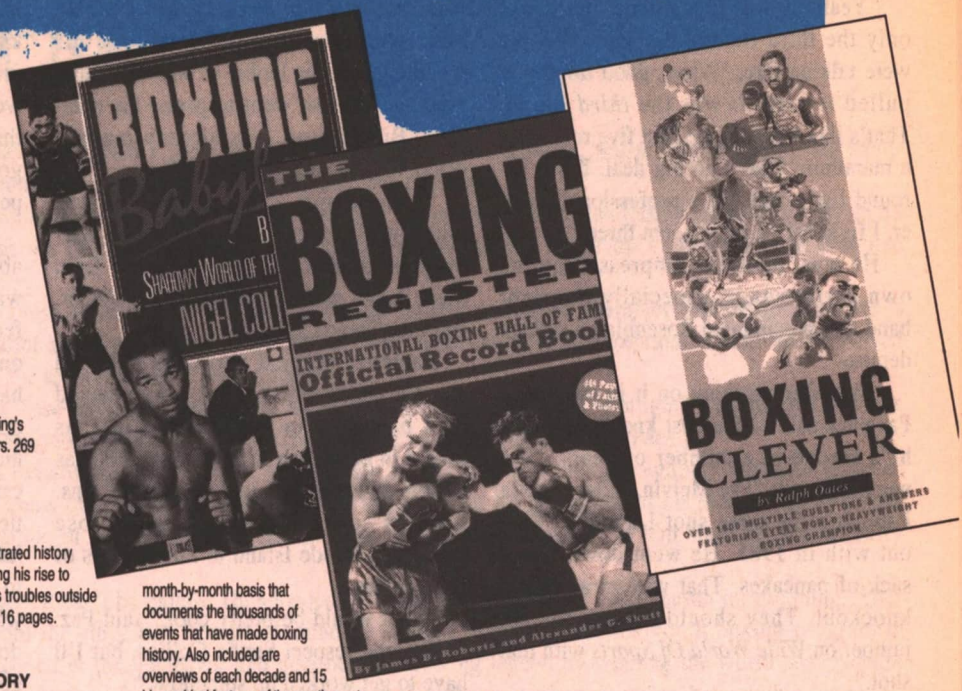

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Rosenblatt-Paz

(Continued from page 78)

"Yeah, he was doing good, but it was only the third round," he said. "People were talking like, 'Whoa, good thing you pulled it out!' It was the *third* round. That's like winning the first five rounds of a marathon. That's no big deal. It's a 12-round fight, and I'm a professional fighter. I fight for 12 rounds, not three."

He was, however, impressed by his own performance, especially the right hand that precipitated Rosenblatt's sudden demise.

"We were working on it in the gym," Pazienza said of the best knockout punch he's landed in a number of years. "We were calling it 'The Melvin,' after Melvin Paul. It's the same shot I knocked Paul out with in 1985. He went down like a sack of pancakes. That was an awesome knockout. They should replace the ski jumper on *Wide World Of Sports* with that shot."

Pazienza is also quick to deflect any notion that he's entering the twilight of his career.

"People thought I was done, talking about my age, which I couldn't even believe," he said. "I know it's a fact of life that I'm 33, but I don't think like that. I don't think about my age until somebody says something. I box with 20-year-olds in my gym all the time and give them spankings."

Paz' popularity is starting to spill over to the world outside the ring. A movie about his life, most likely starring Ray Liotta in the title role, is scheduled to start filming by the end of the year. In the meantime, the fighter will make his own screen debut in October.

"I'm going to do a little part in a movie with Sylvester Stallone, which I'm excited about," said Pazienza, who was inspired to become a boxer after seeing *Rocky* as a kid. "It's gonna be called *The Good Life*, and it's about crazy Italians growing up. They typecast me. I play Vinny Paz, world champion boxer. But it's a really good part. I'm surprised how big it is. I read the script; it's pretty hilarious."

Wise guys would say Paz went Hollywood a long time ago, and in terms of schtick, they'd be right. But the bent-nosed pug knows that boxing is the source from which his celebrity springs, and he isn't even thinking about becoming a full-time actor. (The surgery he recently underwent was meant to improve his breathing, not his looks, as was originally reported.) As we went to press, his manager, Bill Cayton, was already mulling offers for Paz' next fight.

"I spoke with Vinny today," Cayton told THE RING less than two weeks after the Rosenblatt fight. "He'd like to fight Steve Little next, probably in December, and then Steve Collins."

Pazienza seemed particularly hyped about a match with Collins, which would be a big draw in Boston. Collins has fought in Beantown in the past, and he has a large following of Irish-American fans. And, of course, Boston is also close enough to Rhode Island to lure legions of Pazmaniacs.

"That would be pretty cool," said Paz. "I like and respect Stevie Collins, but I'll have to get worked up somehow."

Don't worry, Vinny, you'll come up with something. And if all else fails, you'll just have to drink a couple of extra cups of cappuccino. ■

Tyson-Seldon

(Continued from page 26)

nothing that is said or done by that camp surprises me.

One reporter said to me, "Mike Tyson doesn't like you." I said, "I don't live on likes and dislikes. I'm not gonna fall to pieces about it." I've been in boxing too long to fall for that stuff. I can't let anything get in the way of me being my very best. I have to perform, and I can't be at my best if I'm worried about whether a guy likes me or not. Why doesn't the media just say that these are the best two fighters, both of whom come to fight? What's better than that? Why do they need to hype a fight that needs no hype? Everyone's just gonna show up and see what happens anyway.

Some people are saying the fight is coming five years too late, but I don't think the years will affect the fight that much. Things happen only when they're supposed to. Tyson was going through some things back in 1990, 1991, and maybe I was fresher, on a little bit higher ground. But I don't feel that's a disadvantage now. Who controls time? Only God. We're both five, six years older, so who knows. Once the fight happens, then people can say. As for the oddsmakers, they weren't right on Tyson-Buster Douglas. I think on November 9, a lot of people are gonna walk out of there rich. The poor people are gonna make some money.

The right way to fight Tyson is to be able to fight with different styles. One way isn't the right way. No one has a perfect form that can't be beaten. Mike has one weapon, aggressiveness. That's it. I have two; I can be aggressive or I can move around. To nullify him, you can move, and you have to be fast. But you can't move all the time. Until he gets a little tired, you have to fight his fight; you have to put something on him, too. I have to beat him at what he does so I can do what I want to do later in the fight. If he doesn't get you out of there early, he's gonna panic. It'll be like he's in an oxygen tank and running out of oxygen. You can't run in a panic and put yourself in a position to punch. One step back and Tyson's already on you.

You have to fight Tyson, sometimes for a round, sometimes for one punch. You have to show him, "You run in here and I'm gonna knock your head off." You just have to time him right.

So far in his comeback, Tyson has looked like the Mike Tyson from before he went away. He's knocking people out the same way. You can't say this hasn't been Mike Tyson. He's been jacking people up the same way. I don't say to myself, "I can only beat him if he's not good." I want to beat him at his best.

This fight is gonna be like the old Western days: Who's got the quickest hands and who's the most accurate? That's what usually determines who wins a shootout. You know I'm gonna be there. This fight will be based on quickness and punching accuracy.

The fans should expect a good fight, at least from me, because I'm not talking for Mike Tyson. They should expect me to win. I was born a winner, and I have faith that on midnight, Eastern time, on November 9, I'm gonna be the world heavyweight champion again. ■

FISKE ON FIGHTS

By Jack Fiske

Ray Leonard has been called a great champion, egotistical, vain, arrogant, self-serving, miserly, and stout-hearted. But until here and now, he has never been labeled dumb.

Leonard, who relishes his lofty position in ring history, is gambling that he can further increase his stature by coming back at age 40. He's apparently unaware that his reputation will suffer the consequences of even one loss.

As we went to press, it seemed all but certain that the retired, multititled champion and multimillionaire is returning (again) after a five-year layoff. It will be his third comeback after an exceptional career that is viewed by many as one of the most brilliant in recent history.

What gets into these guys who can't walk away—permanently—from the spotlight? I tip my hat to Gene Tunney, Rocky Marciano, and Marvin Hagler. They walked away and never looked back.

Leonard must eventually lose, even if he initially enjoys a run of success against carefully selected opponents. If you know of Leonard's fondness for the spotlight and his perception of his place in welterweight history, a downgrading of his abilities may be the most hurtful thing to happen to him since his loss to Terry Norris.

In Leonard's case, it can't be money. He's loaded. At least George Foreman had a reason for returning. After 10 years away from the ring, Big George claimed he wanted to provide for his youth boxing program in Houston. He succeeded in that endeavor and also became a living legend by winning the world heavyweight championship a second time. Rolling in the money and loving the sight of every microphone within his reach, Foreman is still sucking up the huzzahs.

On the other hand, Leonard's previous comeback was a disaster; he was completely overwhelmed by Norris. That setback, a one-sided decision loss, jeopardized Leonard's place in the pantheon. It's much easier to recall the present than the glories of the past, and the picture of Leonard on his behind at Madison Square Garden sticks with us.

Remember that today's younger fans weren't around for, or weren't aware of, Leonard's tingling victories over Wilfred Benitez, Thomas Hearns, and Roberto Duran. That applies to the media, too. The old breed has been supplanted by johnny-come-latelys who got in on Leonard's sub-par performance vs. Thomas Hearns (in their second fight) and his sorry showing vs. Norris. This affects their perception of the fighter.

It is the media that determines the placing of the sport's great ones. And you're only as good as your last fight. In 1910, Jim Jeffries was undefeated at 20-0 when he came out of retirement at age 35 after six years in clover. He was considered by all of America as the greatest thing on canvas. But his thrashing by Jack Johnson forever downgraded his position in the hearts of the people. The press today operates on the same theory: Keep winning, baby, and we love you. Lose and it's too, too bad.

In fairness, not all fighters' reputations suffer from comebacks. Sugar Ray Robinson and Willie Pep, universally acknowledged as two of the greatest ever, had only spotty success in their respective returns to the ring, yet were barely chastised by the fans who remembered their shining hours. And the reputation of Benny Leonard, who came back to defeat 19 hand-picked opponents before getting kayoed by Jimmy McLarnin, did not suffer.

Duran, on the other hand, never went away. At 45, he has yet to make a comeback, at least from retirement. In spite of lethargic performances against third-rate foes, he remains well-received by the old folks who recall his finest moments. But what about the younger writers who emphasize Duran's physical appearance? And what about the younger fans, who watch Duran labor against the likes of Vinny Pazienza and Hector Camacho and fail to understand why he was ever considered special?

Consider Larry Holmes, who, like Leonard, couldn't or wouldn't run from the spotlight. Financially, at least, Holmes enjoyed a fairly successful return. But was his comeback, which fell just short of the world title, worth the ridicule he endured in the newspapers?

Like Holmes, Leonard is sure to absorb his share of abuse. The questions don't concern who he'll fight or how much money he'll make, but rather how much his image will suffer and how many steps he'll fall. ■

WORLDWIDE RATINGS

The ratings of the three major governing bodies recognized by THE RING are supplied by the organizations themselves. They are updated on these pages as soon as they are made available to us. In this issue, the WBC ratings were compiled as of September 1996, the IBF ratings as of August 1996, and the WBA ratings as of July 1996.

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Mike Tyson (USA)	C	1	–
Bruce Seldon (USA)	–	C	–
Michael Moorer (USA)	–	–	C
Lennox Lewis (GB)	1	7	6
Oliver McCall (USA)	2	2	2
Zeljko Mavrovic (CROA)	3	11	–
Larry Donald (USA)	4	–	–
Frank Bruno (GB)	5	8	7
Ray Mercer (USA)	6	–	–
Evander Holyfield (USA)	7	4	–
Andrew Golota (POL)	8	10	8
Orlin Norris (USA)	9	3	5
Tony Tucker (USA)	10	5	–
Vaughn Bean (USA)	14	6	4
Crawford Grimsley (USA)	–	9	–
Francois Botha (SA)	–	–	1
Corrie Sanders (SA)	12	–	3
Buster Mathis Jr. (USA)	26	–	9
Obed Sullivan (USA)	18	–	10

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Marcelo Dominguez (ARG)	C	–	–
Nate Miller (USA)	–	C	–
Alexander Gurov (UKR)	1	2	4
Akim Tafer (FRA)	2	6	10
Robert Daniels (USA)	3	3	–
Terry Dunstan (GB)	4	11	8
David Izeqwire (NIG)	5	–	7
Gary Ballard (SA)	6	–	–
Jacob Mofokeng (SA)	7	–	3
Patrice Aouissi (FRA)	8	–	–
Chris Okoh (GB)	9	–	9
Ezequiel Paixao (BRA)	10	5	–
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	1	1
Torsten May (GER)	–	4	2
Brian LaSpada (USA)	14	7	–
Rick Lamontagne (USA)	23	8	–
Arimetea Silva (BRA)	–	9	–
Saul Montana (DR)	16	10	12
Uriah Grant (USA)	25	–	5
Arthur Williams (USA)	–	–	6

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Montell Griffin (USA)	1	3	2
Mike McCallum (USA)	2	8	4
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	3	1	10
William Guthrie (USA)	4	2	1
Crawford Ashley (GB)	5	–	7
Nicky Piper (GB)	6	–	–
Merqui Sosa (DR)	7	12	–
Lincoln Carter (USA)	8	–	11
Richard Frazier (USA)	9	–	–
Mark Prince (GB)	10	–	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	4	–
Lou Del Valle (USA)	24	5	6
Gary Ballard (SA)	–	6	–
Leif Keiski (SWE)	28	7	–
Duran Williams (USA)	–	9	5
Darrin Allen (USA)	–	10	3
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	–	–	8
Stephan Anghern (SWI)	–	–	9

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Vincenzo Nardiello (ITA)	C	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	–	C	–
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	2	5
Thulane Malinga (SA)	2	–	–
Luciano Torres (BRA)	3	1	11
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	4	7	7
Michael Nunn (USA)	5	–	–
Joe Calzaghe (GB)	6	–	6
Andrei Shkalikov (RUS)	7	–	9
Steve Little (USA)	8	3	10
Robin Reid (GB)	9	12	–
Chris Omar Johnson (USA)	10	–	–
Bryant Brannon (USA)	–	4	1
Mike Makata (NZ)	–	5	–
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	23	6	8
Tim Littles (USA)	–	8	–
Anthony Andrews (GUY)	–	9	–
Zafarou Ballogou (TOGO)	–	10	12
Charles Brewer (USA)	15	–	2
Gary Ballard (SA)	–	–	3
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	26	–	4

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Keith Holmes (USA)	C	–	–
William Joppy (USA)	–	C	–
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	–	–	C
Richie Woodhall (GB)	1	–	7
Otis Grant (CAN)	2	6	–
Quincy Taylor (USA)	3	–	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	4	4	–
John David Jackson (USA)	5	1	1
Julian Jackson (USA)	6	–	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	7	–	3
Alexander Zaitsev (RUS)	8	–	5
Stephane Ouellette (CAN)	9	–	–
Chongmo Kim (KOR)	10	12	–
Peter Venancio (BRA)	20	2	–
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	–	3	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	–	5	6
Glen Johnson (USA)	–	7	8
Anthony Stephens (USA)	–	8	–
Derrick Rolon (USA)	–	9	11
Reggie Johnson (USA)	–	10	–
Robert Allen (USA)	24	–	2
Lloyd Bryan (USA)	30	–	4
Juan Carlos Viloria (COL)	26	–	9
Yoshinari Nishizawa (JAP)	–	–	10

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	C
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	C	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	1	1	2
Raul Marquez (USA)	2	7	1
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	3	–	–
Ahmed Dottuev (BALK)	4	–	–
David Ciarlante (ITA)	5	–	–
Faouzi Hattab (FRA)	6	–	–
Ernie Artango (AUSTRL)	7	–	–
Paul Vaden (USA)	8	–	–
Alex Rios (USA)	9	–	–
Said Bennajem (FRA)	10	–	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	–	2	–
Alejandro Ugueto (VEN)	–	3	–
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	–	4	5
Johnson Tshuma (SA)	–	5	–
Giovanni Pretorious (SA)	–	6	3
Guillermo Jones (PAN)	–	8	10
Javier Castillejo (SPA)	16	9	–
Engels Pedroza (VEN)	19	10	–
Anthony Stephens (USA)	12	–	4
Steve Foster (GB)	–	–	6
Alex Rios (USA)	–	–	7
Adrian Dodson (GB)	18	–	8
Rossman Henry (COL)	–	–	9

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	1	3	3
Patrick Charpentier (FRA)	2	4	2
Derrell Coley (USA)	3	6	8
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	4	9	–
Jose Luis Navarro (SPA)	5	–	–
Ralph Jones (USA)	6	–	–
Gary Jacobs (GB)	7	–	–
Robert West (USA)	8	–	–
Andrei Pestryaev (RUS)	9	2	–
Hiroyuki Yoshino (JAP)	10	–	–
Oba Carr (USA)	–	1	1
Sean Sullivan (NZ)	–	5	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	–	7	6
Jufrison Pontoh (RUS)	–	8	–
Donald Stoke (USA)	–	10	–
Vincent Pettway (USA)	–	–	4
Hitonon Sato (JAP)	–	–	5
Tony Martin (USA)	–	–	7
Ray Lovato (USA)	–	–	9
Juan Negron (PR)	–	11	10

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	C	–	–
Juan Coggi (ARG)	–	C	–
Kostya Tszyu (AUSTRL)	–	–	C
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	1	–	–
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	2	3	–
Ismael Chaves (ARG)	3	–	–
Khalid Rahilou (FRA)	4	1	–
Charles Murray (USA)	5	6	7
Soren Sondergaard (DEN)	6	–	4
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	7	–	3
Rafael Ruelas (MEX)	8	–	–
Freddie Ladd (USA)	9	–	–
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	10	–	–
Frankie Randall (USA)	–	2	–
David Kamau (USA)	12	4	9
Jose Barbosa (VEN)	13	5	–
Jong Hoon Yuh (KOR)	–	7	–
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	8	1
Hiromu Kuwata (JAP)	22	9	–
Nicolas Cervera (COL)	15	10	–
Freddie Pendleton (USA)	–	–	2
Jermal Corbin (USA)	–	–	5
Virgil McClendon (USA)	–	–	6
Ralph Jones (USA)	–	–	8
Leonardo Mas (PR)	28	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jean-Baptiste Mendy (FRA)	C	–	–
Orzubek Nazarov (JAP)	–	C	–
Philip Holiday (SA)	–	–	C
Steve Johnston (USA)	1	5	6
Cesar Bazan (MEX)	2	–	–
Angel Mona (FRA)	3	4	–
Ivan Robinson (USA)	4	6	1
Shane Mosley (USA)	5	10	–
Lamar Murphy (USA)	6	–	–
Hiroyuki Sakamoto (JAP)	7	3	12
Ricardo Silva (ARG)	8	–	–
David Dodi Tetteh (GHA)	9	11	–
Manuel Fernandez (FRA)	10	–	–
Leavander Johnson (USA)	–	1	9
Fred Ladd (USA)	–	2	2
Adrianus Taroreh (INDO)	–	7	–
Carlos Fernandez (PORT)	–	8	–
Oleg Marchenko (RUS)	–	9	–
Demetrius Ceballos (USA)	24	–	3
Miguel Julio (COL)	–	–	4
Eduardo Morales (ARG)	–	–	5
Joel Perez (USA)	–	–	7
Billy Schwer (GB)	16	–	8
Joel Diaz (USA)	–	–	10

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	C	–	–
Yong Soo Choi (KOR)	–	C	–
Arturo Gatti (USA)	–	–	C
Anatoly Alexandrov (RUS)	1	2	4
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	2	–	–
Robert Garcia (USA)	3	6	2
Ulrich Johnson (TRIN)	4	11	–
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	5	–	–
Boris Sinitsin (RUS)	6	–	5
Djamel Lifa (FRA)	7	7	8
Julien Lorcy (FRA)	8	1	–
Jorge Paez (MEX)	9	–	–
Takanori Hatakeyama (JAP)	10	12	10
Carlos Gerena (PR)	–	3	–
Lakva Sim (MON)	–	4	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	5	–
Yamato Mitani (JAP)	–	8	–
Gilberto Gonzalez (VEN)	–	9	–
Douglas Villarreal (COL)	13	10	11
Tracy Patterson (USA)	–	–	1
John Brown (USA)	28	–	3
Jaime Rangel (COL)	–	–	6
Cliff Samardin (AUSTRL)	–	–	7
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	–	–	9

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Luisito Espinosa (PHIL)	C	–	–
Wilfredo Vazquez (PR)	–	C	–
Tom Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Carlos Rios (ARG)	1	–	10
Cesar Soto (MEX)	2	12	–
Billy Hardy (GB)	3	4	4
Yuji Watanabe (JAP)	4	1	11
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	5	–	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	6	–	1
Jesus Chavez (USA)	7	–	–
David Santos (USA)	8	2	3
Noboyuki Hiranaka (JAP)	9	–	–
Samuel Duran (PHIL)	10	–	–
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	–	3	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	14	5	7
Roque Cassiani (COL)	–	6	–
Ilham Lahia (INDO)	–	7	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	–	8	–
Arnulfo Castillo (USA)	–	9	9
Victor Llerena (COL)	21	10	–
Welcome Ncita (SA)	–	–	2
Jose Badillo (PR)	–	11	5
November Ntshingila (AUSTRL)	–	–	6
Victor Polo (COL)	–	–	8

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	C	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	–	C	–
Vuyani Bungu (SA)	–	–	C
Erik Morales (MEX)	1	4	–
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	2	–	–
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	3	1	8
Hector Acero-Sanchez (DR)	4	–	–
Bong Chul Kim (KOR)	5	6	–
Enrique Jupiter (MEX)	6	–	–
Enrique Sanchez (MEX)	7	11	–
Salim Medjkoune (FRA)	8	–	4
Harold Mestre (COL)	9	–	–
Guty Espadas (MEX)	10	–	–
Yober Ortega (VEN)	–	2	–
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	3	–
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	16	5	1
Jesus Salud (USA)	–	7	10
Mike Garcia (USA)	–	8	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	–	9	–
Bugiarso (INDO)	–	10	–
Nurhuda (INDO)	–	–	2
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	–	–	3
Jesus Perez (COL)	–	–	5
Rey Jamil (PHIL)	–	–	6
Victor Llerena (COL)	–	–	7
Aristead Clayton (USA)	22	–	9

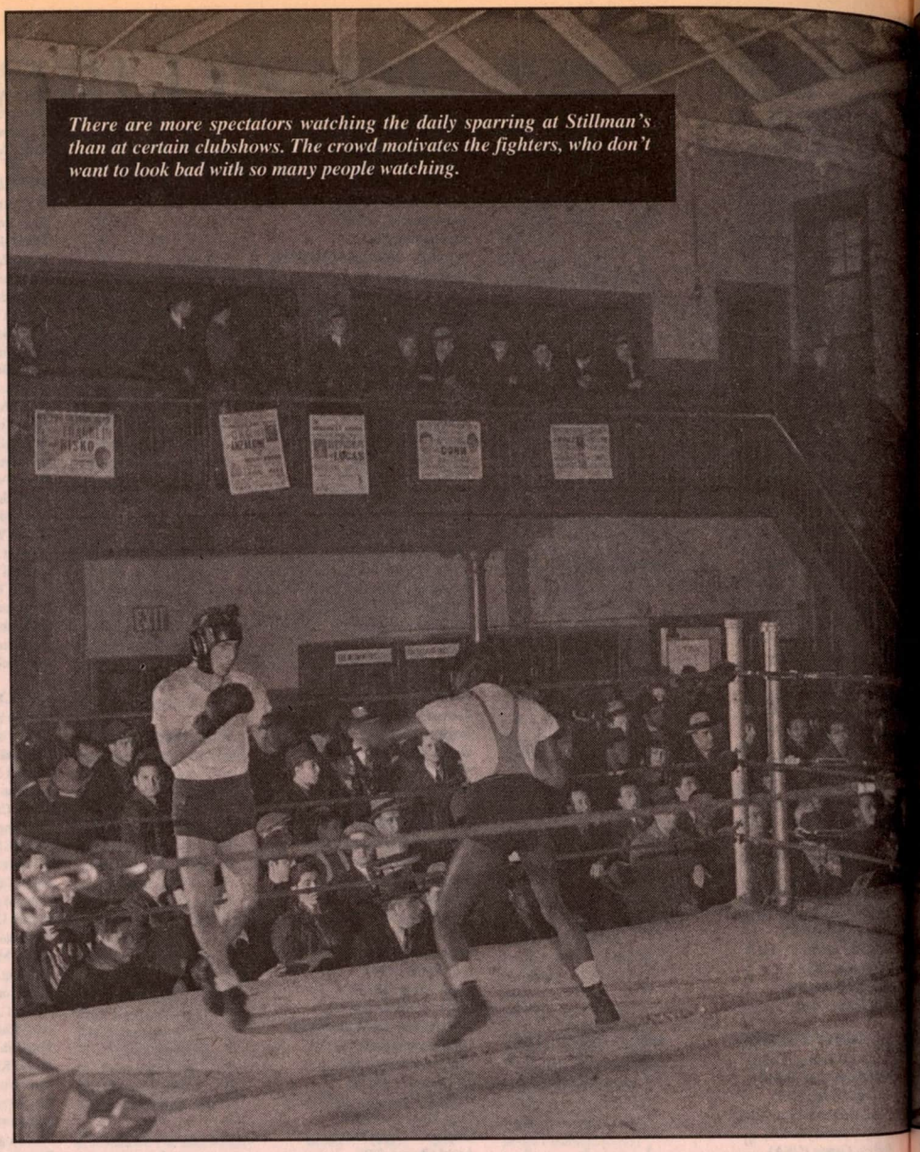
BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Wayne McCullough (IRE)	C	–	–
Sirimongkol Singmanasuk (THAI)	IC	–	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	–	C	–
Mbulelo Botile (SA)	–	–	C
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	1	–	–
Pastor Maurin (ARG)	2	9	–
In Jin Chi (KOR)	3	–	–
Paul Ayala (USA)	4	6	7
Dario Azuaga (PAR)	5	–	10
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	6	–	–
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	7	–	–
Luigi Camputaro (ITA)	8	–	–
Chang Kyun Oh (KOR)	9	12	–
Li Gwang Sik (KOR)	10	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	–	1	5
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	–	2	–
Lukhin CP Gym (THAI)	–	3	–
Angel Chacon (PR)	–	4	–
Abraham Torres (VEN)	–	5	–
Tim Austin (USA)	19	7	1
John Armour (GB)	–	8	–
Setsuo Kawamasu (JAP)	12	10	–
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	2
Adrian Kaspari (INDO)	22	–	3
Harold Mestre (COL)	–	–	4
Rafael Del Valle (PR)	–	–	6
Ancee Gedeon (USA)	–	–	8
Joichiro Tatsuyoshi (JAP)	–	11	9

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	C	–	–
Alimi Goitia (VEN)	–	C	–
Harold Grey (COL)	–	–	C
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	1	6	–
Joel Luna Zarate (MEX)	2	10	–
Luis Bolanos (COL)	3	5	–
Polo Saucedo (USA)	4	–	9
Cecilio Espino (USA)	5	–	–
Adonis Cruz (NIC)	6	7	–
Luis Benavides (COL)	7	11	10
Domingo Sosa (DR)	8	–	–
Jose Rafael Sosa (ARG)	9	–	–
Jinh Yong Yuh (KOR)	10	–	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	11	1	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	2	–
Veeraphol Sahaprom (THAI)	12	3	–
Danny Romero (USA)	–	4	2
Jai Chin Lim (KOR)	13	8	–
Satoshi Iida (JAP)	–	9	8
Jaji Sibali (SA)	18	–	1
Ubadel Soto (COL)	–	–	3
Andy Agosto (PR)	23	–	4
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	–	–	5
Ratanachai Sor Voraphin (THAI)	24	–	6
Ricky Matulessi (INDO)	–	–	7

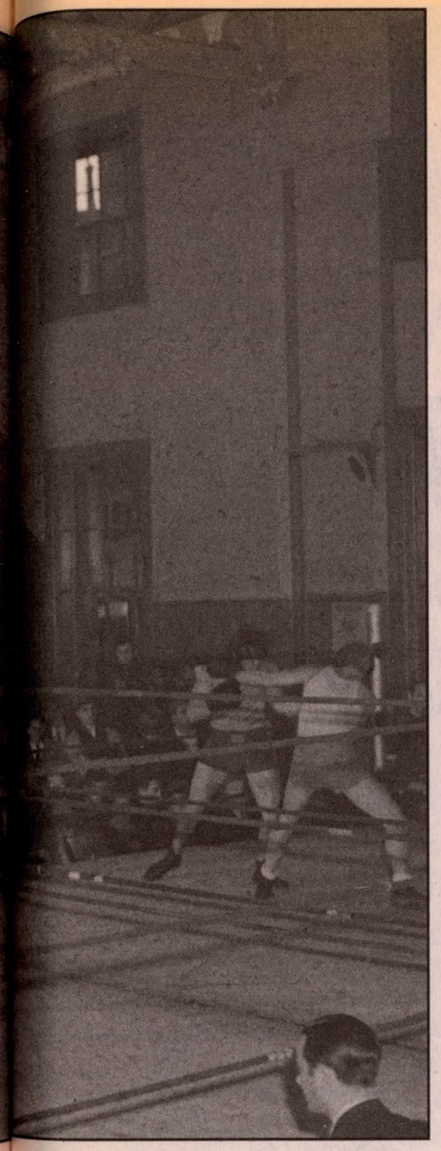
FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	C	–	–
Saen Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	–	C	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	–	–	C
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	1	4	9
Chatchai Sasakul (THAI)	2	–	1
Alejandro Montiel (MEX)	3	8	10
Gabriel Mira (MEX)	4	–	–
Yong Soon Chang (KOR)	5	6	–
Chokchai Chokviwat (THAI)	6	–	–
Jesper Jensen (DEN)	7	11	–
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	8	–	–
Oscar Arciniega (MEX)	9	–	–
Peter Culshaw (GB)	10	–	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	1	3
Leo Gamez (VEN)	15	2	–
Peter Culshaw (GB)	–	3	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	27	5	–
Alexander Mahmutov (RUS)	12	7	–
Daniel Ward (SA)	16	9	–
Takashi Ohba (JAP)	18	10	–
Yokthai Sithoar (THAI)	–	–	2
Takato Toguchi (JAP)	13	–	4
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	–	–	5
Yodchingchai Sornthong (THAI)	–	–	6
Irene Pacheco (COL)	–	–	7
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	8

JR. FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Saman Sorjaturong (THAI)	C	–	–
Keiji Yamaguchi (JAP)	–	C	–
Michael Carbajal (USA)	–	–	C
Manuel Jesus Herrera (DR)	1	4	3
Ladislao Vazquez (MEX)	2	–	–
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	3	–	–
Phanieng Sasiprabha-Poontarat (THAI)	4	–	–
Takashi Shiohama (JAP)	5	–	11
Ali Galvez (CHILE)	6	–	–
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	7	12	7
Antonio Perez (MEX)	8	–	–
Yosam Choi (KOR)	9	10	–
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	10	1	6
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	2	–
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	3	–
Sinn Ploenchit (THAI)	–	5	–
Hadao C.P. Gym (THAI)	–	6	–
Jesus Chong (MEX)	–	7	9
Yong Jin Kim (KOR)	23	8	–
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	–	9	–
Mauricio Pastrana (COL)	26	–	1
P.S. Wonjongkam (THAI)	–	–	2
Luis Doria (COL)	20	–	4
Anis Roga (INDO)	–	–	5
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	8
Will Grigsby (USA)	–	–	10

STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	C	–	–
Rosendo Alvarez (NIC)	–	C	–
Ratanapol Voraphin (THAI)	–	–	C
Rocky Lin (JAP)	1	3	–
Songkram Porpaoin (THAI)	2	2	–
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	3	8	–
Sinn Sow Ploenchit (THAI)	4	–	–
Morgan Ndumo (SA)	5	–	8
Hyung Sok Kang (KOR)	6	–	–
Sang Chul Lee (KOR)	7	–	–
Myung Sup Park (KOR)	8	–	–
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	9	1	–
Toto Pow Phongsawang (THAI)	10	–	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	13	4	3
Yamil Caraballo (COL)	–	5	–
Noel Tunacao (INDO)	–	6	–
Kermin Guardia (COL)	–	7	–
Javier Medina (NIC)	–	9	–
Takashi Shohama (JAP)	–	10	–
Osvaldo Guerrero (MEX)	–	–	1
Juan Herrera (COL)	19	–	2
Mongol Charoen (THAI)	–	–	4
Ernesto Rubillar (PHIL)	–	–	5
Wondee Charoen (THAI)	–	–	6
Gustavo Vera (VEN)	21	–	7
Lee Sandoval (NIC)	28	–	9
Oscar Andrade (MEX)	–	–	10



There are more spectators watching the daily sparring at Stillman's than at certain clubshows. The crowd motivates the fighters, who don't want to look bad with so many people watching.



MECCA OF MAYHEM

Stillman's Gymnasium, Eighth Avenue's emporium of sock, New York's fistic landmark, the training place of the world's greatest fighters

From The Ring, January 1946

Lou Stillman, whose real name is Louis Ingber, has been overseeing every detail at the world-famous gym for more than 30 years. He says he hasn't had the time for a vacation.

By Irving Rudd

The red-hot boxing fan or chance passerby who scurries up the long flight of stairs leading to Stillman's Gym on Eighth Avenue between 54th and 55th Streets in New York City, and plunks 35 cents into the outstretched palm of Jack Curley, who mans the turnstile, buys himself a grand afternoon's entertainment.

From one o'clock to three in the afternoon on any day including Sundays and holidays, the fan may sit back comfortably and watch a parade of pugs go through their training paces. Champions and near-champions, has-beens, and up-and-coming youngsters clamber in and out of the two large rings up front. A stairway at the rear of the gymnasium leads to the exercise floor where the fighters skip rope, punch the light or heavybag, or go through loosening-up calisthenics.

It's an afternoon well-spent, but it's a pity that the customers can't be let in on the real entertainment supplied by many characters who play the leading roles in this scenario of sock. These include the boxers, managers, matchmakers, trainers, and publicity men. The belly-laughs their authentic antics provoke would put a top-flight Broadway musical to shame.

The lunch counter at the back of Stillman's is the center of the stage. You see, a matchmaker of a boxing arena like Max Joss, Moe Fleischer (no relative of Nat's), or Joe McKenna, usually has an office for which he pays a fairly high rental, but generally, when he wants to transact some very important business, he hikes himself to the gym and haggles with the managers over terms for the use of a fighter. Many an important match has been closed over a cup of coffee and doughnuts, or in one of the numerous niches near the lunch counter.

***

Suddenly a voice attracts your attention. " … So I'm fighting in the semi-windup at the Broadway Arena the other night and this guy is a cutie and a pretty fair banger to the bargain. He puts me on the deck twice, but I come back to win. It's a helluva fight, so they put us back on top the follerin' week. I'm swingin' on the gate for 20 pernts. This time I'm in great shape, weigh only about 43 pounds, and I'm hep to this gee. All I does is stick and move, stick and move. Soon, I'm givin' him a paint job and I cops the duke."

We know you're amazed because the speaker is a portly, pot-bellied gent of at least 45. We can't blame you if your jaw droops in dismay and you exclaim, "Ye gods! *Is he a fighter?*"

Well, the portly personality is Eddie Walker, a leading manager of fighters. The majority of fight managers always use the first-person when describing a bout which any of their boxers have engaged in. It's never "my fighter," but more often "me" or "I." For example, when a match is offered, the average fight pilot will reply, "Sure, I'll fight your guy." Some of the more modest managers condescend to use "we" or "us."

However, when it comes to taking a punch on the chin, the manager usually refers to that "bum of mine, the blankety-blank stiff."

Translating the confusing jargon of the ring, fight manager Walker, one of America's outstanding figures in boxing, was simply explaining how his battler boxed in the semifinal at the Ridgewood Grove against a clever, hard puncher. His pug was on the floor twice, but came back to win a sensational brawl.

The promoter at Ridgewood Grove put both men back in the main event for the following week, with Walker's charge drawing down 20 percent of the net receipts. In the second encounter, our hero is in good condition, weighing 143 pounds, and wise to the tactics of his adversary. He jabs and moves cleverly throughout the fight, and smears his foe's face red with blood to win the decision.

***

Speaking of fighters reminded the boys of "Bat" Norfolk, a huge rubber who stood well over six-feet and weighed about 260 pounds. A mild-mannered Bible student who believed in constantly turning the other

cheek, poor Bat was set afire enough times via the hotfoot method to warm half the population of New York City. Although he possessed a massive pair of maulies that could stave in a brick wall, Norfolk managed to keep cool under the constant torment to which he was subjected.

The story goes that Bat Norfolk did lose his temper one day when he was a pretty fair heavyweight fighter, but was piloted by an unscrupulous individual who continually paid him off in peanuts. One night when Norfolk was scheduled to box, he found out that he was supposed to be getting $100 instead of the $50 his manager said was due him.

He cornered his pilot and in no uncertain terms let him know that he'd practice his bag-punching exercises upon that worthy's chin if the payoff was incorrect. Norfolk's handler, without a murmur of protest, instantly acquiesced. This seemed strange to Bat. The payoff was set to take place after the bout in a garage adjacent to the arena.

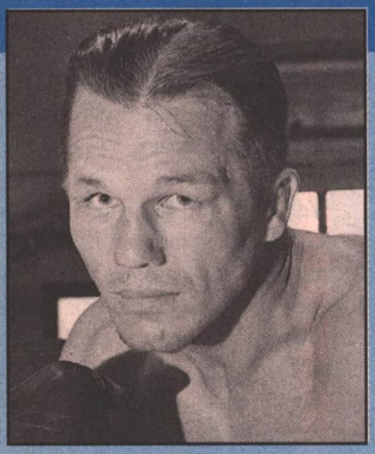
It was pitch-black when the fight mentor stepped inside the garage and called, "Bat! Oh, Bat! Where are you?"

"Heah, Ah is," rumbled the Negro heavyweight who was standing beside him all the time!

"Okay, Norfolk. Here's the dough." Holding *one* dollar bills in his mitt, the manager began to count: "Ten, 20, 30, 40, 50 dollars..." Norfolk interrupted the count.

"Jes' a moment, boss. Yo' is bein' too damn nice to ol' Bat. I'd like to see dis

THE RING RATINGS, *January 1946*



Tony Zale

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Joe Louis
1. Billy Conn
2. Tami Mauriello
3. Jimmy Bivins
4. Elmer Ray
5. Bruce Woodcock
6. Lee Oma
7. Freddie Schott
8. Arturo Godoy
9. Jersey Joe Walcott
10. Joe Baksi

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Gus Lesnevich
1. Archie Moore
2. Phil Muscato
3. Billy Grant
4. Lloyd Marshall
5. Joe Kahut
6. Nate Bolden
7. Jack Johnson
8. Freddie Mills
9. Billy Smith
10. Fitzie Fitzpatrick

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion: Tony Zale
1. Holman Williams
2. Charley Burley
3. Jake LaMotta
4. Rocky Graziano
5. Marcel Cerdan
6. Bee Bee Washington
7. Aaron Wade
8. Wildcat George Henry
9. Jimmy Edgar
10. Bert Lytell

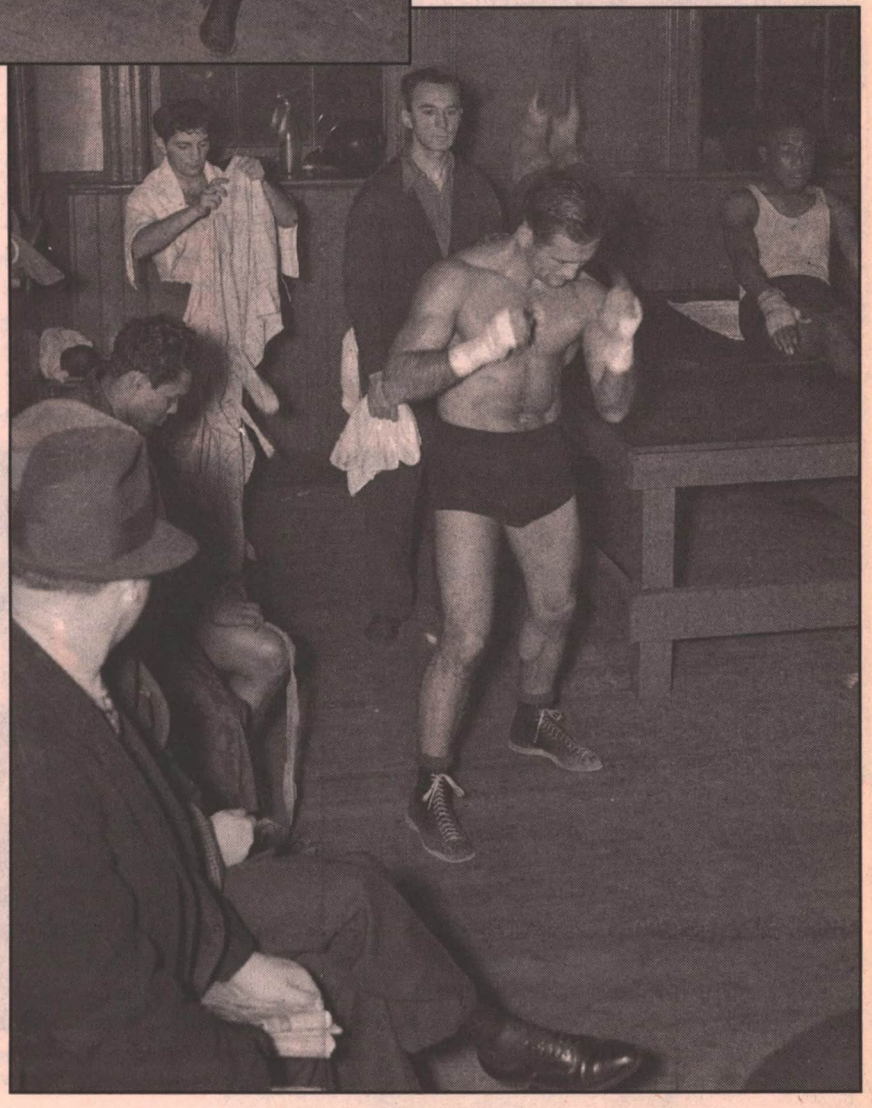
WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion: Freddie Cochrane
1. Ray Robinson
2. Jimmy Doyle
3. Tippy Larkin
4. Freddie Archer
5. Nick Moran
6. Arthur Danahar
7. Johnny Greco
8. Sammy Angott
9. Tony Janiro
10. Chuck Hunter

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion: Title vacant
1. Allie Stolz
2. Dave Castilloux
3. Willie Joyce
4. Ike Williams (NBA Champ)
5. Cpl. Bob Montgomery
6. Bobby Ruffin
7. Ronnie James
8. Freddie Dawson
9. Bobby Yaeger
10. Enrique Bolanos

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champion: Willie Pep
1. Sal Bartolo (NBA Champ)
2. Chalky Wright
3. Phil Terranova
4. Carlos Chavez
5. Kid Zefine
6. Al Phillips
7. Freddie Russo
8. Jackie Graves
9. Jimmy Stubbs
10. Charley Riley

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champion: Manuel Ortiz
1. Benny Goldberg
2. Tony Olivera
3. Luis Castillo
4. Simon Vergera
5. Sammy Reynolds
6. Norman Lewis
7. Gus Foran
8. Ronnie Clayton
9. Young Giant
10. Cliff Anderson

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Jackie Paterson
1. Seaman Terry Allen
2. Bunty Doran
3. Joe Curran
4. Rinty Monaghan
5. Luis Galvani
6. Alec Murphy
7. Hugh Cameron
8. Tommy Burney
9. George Parkes
10. Billy Clinton



Stillman's is always busy, and the claustrophobic need not apply for locker space. If space isn't eaten up by fighters doing situps (above), it's reserved for a bit of shadowboxing (right).

dough 'stead of feelin' it. Le's come outside heah where ther is mo' light."

The manager sensed a murder and beat a hasty retreat. The scurrilous scoundrel is still among the missing.

***

Little Charlie Goldman, an outstanding trainer, storms up the stairs and heads for the lunch counter. "What's this fight game comin' to?" he demands of no one in particular as he orders a "cuppa cawfee."

"Bunch of Johnny-Come-Latelys ruining the business. I'm up in Zunks' [Mike Jacobs' assistant matchmaker] office trying to close for a match for this new preliminary kid of mine. Zunk says, 'Will yuh fight this McCormick kid? He's a beginner like your kid. Wait, I'll call his manager.'

"So he gets on the phone and dials a number," Goldman relates between sips and bites, "and the next thing he's asking, 'Is this Goldsmith's Department Store? Well, I'd like to speak to Mr. Saunders of Ladies' Wear!'

"Ladies' Wear Department. A fine thing boxing comes to when a manager must be located in such a place!

"All we have today is cloak and suiters, buttonhole-makers, and ladies' underwear salesmen handling fighters. Ye Gods! What's boxing coming to! No wonder so many poor kids get socked around until they get punchy!"

***

Whitey Bimstein, another greater trainer, joins the babfest. "Did I ever tell you about the time I managed a fighter with a floating rib?" he inquires.

"Well, it seems that this 'tiger' of mine had been hurt around the ribs in a previous fight, and before you knew it he was an honest to goodness hypochondriac about his rib. One night he was boxing in the Queensboro Arena, and halfway through the third round he was clouted hard in the midsection. When he got back to the corner, he started complaining about his side and wanted to quit. I coaxed him to go out for the next round, and he started out fine, but as soon as he was belted in the belly, he looked to quit again!

A young fighter-to-be, unidentified, approaches Stillman, requesting locker space. Says the master of the gym, "The ordinary novice and palooka get the same treatment that I give to the top lads."

"He kept backpedaling," Whitey related, "and when he reached my corner, he hollered, 'Whitey, throw in the towel!' I ignored him and he stayed on the bicycle, clinching and running. He came around to the corner again, and once more he shouted, 'Whitey, throw in the towel!' I acted as if I hadn't heard him. He was desperate and kept circling his man. Finally, he came around to the corner for the third time in the round, and then he screamed, 'Whitey, you better throw in that towel. I ain't comin' around again!'"

Stillman's Gym is quiet and almost deserted now as the last sparring session comes to an end. The crowd of fight guys has thinned out to a mere handful.

Tex Sullivan, stellar publicity man for Jimmy Braddock when the latter was champ, and now a promoter and the manager of several name fighters, is discussing some publicity angles for his next show at the Ridgewood Grove. Someone asks him if he's heard from Braddock lately, and it isn't long before likable Tex, manager of Lee Oma, George Kochan, and Lee Q. Murray, is reminiscing about some experiences Braddock had on a barnstorming tour when he was at the peak of his popularity.

"You know," said Tex, "Jim once picked up an easy $200 just for chewing the fat.

"The champ was on tour," Sullivan revealed, "and he received a wire offering him $200 to umpire the first inning of a baseball game in the backwoods of Kentucky. Braddock was in Louisville at the time, and he wired back accepting the offer. Jim started out by car on a cold, gray morning with a threatening overcast sky above. As Mushky Jackson, the malaprop king would have phrased it, 'Braddock and his gang arrived just in the knack of time 'cause it was grizzling furiously.'

"Although the ballgame was probably called off because of the heavy rain," Sullivan went on, "the champ decided to drive down to the ball field. Braddock entered the deserted grandstand and was bemoaning his tough luck, when suddenly a tall stranger who looking as if he had just emerged from a Li'l Abner comic strip approached Jim.

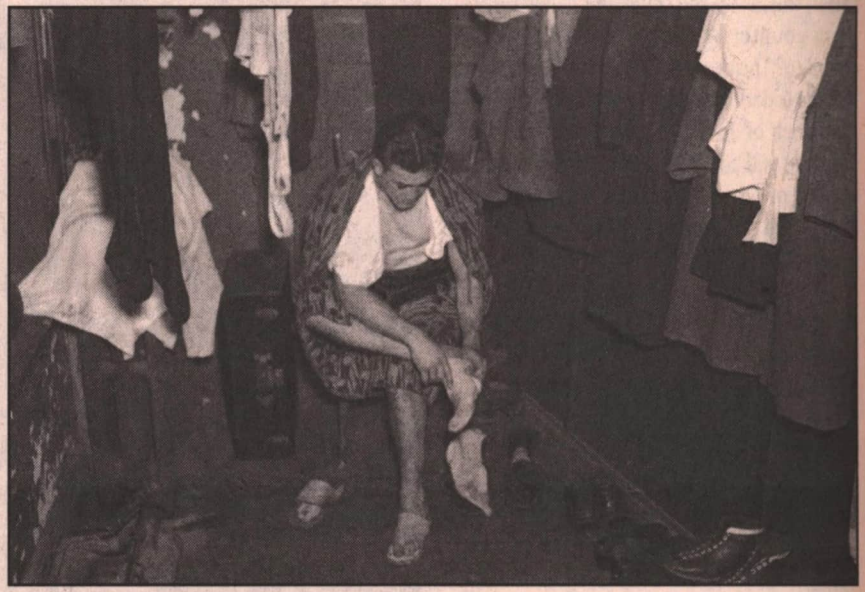
"'Yer the champ, aintcha?' he inquired. 'Muh name is Ezra Hawkins and I'm the promoter of this hyar baseball game. Sorry about the rain.'

"The hillbilly joined Braddock in his moody silence and then slapped his thigh as if struck with an inspiration. 'Say,' he beamed, 'my grandpappy is over to the house with a bunch of pals. I wonder if yuh'd mind a-comin' down there and shakin' hands with the boys for two hundred.'

"After that," Tex concluded, "Jim used to kid us and pester about some more of 'them thar handshakin' assignments.'"

A pall of silence envelops the now almost empty gymnasium. Only Lou Stillman and his efficient manager, Jack Curley, are present. Stillman has been conducting a gymnasium in New York for more than 30 years, or ever since Alpheus Geer and Hiram Mallinson induced him to run one for the Marshall Stillman Movement, an organization devoted to the rehabilitation of convicted men. Marshall and Stillman were the names of Geer's grandparents.

Stillman's real name is Louis Ingber, but everybody called him Mr. Stillman at the old place, and when it became neces-



The accommodations at Stillman's don't remind anyone of the Plaza Hotel. But the fighters who work out at the prestigious gym are afforded instant respect.

sary for him to take it over as a private undertaking, the name was too valuable to be changed.

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I asked Stillman whether he ever took a vacation, since every time I have visited his boxing landmark, I have seen him on the job.

"I'm afraid it can't be done," he said. "You see I run this gym as a personal problem. I personally take charge of everything here. I leave nothing to others when my attention should be given to it, and I play no favorites. The ordinary novice and palooka get the same treatment that I give to the top lads. A preliminary boy some day may become the champ, is the way I look upon the fighter, and therefore I treat him with the same respect as I do the ranking men in the game.

"For 30-odd years I have been doing this, and nothing can change me now. I stay on the job day after day—Saturdays, holidays, Sundays, rain, shine, or snow. That gym is just me, and I couldn't desert it for a vacation."

"Did Jack Dempsey do much training here?" I inquired of the master of Eighth Avenoo's Emporium of Sock.

"Yes, often. He was the greatest fellow in the history of the sport, in my book. Often when I needed a friend badly, he was the one to come to the rescue. He would call up and ask: 'How are things, Lou?'

"'Not so good,' I would tell him. And he'd reply, 'Don't worry, pal. Pass the word around that I'll be up to do some training today.'

"And before Jack got here, the place would be jammed with scribes and patrons who had learned of Dempsey's intention.

"How that fellow could draw 'em in! Only once in all my career did I see anyone who could pack 'em in here in greater numbers than did Jack, and that was the day when Billy Duffy and Leon See brought Primo Carnera here for his first workout. Italians came to the gym from all parts of the city. They flocked to Eighth Avenue in such numbers, I had to call upon the police to keep order. Even women with babes in their arms came to see Satchel Feet. The place was jammed as never before or since, and I should judge that 2,000 persons were chased from the avenue by the bluecoats."

Stillman declares crowds attending workouts are the best barometer on attendance at a boxing show, and contends he can guess the size of the gate within a few hundred dollars after watching them for three or four days.

He never saw a fighter who enjoyed training as much as Dempsey, and names Johnny Dundee as the most extraordinary boxer he ever looked at in a gym. Several years back the renowned "Scotch Wop" skipped rope an hour and 10 minutes to beat Babe Herman in a contest. Lou timed the boys and did the counting.

There were many unique happenings in the old place, and one of the strangest was Soldier Bartfield and Frank Carbone winding up what started as a friendly workout kicking and biting each other on the floor. It was all half a dozen huskies could do to pull them apart.

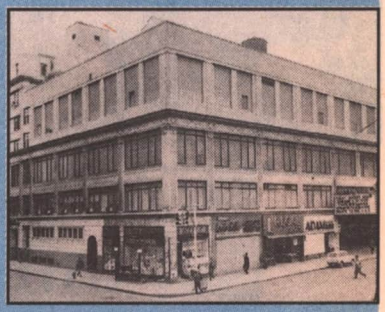
"Boxing is a great sport," wound up Lou. "There is nothing wrong with it or the thousand who attend the shows all over the country wouldn't be spending millions per year to see the men in action." ■

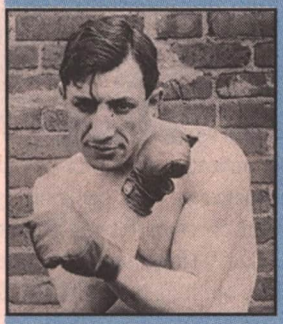
THE RING, January 1946

The Cover: Among the most colorful middleweights in the world is Denver's Cowboy Reuben Shanks, who is profiled by Harvey Bright. Shanks hopes to become the first world champion from Colorado since Jack Dempsey.

Louis-Conn II: Al Buck examines the long-awaited rematch between heavyweight champion Joe Louis (pictured) and Billy Conn, both of whom have been inactive due to service in the armed forces during World War II. Inactivity has been a huge factor in several major heavyweight title fights, such as Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey-Gene Tunney I.

The Mecca: Publisher and Editor Nat Fleischer pays homage to the Eighth Avenue edition of Madison Square Garden, which is celebrating its 20th anniversary. "The House That Tex Built" has established itself as the greatest boxing arena in the world.





Clash Of Legends: Daniel M. Daniel recalls the legendary 1909 meeting between Welshman Jem Driscoll and world featherweight champion Abe Attell (pictured) in New York City. Driscoll won a newspaper decision, but Attell still disputes that verdict.

Fighter Of The Month: This month's winner is lightweight Allie Stolz, who returned to championship form by defeating fellow contender Willie Joyce. Among the runners-up: heavyweight Elmer Ray, light heavyweight Archie Moore, and middleweight Holman Williams.

LOOKING AHEAD

By Steve Farhood

A DREAM MATCHUP BECOMES REAL

Life has more to offer than Tyson-Seldon. Really. Every once in a while, boxing fans get what they want. On your list of fights you'd like to see, we're willing to bet a showdown between IBF welterweight champion Felix Trinidad and WBC-IBF junior middleweight titlist Terry Norris is near the top. Both champions are in THE RING'S pound-for-pound top 10, and it's easy to envision either winning by knockout.

"It looks real positive right now," Norris told us three days after he and Trinidad defended their respective titles on the Tyson-Seldon undercard. "All we need now is Trinidad's signature, and he's verbally agreed."

From Trinidad's perspective, the timing is right for two reasons. Firstly, promotional politics are likely to continue preventing him from facing fellow welter champs Pernell Whitaker and Ike Quartey. Secondly, he's been struggling to make 147 pounds. Even though Norris could make welterweight if he chose to, a Trinidad-Norris battle would be contested for the latter's titles. As for Norris, he wants to become a million-dollar fighter, and he feels a win over Trinidad would put him in the class of Oscar De La Hoya and Roy Jones.

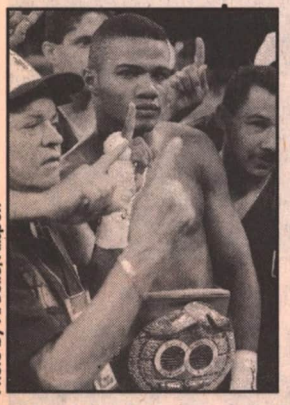


Photo by Al Bello/Allsport

Trinidad: Ready to move up

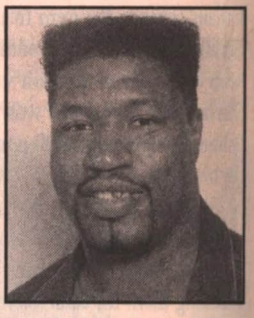
"He's young and growing," Norris said of Trinidad. "I think he's a great fighter. He starts late in fights, like in the fifth round, and he puts together serious combinations. I look forward to matching skills. He's the most talented fighter I've faced since Sugar Ray Leonard."

Personally, we prefer the seething, agitated Norris that works himself into a rage. (See Norris-Santana II and III and Norris-Vaden.) Clearly, he respects Trinidad, and the feeling is mutual. Might that result in a chess match instead of the multi-knockdown back-alley brawl some of us would not only hope for, but anticipate?

"I think he'll start slow, but come at me," said Norris. "He counts on his power. I'll be boxing, sticking, moving. But coming in, we're two explosive fighters. I don't see it going the distance. I see a knockout."

Hey, Don: Can they fight tomorrow? *Please.*

LISTEN UP



Mercer: 'Spoon-fed

The word is that the resurgent **Vinny Pazienza** wants **Steve Collins**, and not **James Toney** ... The eagerly anticipated **Riddick Bowe-Andrew Golota** rematch will take place on December 14, likely in Atlantic City. It will be a pay-per-view event. Look for a full preview in next month's issue. On the undercard: **Ray Mercer-Tim Witherspoon** ... Junior featherweight **Junior Jones** has been staying active and winning, and he'll be rewarded early in 1997, when he'll square off with unbeaten pound-for-pound entrant **Marco Antonio Barrera** ... **Mat Tinley**, manager of WBC bantamweight champion **Wayne McCullough**, is intent on embarrassing British sensation **Naseem Hamed** into a showdown with "The Pocket Rocket." Tinley says he's offered Hamed $1.75-million for a battle at 122 pounds. Hamed will likely opt for a bout with IBF featherweight champion **Tom Johnson**.

Las Vegas Hilton

FUTURE FIGHTS

By Art Manteris

VP/Director of Race and Sports Operations Las Vegas Hilton SuperBook

Favorite	Underdog	Odds	The Skinny
Mike Tyson	Evander Holyfield	15-1	Way too late for this matchup; Holyfield has no shot
Naseem Hamed	Tom Johnson	2-1	Don't count Johnson out
Naseem Hamed	Wayne McCullough	3-1	McCullough takes too many punches
Terry Norris	Felix Trinidad	7-5	Great fight. Let's get it on!
Johnny Tapia	Danny Romero	7-5	Southwest shootout way overdue

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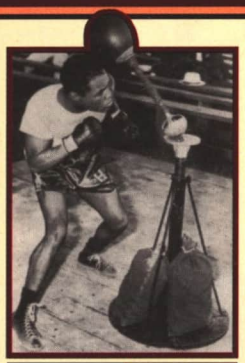
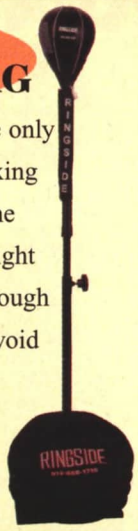
BACK TO THE BASICS



Cobra Reflex Bag



Henry Armstrong is the only man in the history of boxing to simultaneously hold the title in three separate weight divisions. He did this through his masterful ability to avoid being hit. His cobra-like reflexes and hand speed are the mark of a true champion in any era.

STYLE	Your Price
#CRB-1 (Filled Base)	$119.99
(Plus $25.00 Add'l. Shipping)	
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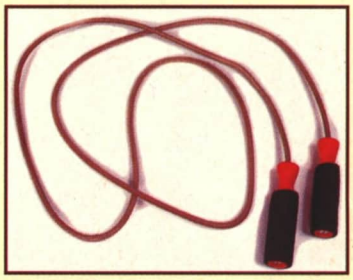
Leather Speed Rope

Even a young **Sonny Liston** knew the importance of foot speed and endurance. A good speed rope is **vital** to gaining durability and the agility needed in the ring.



STYLE	Your Price
#JR7 (7.5ft)	$11.99
#JR8 (8.5ft)	$12.99
#JR9 (9.5ft)	$13.99

Exact Target Bag

In the late 1920s the boxing "dummy" became popular. Like many champions of the day, **Jack Dempsey** assumed that the more realistic the target, the better the preparation. With human contouring and life-like features, these dummies made great sparring partners.

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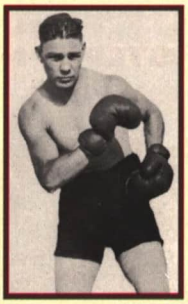
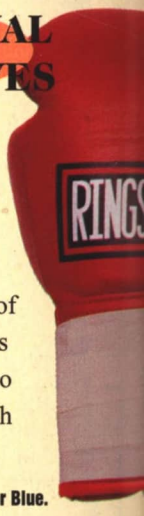


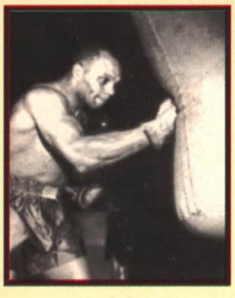
Professional Fight Gloves

The professional fight glove has undergone enormous changes since **Harry Greb** won the middleweight title in 1923. The importance of safety and comfort is as timeless as the ability to out-score and out-punch your opponent.



STYLE	Your Price
#PFG-8	$110.00
#PFG-10R (Regular Hand Size)	$110.00
#PFG-10L (Large Hand Size)	$110.00
Prices are for a set of 4 gloves	

Available in Red, White, Black or Blue.



Free-Standing Heavybag

The basic hanging heavybag has long been a central piece of equipment for fighters of the past and present. Fighters of **Jersey Joe's** era could have only imagined a free-standing heavybag that could provide such an intense and flexible workout.

STYLE	Your Price
#FHB	$259.99
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Super Body Protector

Hard-hitting champions of the past like **Stanley Ketchel** often had problems getting durable sparring partners. While training for his fight with Jack Johnson, Ketchel honed his body attack with his sparring partner, who used a quilted blanket to protect his mid-section.

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